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ART. I.—*Chronicon Monasterii de Abingdon.* Edited by the  
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'THE monks of old' have been always more or less a misunderstood, and still more a misrepresented, fraternity. The modern popular idea of them is a compound of many delusions; or rather a chameleon-like phantom, which takes its colour from something else. We are apt to adopt our notions of the 'religious' of the middle ages from our national ballads and our popular novels. The same 'friar of orders gray,' according to the fancy or the prejudices of his reproducer, 'goes forth to tell his beads,' calm and pensive, and wrapt in religious gloom; or, 'down the valley takes his way,' with 'merry chaunt' and 'a chirping cup' for his 'matin song.' If we try to call to life again, in our own imagination, the long-departed tenant of the cloister, the vision which rises at our bidding is either the pale Father Eustace of 'The Monastery,' stern and uncompromising, zealous in all good conscience for Holy Church, or the rosy face and laughing eye of Abbot Boniface over his Bourdeaux and roast capon. We long, according to our humour, either to have spent a vigil in some dimly-lighted choir with the holy ascetic,—

'Wan and worn with midnight prayer,'

or to have had the opening of one of those last flasks of Bacharach out of 'Abbot Ingelram's corner.'

But, however truly such portraits might have stood for individual monks—as they would *mutatis mutandis* for churchmen in all ages—they can represent individuals only, and generally, like photographs, bring out the features stronger than the life. The mass of those who wore the cowl were neither stern enthusiasts, nor gloomy recluses, nor jovial *bon-vivans*. It is only of later years, long since the date of our most popular

poets and writers of fiction, that we have been slowly learning to form a fairer and more practical estimate of what they really were. When the public feeling had once broken through the superstitious reverence which long protected the monastic orders throughout Christendom, it was a very natural sequence that it should rush into the opposite extreme of dislike, contempt, and vituperation. Having discovered that they were liable to all the common imperfections of humanity, and no longer admitting their claims to immaculate virtue, the secular world soon adopted the belief that they were monsters of vice. The dethroned idol became an abomination. No doubt the actual abuses and corruptions of the monastic system were gross enough; the pictures left us by Chaucer and other cotemporaries, however highly coloured, must have had living originals, we might be sure, even if there were not abundance of direct historical evidence to certify to the resemblance. But as it is manifestly unfair to condemn any system, or any body of men, by adducing instances of corrupt individuals in the body—even though they be frequent instances, as in a numerous body they probably will be—or by pointing to the most flagrant and notorious violations of the professed principles of the system; so it is more than unfair to condemn either system or individual entirely on the testimony of enemies. Yet, in the case of the monastic orders, this has been done for many generations. They were put out of court at the Reformation, and posterity has been passing judgment by default upon them ever since. It is one of those cases in which injustice becomes almost a necessity. Wherever vital questions of religion and morals are concerned, we consider it almost a merit to hear only one side. We hold it dangerous to admit the *advocatus diaboli* into the court of conscience. We do not question the sincerity of an ordinary Christian, because he so far departs from the strict rule of impartial justice as to decline to hear Hume and Tom Paine in answer to the Bible; nor must we expect the zealous English Protestant, however ardent his love for fair-play in the abstract, to read what the monkish chronicler has put on record in his own defence—especially when written in monkish Latin. If he professes to have studied the subject with more than ordinary care, he will probably have read ‘Mr. Fosbrooke’s learned work on British Monachism,’ as Sir Walter Scott calls it, and will think its authority perhaps only the more indisputable, because the dedication informs him that it was written for his ‘instruction and amusement by showing the errors of ancient times;’ and the learned compiler, in his preface, thinks himself ‘certainly entitled to credit, inasmuch as he may have contributed somewhat to check that spirit of Monachism and Popery which has lately



‘been revived.’ Our Protestant friend can hardly be expected to unsettle his mind by looking into Mr. Kenelm Digby’s *Mores Catholici* (for which, too, he must go to a Romanist bookseller) merely for the idle curiosity of seeing what can be said on the other side. So acute, indeed, in some minds was the sense of the injustice done to the monastic system by the popular prejudice, which remembered all their evil and forgot their good, that it is not long since (in spite of Mr. Fosbrooke’s conscientious efforts), by a second temporary reaction, a strong feeling existed amongst a few in favour of reviving it in the English Reformed Church under certain limits and modifications. The idea of a monasticism which could adapt itself to the habits and requirements of English life in the nineteenth century was not likely to commend itself much to practical minds; but the whole subject has acquired a fresh interest, and seems at last to have a fair chance of being dispassionately examined, and therefore better understood. To Dr. Maitland, in his admirable *Essays on the Dark Ages*, an unlearned public are indebted for one of the earliest and most popular attempts to replace the whole question on its fair historical footing. But since then very important witnesses have been called into open court, whose testimony had hitherto been a sealed book to all but the professed antiquarian. The chronicle kept by a monk of the convent of S. Edmondsbury, in the reign of Henry II., was published by the Camden Society in 1840. It might probably have remained undistinguished amongst the other antiquarian rarities so meritoriously reproduced by that learned body, very unattractive both outside and inside to the general reader, had not Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in happy hour, fixed his affections upon it, and made it the text-book of one of his most graphic and interesting pictures of the *Past and Present*. We may fancy how Mr. Carlyle must have startled some of his disciples—and how he must have smiled to think of their bewilderment—when he chose to find in the monk of the twelfth century a hero. However, the justice which he thus rendered to Abbot Sampson, and the hearty faith which he himself, an honest writer and a keen judge, puts in the unpretending narrative of poor brother Jocelyn, have been of immense service in the cause of historical truth. No one in his senses will accuse Mr. Carlyle, of all men, of a superstitious reverence for worn-out formulas, or of any æsthetic tenderness to mediævalism. These monks, then, were not always liars or hypocrites—were even amongst the ‘veracities’ of their time: nay, are even to be listened to now, like other men, when they give evidence of such things as came within their knowledge. In truth, they were neither so bad nor so good as our old-fashioned prejudices, or our new-fashioned predilections

would represent them. There beat the ordinary human heart beneath the rochet and scapulary, white or black, just as in our own days under the high-churchman's cassock-vest and M. B. coat, or the low-churchman's ill-made waistcoat and limp and dingy necktie. Wonderful, how in the lapse of centuries everything seems to have changed except human nature! how the old Adam still crops out under whatever disguises we put upon him! The day that made him monk, still left him man; with passions not eradicated, with desires and faculties by no means dead to the world, whatever he might outwardly profess, or inwardly persuade himself; but often only sharpened and intensified by being narrowed in their object, and circumscribed by his peculiar position. The monastery was a little world; very narrow in its notions, no doubt, in some respects; yet often containing within it men of larger and more liberal views than either the friends or the enemies of the system have in modern times been inclined to give it credit for. Often, the superstition and the ignorance were without its walls rather than within; often, too, the 'recluse' was more a man of the world, both in its best and worst sense, than the layman who sneered at his clerklly learning. The same mistake was made then, as is so often made now, of supposing that the cultivation of the intellectual necessarily left the mind unfitted for the practical in life. To say that the monastic orders were ignorant and superstitious, is only to say that they lived in earlier times than ours, and were not men of this nineteenth century. The same might be said with equal truth, in its degree, of the Jewish Church under an earlier dispensation. And the answer must be the same; if theirs was an imperfect code of religion and morals, at least it was a higher one than that of the rude world without. But to measure the monastic system by a spiritual rule exclusively, or to look upon its members merely in their religious character, would be the mark of as narrow a mind as ever was formed within the cloister. Their religious phenomena are highly interesting, no doubt; but in the historian's point of view, their vast influence upon the civil and social relations of mankind is even more important. The monastic houses were not only the Missionary Societies, the Bible Societies, and the National Societies of their day,—they were also the Hospitals, the Poor-law-Unions, the Royal Hotels, the Refuges for the Destitute, and in a great degree the Royal Societies and Art-Studios also. *Laborare est orare*, was a principle not only professed but acted upon; so far is the common reproach of 'lazy monk' from being a deserved one, that there were no greater promoters of agriculture than the monks of the rule of S. Benedict. The granges of their monasteries were the model farms, as their schools were the

normal and industrial schools of the Middle Ages. If kings came with their charters of privileges, and nobles with their gifts of lands and tithes, and laid them on the high altar, they gave not only to a church, but to a charity; and what they offered to the glory of God—*in honorem Dei*—so far from being wasted, in the most utilitarian point of view, was generally well invested for the common earthly interests of man.

Some very valuable contributions to the contemporary evidence on this subject have been made among the recent publications issued under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. We have a *History of the Monastery of S. Augustine at Canterbury*, written about A.D. 1414, by one Thomas of Eltham, 'formerly monk and treasurer of that foundation;' and a *Chronicle of the Monastery of Abingdon*, written, or rather compiled, by one or more of its brethren, but whose names have not been preserved in the manuscript. Of this latter—which is by far the most interesting of the two, for the first is a mere compilation—we propose now to give some account; which we fancy may not be unacceptable to the majority of our readers, since few besides professed antiquarians will have the courage to read through for themselves two octavo volumes consisting mainly of charters and such documents, all in very indifferent mediæval Latin.

This chronicle, though never before printed at large, has been extensively used by antiquarian writers. It formed the basis of Dugdale's account of the earlier history of the Abbey, is largely quoted by Fosbrooke, and referred to by Ussher, Wood, Camden, and others. The original has probably been lost. Two copies of it only are known to exist, both amongst Sir R. Cotton's MSS., and known as Claudius B. VI. and Claudius C. IX. Both were used by Dugdale. The first is the later and apparently revised copy, and from this the present text has been printed—the various readings in C. IX. being given in the footnotes. We have also here printed as appendices, 1. The short chronicle, *De Abbatibus Abbendonie*, MS. Cott. Vitellianus A. XIII., a few of the earlier chapters of which were printed by Dugdale, and which, though mutilated and imperfect (having suffered in the fire of 1731), throws much light upon the larger chronicle; 2. Ælfric's Life of S. Ethelwold, the second founder of the Abbey, from the unique MS. in the imperial library at Paris; 3. A record *De Consuetudinibus Abbendonie*—a terrier of customary payments and rents appropriated to certain offices; and, 4. another *De Obedientiariis*, &c., being an account of the officers of the Abbey, their duties and privileges, of which Mr. Fosbrooke had already made considerable use.<sup>1</sup> The three first

<sup>1</sup> These two are extracted from Claud. C. IX. and B. VI. respectively.

chapters and part of the fourth of the larger chronicle are wanting, the MS. having unfortunately been mutilated; nor are these supplied from the earlier text, which appears not to be nearly so copious at the beginning. This, however, is of the less importance, since what has been lost belongs to that mythical period of British history in which Christianity is said to have been introduced into the island by Faganus and Duvianus, who baptized King Lucius and all his people. The legendary history of Abingdon begins, according to this copy of the chronicle, 'in the time of the Emperor Diocletian' (*circa* A. D. 300), when a certain Irish monk, named Abennus, came to preach in Britain. The British prince received the stranger at his court, and treated him with special favour—'rejoicing,' says the chronicle, 'that he had found a second Joseph.' Joseph begged hard for a land of Goshen, and received a grant of a great part of the county of Berks, in which he founded a monastery, and gave it the name of Abben-don: which signifies, we are told, *Hibernicè*—'the dwelling of Aben, or Abennus;' as Abben-dun in the vernacular Saxon would be equivalent to 'Aben's Mount.' This story, however, is an addition of the later copyist, from whatever source he obtained it; and the credibility due to such traditions may be pretty well estimated, when we find that in the shorter chronicle, *De Abbatibus*, this Aben or Abennus appears in quite a different character. He is there said to have been the son of a British chief, and to have escaped from the treacherous massacre of his countrymen by Hengist, at Stanhengist or Stonehenge, to a wood in Oxfordshire. In danger of perishing from thirst, he prays for water, and a fountain springs up. This miracle attests his sanctity so strongly to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, that they flock to him for instruction, and determine to build there a dwelling for their teacher and a chapel in honour of the Virgin. But Aben's modesty is overwhelmed by this publicity; and in search of a more secluded resting-place he retires to Ireland, and there 'makes a good end.'

Passing then from these traditional uncertainties, we seem to get our first glimpse of reliable history from the shorter chronicle, *De Abbatibus*, in the appendix; for in the MS. of the larger chronicle there occurs at this point, as the editor informs us, an unfortunate hiatus of two leaves, which the earlier copy (Claud. C. IX.) supplies only in very meagre outline. In or about A. D. 675, the first steps towards the foundation of the Monastery of Abingdon seem to have been taken by Cissa, one of the *reguli* or petty princes who exercised an authority more or less independent under Kinwin or Centwin, King of the West Saxons. Cissa's dominions extended over Berkshire and Wiltshire; he held his court at Bedwin, in the latter county, where the ruins

of the castle which he built are still to be seen. Cissa had a nephew named Hean, 'very rich, and powerful, and religious;' who had been so impressed with some preaching which he had listened to (probably by S. Wilfrid or some of his missionaries) upon the well-known text of the camel and the needle's eye, that he resolved at once to devote to the monastic life himself and all that he had. He obtained from his uncle, Cissa, the promise of a site for a religious house; and he chose—the chronicler says on account of the abundance of wood—the place already known as Aben's Mount. It is probable that he was also influenced in his choice by the traditionary sanctity of the spot, and by the fact that his own patrimony seems to have lain in the neighbourhood. He received from his uncle a large grant of land—one hundred and seventy-three cassates<sup>1</sup>—on the banks of the Thames, in order to carry out his purpose. His sister Cilla also embraced a religious life, and obtained, either at the same time from Cissa, or from his successor Ceadwalla (for here the two accounts disagree<sup>2</sup>), permission to found a nunnery in the same neighbourhood, in a spot called *Helenstow*, from a chapel said to have been founded there by the Empress Helena, and whose name is still preserved in S. Helen's Church in Abingdon. Hean, however, through some vacillation of purpose, the reason of which does not appear in these records, and which it would be idle now to discuss, was very slow in carrying his good intentions into execution. Cissa was succeeded by Ceadwalla, who confirmed his predecessor's grant with considerable additions, and Ceadwalla again by Ini, and still Hean had not fulfilled the conditions of the original grant. King Ini accordingly revoked it: a proceeding which both the monastic chroniclers set down as profane and sacrilegious. It seems by no means improbable, however, that this decided course on the king's part, fully justified as it was by Hean's dilatory and suspicious conduct, had really the effect of setting him in earnest about an undertaking which would otherwise never have been accomplished. It is certain at all events, that we have three subsequent charters of Ini given in the chronicle, by which he not only confirms the grants of Cissa and Ceadwalla, but adds other lands of his own gift. All three charters, it is true, are condemned by Mr. Kemble, in his *Codex Diplomaticus*, as spurious; and though Mr. Stevenson shows plausible grounds for admitting two out of the three as genuine, there are reasons to be drawn from the chronicle itself (as we shall have occasion to show hereafter) for

<sup>1</sup> The term *cassata* appears to be used by the writers of these chronicles (as by Henry of Huntingdon) as equivalent to *hida*; if we take the hide = 100 acres, we have the large total of 17,300 acres. But these old measures are notoriously vague.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i. p. 8; vol. ii. App. p. 269.

looking at all these earlier documents with very great suspicion. Whether, however, the charters handed down by the chronicler be genuine or not, there is no reason to doubt that it was in the reign of Ini, about A.D. 699, that Hean, under Ini's sanction, actually commenced his building. There appears to have been some hesitation about the site. In two of these professed charters of Ini, the wording would rather seem to imply that either Bradanfeld (Bradfield, near Reading), or Streatley, was the locality of the new foundation;<sup>1</sup> and the chronicle *De Abbatibus*<sup>2</sup> tells us that, five years before, Hean had actually begun to build on 'Aben's Mount' (in the hamlet of Bagworth, in the parish of Sunningwell), but was obliged to desist by a miracle not uncommonly reported on such occasions—'whatever the masons set up one day, fell down the next.' At last a hermit of great sanctity, who lived in the neighbouring wood of Cumnor, was privileged to behold the elfish hands which every night pulled down the stones and timbers and carried them away—'in four-horse waggons' (*quadrigis*). They explained to him that it was the will of heaven that Hean should build his new monastery not there, but a few miles off at Seukesham, or Seovescham, on the Thames, which had formed part of the additional grant of Ceadwalla. Here then, twenty-two years after the original grant from Cissa, the walls of the monastery rose at last, and by Ceadwalla's desire the name was changed to Abbandun. It is highly probable that in these apparent difficulties and changes of intention as to the site, might be found, could we trace it, some explanation of Hean's long delay.

This town or 'vill' of Seukesham, Seovescham, or Sheove-sham, was already, the chronicler tells us, 'a famous city, pleasant to the sight, full of riches,' surrounded by rich pastures full of flocks and herds. It was an old seat of religion in the pagan days of Britain, and not less sacred since the introduction of Christianity. Traces of its ancient Christian occupation were found when the new foundations were dug; amongst other precious relics, a celebrated black cross of iron, said to have been made from the sacred nails, and brought there in the days of Constantine. It was also the king's occasional residence; and meetings were held there 'to transact the principal affairs of the kingdom.' It appears highly probable that this was the Cloveshoo (*Calevanorum arx*) where the great synod of 747 was held; and to this opinion Camden, Bishop Gibson, Ashmole, and other authorities incline. Cliffe-at-hoo, near Rochester, which is commonly supposed to have been the place, seems from its locality to have been but ill-adapted for the scene of a great

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. pp. 12, 13.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. App. p. 270.



national gathering; while Sheovescham, lying central to the two kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex, would have been generally accessible; and its religious celebrity (if we may trust these chronicles) might have suggested another reason for its selection. The derivation of its new name, Abbendun, is uncertain; Leland would make it 'Abbot's town;' but Mr. Stevenson is probably right when he traces in the local names *Abban-crundle* (Abba's meadow), *Abban-byork* (Abba's rest or 'bury'), *Abban-wyl* (Abba's well), occurring among the old Saxon boundaries appended to the ancient charters of lands in the neighbourhood, a common etymology from the name of one of the early settlers in Berkshire.

The earliest grants made to the new brotherhood of S. Mary at Abbendun, consisted of lands at Bradfield, Streatley, Bestleford (Bessel's Leigh?), Escesdune (Ashdown?) and Earmundslea, a portion of the present parish of Appleton. Ini, King of Wessex, added the 'vill' of Sutton (Courtney); but this was exchanged some few years afterwards with Kenulph, King of Mercia, for the large tract of meadow-land, called Andresey, or S. Andrew's Island, formed by a diverging branch of the Thames, and lying to the west of the monastery. This isle of Andresey was a favourite residence with the English kings, both before and after the Conquest. It seems to have formed part of the original grant to Hean, but to have been exchanged with Offa, King of Mercia and Wessex, for the manor of Goosey. Offa, his son Egbert, Kenulph, Athelstan, William the Conqueror, and Rufus, are all mentioned in the chronicle as having taken up their quarters there occasionally. They seem to have considered that it commanded a remarkably fine view,<sup>1</sup> and the Conqueror used 'to recreate himself there with letting of blood and taking of antidotes.' So tastes differ. Kenulph, however, at the date we are now speaking of, made it a kind of sporting quarters, and kept his hounds and his falcons there, to the considerable annoyance of the good monks of S. Mary. The *morale* of a great sporting establishment, even in those early times, was of much the same character as it too often is now. The earliest recorded troubles of the new foundation arose from this quarter. The royal huntsmen and falconers, 'as is the custom of their fraternity,' says our chronicler, quoting Juvenal (he was evidently more of a scholar<sup>2</sup> than a sportsman), '*alienâ vivere quadrâ*'—to live as much as possible at free quarters among their neighbours—were not only exorbitant in their exactions for the king's use, but even proceeded to 'contumely and insult,'

<sup>1</sup> 'Rex—non parvo oblectamento ibi frueretur, hinc aqua circumfluente perspicua, illinc pratorum viridantium demulcente illecebra.' Vol. ii. p. 49.

<sup>2</sup> We find him elsewhere quoting Ovid, Virgil, and Seneca.

and could in no way be brought to desist from their 'detestable' practice '*aut prece vel pretio*'—by bribe or entreaty. The abbot at this time was Rethun, who had been a Mercian bishop, but on account of some troubles in his diocese had resigned his see and taken monastic vows at Abingdon. After vain appeals to the king against his troublesome retainers, Abbot Rethun took the decided step of going in person to Rome, where he made out his case so successfully, that he obtained from Pope Leo III. an apostolical mandate in his favour, by which all the rights of the abbey were confirmed; and the king was warned, as he valued his salvation, to see justice done to the monks of Abben-don. Kenulph, however, put them off from day to day with empty promises and excuses; the Pope meanwhile died, and the Abbot, who was a man of some worldly wisdom as well as energy, took another course. He went straight to the king, and backed the Pope's authority with the offer of a hundred and twenty pounds in hard money, and a hundred farms at Sutton, which, we are not much surprised to learn, he found an undeniable argument—*potissimum remedium*; and he thereby secured for his fraternity a charter of privileges which was evidently of the highest importance, since we find it referred to in the first charter of restitution granted by Ethelred II. (A.D. 993), as the great bulwark of the liberties of Abben-don. It contained the provisos that their lands should be free from all claims of service, except aid in repairing the royal bridges and castles, and sending a certain number of armed vassals to join the king's army when summoned. In this charter of Kenulph's are included additional grants of lands at Culham, Sandford, Sunningwell, Denchworth, which are called 'donations,' but for which Abbot Rethun may fairly be supposed to have given ample consideration. Other benefactors succeeded; and though the record of the fortunes of the house in these earlier times is but scanty, it seems clear that they were in possession of a great portion of the cultivated lands from Wallingford in one direction, to Shrivenham in the other, before the kingdoms of the heptarchy were united under Egbert; and when Ethelwulf, in 855, made his grant of tithes throughout the kingdom to the church, the house of Abben-don was one of the first and chief recipients.

But darker days were coming. From 857 to 860 the Danes were ravaging England. The chronicler becomes almost poetical as he dwells on the horrors of those three years. Pillaged cities, burnt villages, ruined monasteries, were the marks by which their course might be traced. 'The enemy,' says he, 'overthrew the house of Gideon; the accursed race scourged the horn of David.' These ruthless invaders pillaged the monastery, and left nothing but the walls standing. The sacred

relics, however, and the charters and deeds of gift were, by special Providence, as the writer considers, preserved from the spoilers' hands to aid in the restoration of their rights hereafter. It was not, indeed, without some opposition from the guardian powers of the house that the enemy effected their purpose. A sacred crucifix which stood in the refectory—the image on which is also reported at another time to have spoken—is recorded to have hurled stones out of the wall upon the heads of the Pagans as they were solacing their 'accursed appetites' with the monks' good cheer, insomuch that these 'satellites of Satan' were fain to evacuate the place at once, 'by no means after the manner of tortoises,' as the chronicler narrates with evident glee, in a style unusually facetious. But if such were their sufferings at the hands of their enemies, even a harder fate awaited them at the hands of their friends. The writer has a strange tale to tell us about King Alfred, not quite in accordance with the popular notion of Milton's 'Mirror of Princes'; that 'complete model of a perfect character,' as Hume styles him—so perfect, indeed, that the learned historian feels called upon to observe, that 'we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it is impossible he could have been entirely exempted.'<sup>1</sup> If Mr. Hume had been fortunate enough to meet with our chronicle, he would have found a few very 'particular strokes' laid on with hearty good will, and would, no doubt, have been delighted to have had here pointed out to him one of these 'specks and blemishes,' quite enough to satisfy him that the great king was human. It might have startled him, however, as it probably will some of our readers, to hear his 'complete model' designated—let us hope rhetorically—as 'a Judas among the apostles.' But this great promoter of learning did, it is to be feared—for we have our chronicler's word corroborated to a certain extent by independent authority<sup>2</sup>—take from these unfortunate monks of Abingdon very nearly all which the Danes had left them, their town, or '*vill*,' of Abbendon, with all its belongings, by force (*violenter*); of which fact we have further evidence in a subsequent charter of his own grandson, King Edred, who has to undo this deed of violence, and to expiate his learned ancestor's sins, as well as he might, by late and vicarious restitution of the said property, '*pro expiatione scelerum meorum prædecessorum*,' as his charter has it. Nay,

<sup>1</sup> History of England, I. 63, orig. edit.

<sup>2</sup> See William of Malmesbury, de Gest. Pontif. Angl. Lib. II. Script. post Bedam, p. 252. 52. 'Tum Rex, malorum præventus consiliis, terras quæcunque appendices erant, in suos suorumque usus redegit.'

another of Alfred's relatives and successors, Edwy, in his *privilegium* subsequently granted to the abbey, gives him another 'particular stroke,' as Mr. Hume would call it, and accuses him in plain words of 'diabolical avarice,' in that he had built for himself in that sacred locality an *œdificium*—hunting-box, or other equally profane edifice—contrary to all right and justice. It is really alarming to think what damaging effect these new exhumations by the Master of Rolls may have upon old established reputations.<sup>1</sup>

Between the pagan Danes and the most Christian king, the good fathers of Abbendon had nothing remaining to them of all their possessions but Culham, Wicham (or Wiham),<sup>2</sup> and Cumnor. The first restorer of their ruined fortunes was Athelstan, who is called in the chronicle 'the first monarch of all England,' and whose piety and munificence are extolled in highly figurative language. He gave or restored to them lands in Dumbleton, Fleforth, Shillingford, and Sandford, besides consenting to the alienation of various fiefs by his nobles in favour of the monastery. He kept the feast of Easter, 939, at Abbendon, in great state, with his whole court; and while there, messengers arrived from Hugh Capet, King of France, with valuable presents of gold and jewels, to ask from the English monarch his sister's hand in marriage. They also brought with them, as still more valuable offerings, divers holy relics—a nail from the cross, part of a thorn of the sacred crown, the spear of Charlemagne which pierced the sacred side, the sword of the Emperor Constantine, and a 'precious finger' of S. Denys—all which the king munificently made over to his hosts of Abbendon, in whose possession they afterwards worked the most surprising cures. The gold and the jewels he kept, as far as appears, for himself.

In the reign of his successor, Edmund, began the first of the numerous disputes between the monks and their neighbours, the townsmen of Oxford. It was a disputed right of possession to a meadow,<sup>3</sup> called Beri, by the river-side, near Ifley, or Giftley, as it is here called. The question was settled by a singular process. The monks preferred to confide their cause to the judgment of heaven, says their chronicler, rather than to

<sup>1</sup> Dugdale (Monast. vol. i. 505) says that Alfred 'took away from them the town of Abingdon and the whole of their estates, because they had not made a sufficient requital to him for vanquishing their enemies.' This is an evident mis-reading of a passage which occurs twice in the larger chronicle, vol. i. p. 50, 125. 'Victori Domino pro victoria qua fructus est de Danis super Essedune victis imparem reddens talionem.' In this mistake, Lysons (Magn. Britt. I. p. 217) and other writers have followed him.

<sup>2</sup> Probably one of the Wittenhams.

<sup>3</sup> Still known as Berry Meadow, on the river-side, between Ifley and Oxford; now belonging to the Trustees of Mayott's Charity, at Abingdon.

the 'dilatatory exceptions, cavils, and subterfuges' of the law. So, after three days' fast, they placed a sheaf of corn with a lighted torch in it on a round shield, and set it afloat on the river; it touched in its passage with wonderful precision at all the lands belonging to the monastery, and at last finished by making the complete circuit of the meadow in dispute, which, at some seasons, by the overflowing of the river, became an island; thus giving its verdict in the monks' favour, to their intense joy, and the astonishment of the Berkshire and Oxfordshire rustics, who had crowded both banks to see the trial, and who confirmed the decision with unanimous shouts of '*Jus Abbendonie, jus Abbendonie!*' Not the least remarkable part of the miracle being the fact, which the honest chronicler passes over as comparatively unimportant, that the shield and sheaf performed their voyage all the way against what all Oxford boating-men know to be a pretty strong stream.<sup>1</sup>

The writer proceeds to lament a state of things which occurred after King Edmund's death, when all the possessions of the monastery, he says, became royal property, and there was not a single religious remaining. Of the causes of this state of desolation he confesses himself wholly ignorant, and therefore, with a forbearance for which we should have been thankful to some chroniclers of later date, declines to volunteer any explanation. Still, in this second day of ruin as in the first, the deeds and charters of the house were miraculously preserved, to be forthcoming opportunely in better times, for the support of the claims of the faithful, and the guidance of such new benefactors as were disposed to make restitution. Is it a very uncharitable scepticism which suggests the possibility that, in an order which possessed almost a monopoly of the arts of writing and illumination, such documents were easily supplied, when wanting? Such pious industry would be deemed scarcely a fraud, if it went no farther than to establish a claim to enjoy their own again.

In the reign of Edred there arose more than a second founder for Abbendon, in the person of Ethelwold, or Athelwold, of whom, as has been said, besides the account given in the chronicle, we have a separate Life in the appendix. Born at Winchester, of gentle blood, of high abilities, handsome presence, and agreeable manners, he had been attached when young to the court of King Athelstan, where he had early opportunities of learning that practical worldly wisdom which was, no doubt, one secret of his success. By the king's desire he took orders, and was ordained on the same day with the great

<sup>1</sup> It has also escaped the observation of the editor, who speaks of the shield 'drifting away with the stream.' (Vol. II. Pref. xl.)

Dunstan, under whom, at Glastonbury, he subsequently put on the monastic habit, and devoted himself to severer studies. He was all, says the chronicle, that a man could be. '*In terrâ positus vitam actitare videretur angelicam.*' He had intended to complete his studies abroad, but Edgitha, mother of the young King Edred, persuaded her son by no means to allow such a man to leave his kingdom. The king gave him the waste places of Abbendon; and followed by Osgar and certain other monks from Glastonbury, he was formally installed as abbot, collected a brotherhood, and obtained from the king a re-endowment of a hundred cassates of land, apparently the bounds of Ceadwalla's old grant, but which had now, through the unexplained causes before alluded to, become part of the royal domain. He soon succeeded, by one means or another—'*partim ratione, partim pretio*'—in regaining for his restored monastery most of its ancient possessions. Edred himself laid the first stone of the new buildings, and took great interest in the work, as did the queen-mother also. Nor was there wanting a miracle to inaugurate the new foundation, though the lesson which it seems to inculcate is really of such very questionable morality that it reads more like one of the extracts which Mr. Fosbrooke has 'conscientiously' printed from some satirist of monastic life, than the honest record of our simple chronicler. The young king, on one of his visits to inspect the progress of the new buildings, was invited, with a large party of the nobles of Northumberland who had accompanied him, to partake of Abbot Ethelwold's hospitality. The mead flowed in abundance, and King Edred, being in a jovial mood, ordered the doors to be shut, in order that no man should escape his fair share of the drinking. '*Quid multa?*' Why make a long story? says the chronicler. Why, indeed? we fear it was a very old story, even at that date, in the 'north countrie.' But the novel and miraculous incident was this: the servants were busy drawing liquor for the guests all day, but the vessel, whatever it was, was scarcely drained a palm's depth, though the north-country gentlemen sat late, and went home 'as drunk as hogs'<sup>1</sup> in the evening.

Such an inauguration of the restored monastery was not a very favourable omen for its future discipline; but the abbot no sooner saw his new fraternity, who had been attracted from all parts of England by his reputation for learning and sanctity, safely housed, than he despatched his friend Osgar to Fleury to bring back the pure and strict rule of S. Benedict; and because he found that his new monks had brought with them

<sup>1</sup> '*Inebriatis suatim.*' Vol. ii. p. 258.



from their several houses various 'uses' in reading and chanting, he sent to Corby, in the diocese of Amiens, a house whose discipline was in the highest repute, for instructors, by whose aid the services of the choir were established upon an uniform system. The next succeeding monarchs, Edwy and Edgar, showed great favour to Ethelwold, issued large writs of privilege in favour of the monastery, (including the important right to free election of an abbot from their own body,) and increased its possessions by various royal grants and permissions of alienation. Edgar especially appears to have been a most liberal benefactor, and the chronicler is almost at a loss for language in which to sound his praises befittingly. He compares him to David, to Romulus, to Alexander the Great, to Cyrus the Persian, to Artaxerxes, and to Charlemagne; but laments at the same time that 'the malice of the old enemy and the cupidity of man' have not suffered the good king's benefactions to remain in possession of their house. It was not until the reign of Edgar that Ethelwold completed<sup>1</sup> his new buildings; and owing to this delay, Edgar has not only obtained the credit due to his own liberality, but most historians have represented him as the restorer of Abbendon,<sup>2</sup> to the prejudice of his predecessor, Edred. The conventual church now erected, consisted, we are told, of a tower, nave, and chancel, all circular: the nave twice the size of the chancel. After ruling his house well and wisely for ten years, Ethelwold was advanced by the king to the see of Winchester, and finding the monastery there occupied by certain secular clerks, of very evil lives and lax discipline, he summarily ejected them, and filled their places with some of his trusty brethren from Abingdon. His reforms, however, were near costing him his life; he narrowly escaped poison at the hands of one of the discontented clerics. He recovered, however, and lived to found, in course of time, the Benedictine Abbeys of Ely, Thorney, Hyde, and Medehamstede, or Burh (Peterborough); all of which took their rule from Abingdon—'offshoots,' says the writer, 'from that fruitful vine.' He held his see two-and-twenty years, and after his death was canonized as the great Saxon saint of England. He was succeeded at Abingdon by his faithful Osgar.

King Edward the Martyr was a protector and a benefactor so long as his short reign lasted, and gave them certain lands at Kingston Lisle; but his brother Ethelred proved an enemy, recalled all his father Edgar's benefactions, and sold the abbacy, now vacant by Osgar's death, to his major-domo, Edric, for his

<sup>1</sup> The author of the 'Life' says, they were not commenced until then, but this is hardly reconcilable with the general history.

<sup>2</sup> See Chron. Johann. Brompton, Ethelred Abbot of Rivaux, Camden, &c.

brother Edwin. Bishop Ethelwold was also dead by this time, and the abbey had now no powerful friend. Edric soon fell into disgrace with the king, and being banished from the kingdom, returned with a force of marauding Danes, who long laid waste the country; which the writer considers a palpable judgment of Heaven upon the simony of which the king had been guilty. And somewhat in this light the king himself appears to have considered it; for, in a *privilegium* granted some few years after (A.D. 993) to Abbot Wulfgar, we find him restoring the price for which he had granted the abbacy to Edwin, as an accursed thing, '*anathematizando*'—reinstating the brotherhood in all their ancient rights and privileges, and only asking in return the favour of a few masses and psalms—say fifteen hundred masses, and twelve hundred psalms—which the worthy brethren of Abbingdon sang, we may be sure, with good heart and voice; and were not particular, we will hope, to an unit in the reckoning. This charter is couched in rather better Latin, and in a less affected style than the royal documents of earlier date; here, too, for the first time, all the bishops and abbots, who are witnesses, append the names of their respective sees and houses—a custom which in all the previous charters is confined to the Archbishops of Canterbury (who always sign as *Dorobernensis*) and of York, and the Bishops of London and Winchester. It will amuse the reader who is curious in such matters, and give him, perhaps, a more favourable view of the resources of ecclesiastical Latin in the tenth century, to observe the ingenious variety in the formula of attestation; no less than twenty-two different Latin verbs are called into requisition by their lordships to express their assent to the charter, until the Abbot of Glastonbury, who comes twenty-third on the roll, finding his vocabulary exhausted, contents himself by merely subscribing his name, an example which the rest must have been glad to follow.<sup>1</sup>

Whether the ravages of the Danish invaders who followed Sweyn into England to avenge the massacre of S. Brice's Eve, and by whose cruelties other religious houses suffered so lamentably, affected Abingdon to any serious extent, is one of the few questions on which the two chronicles are apparently at variance. The shorter MS., *De Abbatibus*, says briefly, but emphatically, that they 'utterly destroyed it.'<sup>2</sup> But of this destruction we find no hint in the larger chronicle; and in a passage a little further on, in speaking of the death of Edmund Ironside,<sup>3</sup> the writer records it as a subject for especial thankfulness, that, in all these intestine troubles in England, though the enemy laid

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. p. 364.<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. p. 280. '*Abbingdoniam omnino deleverunt.*'<sup>3</sup> Vol. i. p. 432.

waste all around them on the right hand and on the left, or levied heavy ransoms as the price of forbearance, still their house of Abbendon, protected by the mercy of heaven and the vigilance of Abbot Wulfgar, remained throughout untouched by Danish spoliation; language which is hardly to be reconciled with its utter destruction by them a few years before.

King Canute, at all events, followed in the good path of his Saxon predecessors, and was a considerable benefactor to the monastery. He gave them the church of S. Martin, at Oxford, and grants of land in other places. As a joint gift also from himself and his queen 'with a double name,' *Ælgiva Imma*, (a piece of unnecessary luxury at which the good monk seems scandalized,) he presented to the church a chest richly inlaid with gold and silver, to contain the reliques of S. Vincent of Spain. How these had come into the possession of their house, is a point upon which the writer of the chronicle is prudently silent; but we are afraid there is no doubt about it, for in the sketch *De Abbatibus* we have the story of their acquisition told in very brief and matter-of-fact language, without any idea of its implying discredit to the brotherhood—rather, perhaps, as an instance of their zeal and ingenuity; 'the monks of Abbendon *stole* them' (*furati sunt*), says the writer, with many other similar articles, from their brethren of Glastonbury. It was in the days of good Abbot Osgar, who, it may be remembered, had been brought up at Glastonbury, and probably knew where they were kept. The bones of S. Edward, king and martyr, were also brought, about this time, as a pious offering to Abbendon; but it would seem as if there were some flaw in their rightful claim to these as well as the others, for the translator, whoever he was, wished to have taken them back again to the place whence they came, but found himself miraculously rooted to the ground, and unable to proceed further in his pilgrimage of restitution, before he had got far from the church door.

Edward the Confessor bestowed on them several grants of land, and issued writs addressed to all his bishops and barons within whose jurisdiction lay any of the lands of Abbendon, to permit the abbot and the convent to enjoy unquestioned all their rights in the hundred of Hornimere, or Horner, with right of 'sake and soke, toll and theam, infang-theof, hamsoken, grith-bryce, and forestal,' within their own proper manors. He and his queen Ediva were on one occasion hospitably entertained at the monastery by Abbot Siward; when the queen, observing that the boy-monks, at the early luncheon allowed them before refection-time, had nothing set before them but bread, appealed to her lord for some grant in land or money to mend their fare, 'as a remembrance,' she was graciously pleased to say, 'of the

'queen having once lunched with them.' The king professed to have nothing which he could very conveniently dispose of just at that time; upon which she made over to them the manor of Lewknor, near Tetsworth (an ancient possession which the monks had lost, and which she happened to have recently inherited under the will of a kinswoman), to supply the boys' table with a *matutinellum* for ever. In this reign permission was given to the citizens of London and Oxford, for the accommodation of the trading-boats which were constantly passing, to divert the course of the Thames, which made a wide *détour* near the town, by cutting a new and more direct channel through the abbey lands; in acknowledgment of which each boat was to pay to the cellarer a yearly toll of a hundred salt fish, at some time between the Feast of the Purification (Feb. 2) and Easter, a custom which the boatmen continually tried to evade; and the monks had to enforce it by royal writ under Henry I. Their abbot, Siward, about this time was anxious to have figured as a Church restorer, and like many modern enthusiasts in the same line, determined to begin by a thorough demolition of the works of his predecessors. He obtained the king's sanction to pull down Ethelwold's building, and to erect something larger and finer in its stead. But the canonized bishop possessed an advantage which it is much to be wished other religious architects of old days could have put in force against over-active churchwardens and *dilettanti* rectors. He appeared to Siward in his own proper person (in a dream), and begged him to let the old walls alone. He coupled this warning, indeed, with a prophecy, that an abbot should arise in the latter days (in whose taste, it must be presumed, he had more confidence), who should rebuild, enlarge, and beautify the house of S. Mary, and prove in every respect a worthy father and shepherd. Siward had the good sense to take his advice, and to give to the poor the money which had been laid aside for the restoration. He was soon after made Bishop of Rochester, but returned to Abingdon to dië.

Of the abbots next in succession before the Conquest, little of importance is recorded; of one of them, probably, the less that was said the better. In or about A.D. 1050—for as to the exact date the authorities seem hopelessly at variance—one Speravoc, or Spearhavoc, was appointed by King Edward to the abbey. His chief recommendation seems to have been his excellence as a goldsmith. Not that such an art in those days was in any way derogatory even to a lord abbot, for S. Eloy, we know, owed his elevation to the bishopric of Noyon to his renown for such handicraft, and filled his new monastery with promising young artists; and his foreman, S. Theau the Saxon, was not

the less a saint because he was an excellent working jeweller. Abbot Spearhavoc, however, had very little of the saint and a good deal of the Jew about him. Promoted by the king to the see of London, he had entrusted to him a quantity of gold and precious gems to make an imperial crown for his royal patron. Now, even the ordinary perquisites on such occasions, under plea of waste, tare, and tret, must have been pretty considerable; for S. Eloy aforesaid produced *two* state chairs out of the materials entrusted to him for *one*, to King Dagobert's joy and surprise; but the Bishop of London, unlike his brother goldsmith, walked off with the whole plunder, and all he could get together of the episcopal revenues besides, and was never seen in England again. Plainly there was something suspicious about him altogether; for, according to the Saxon Chronicle,<sup>1</sup> Rothbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, refused him consecration; and, although he held the bishopric 'during the summer and autumn,' he appears never to have been consecrated at all.

Up to the date of the Conquest, then, we find the Saxon kings and nobles lavish in their munificence to the house of S. Mary at Abbandon. Of the extent of its possessions we have already seen ample proofs. 'All the lands from Ensham to 'Dorchester belonged to it,' says Leland; and 'it was the 'mother church of many of the villages round about, which had 'but chapels of ease.' Besides this, it possessed lands at Stratton in Bedfordshire, Bedwin in Wiltshire, Dumbleton and Calmsden in Gloucestershire, Kensington in Middlesex, and in the counties of Surrey, Sussex, Suffolk, Hants, Hertford, Dorset, Warwick, Worcester, Northampton, and Nottingham. The motives for these various benefactions are usually set forth in the beginning of the charters, and arise almost entirely out of the doctrine of penance. Monarchs give, like Ini, 'for the remission of my sins'—*ob indulgentiam criminum*; or they seek to extend the benefit to their subjects, like Kenulph—*non solum pro anima mea, sed pro totius gentis Merciorum salute* (I. 24); or to their predecessors and successors in the kingdom, like Edward the Elder (I. 56); sometimes, as in the case of Edred, the sins of their ancestors alarm them even more than their own—*pro expiatione scelerum meorum predecessorum* (I. 125). Ethelred is moved 'to avert the judgment of God upon his

<sup>1</sup> Chron. Saxon. edit. Gibson, p. 161, A.D. 1048. Wood, in an unpublished MS. (55), in the Ashmolean Museum, says that Spearhavoc was made bishop of London by William I., quoting 'Reg. vel Lib. Monast. de Abbandon,' fol. 112; one instance out of many of the careless manner in which these chronicles have been mis-read; for both agree in placing him under the Confessor. See App. de Abbat. vol. ii. p. 281. And Florence of Worcester's account corroborates them: 'Landonie presulatum suscipit, sed antequam consecratus esset, a rege Edwardo est ejectus.'

country, incurred by his own ignorance and evil advisers' (I. 360), and again, 'to escape the curse of his father' Edgar, whose grants he had re-appropriated (I. 367). King Canute gives in a right royal spirit, agreeing with all that we know of his character—'because the kings of earth brought presents to Him that was born King of the Heavens' (I. 439); Hardicanute with more calculating views—*ob remunerationem cœlestis præmii*—'for the recompense of a heavenly reward' (I. 446). Nobles gave their lands, as Sir Alberic de Vere did Kensington, for the soul of a beloved son—*pro animâ Goisfredi filii sui defuncti* (II. 56). Miles Crispin of Wallingford bestowed a manor at Colnbrook in Bucks 'for the service which the Abbot Faritius by his skill had rendered him in his sickness' (II. 97); and Robert Fitz-Aymon, for the same reason, gives lands between Hampstead and Marlow. Mr. Stevenson, in his very interesting preface to the second volume,<sup>1</sup> is rather severe upon what he calls a 'system of compensation' with Heaven for the crimes of the rich and powerful. There can be no doubt that the principle was carried into abuse, and that it often involved a corrupt doctrine of the nature of repentance; but we must confess that we are more inclined to believe charitably that the repentance which so readily entertained the idea of restitution might often be not less real than that which confines itself to a spiritual process however sincere. The alienation of a rich manor to the use of the Church and the poor in the lifetime of the owner, 'for the remission of his sins,' was surely a proof at least that there was an actual sense of sin to be remitted, and an honest step at least in the way of amendment. It is not the fashionable form of repentance, certainly, among the princes and nobles of this nineteenth century; let us be content to hope that in days when it was both recognised and enjoined by the only religious authorities to which all men appealed, it was often accepted, however imperfect in itself, 'according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.'

From the time of the Conquest, although the stream of royal and noble liberality still continued to flow at intervals, the monks of Abingdon had enough to do, in most reigns, to hold their own against the Crown and their neighbour barons. They did so, on the whole, with success. If their wealth tempted the cupidity of a conqueror like the first William, or a needy half-acknowledged king like Stephen, and presented continually too irresistible a bait to the unscrupulous Norman barons, it also supplied them with what seems to have been the surest means of obtaining justice in those days—money to purchase it.

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. ii. Pref. lxii.



There were excellent lawyers, too, amongst those who wore the cowl; and they fought their battles (as we shall see hereafter in the long suit about their market) with as much skill as pertinacity.

The Norman Invasion, says the chronicle, did not come without its warning. The great comet which appeared at Easter, 1066, and was visible for seven months, was considered—like its fellow of 1858—the herald of war. Of the Conquest itself the writer says but little; probably the cotemporary records from which his brief narrative was compiled, maintained a prudent reserve on the subject. If an opinion either way could be gathered from the few lines in which he notices the event, it would seem that he considered the Norman's claim to the crown as least as good as his rival's; for he speaks of Harold's gallant defence at Hastings as 'fool-hardy boldness'—*insulsus ausus*<sup>1</sup>; and though he laments the disturbed state of England for some time afterwards, he seems by his language to attribute it quite as much to the 'king's enemies' who maintained themselves in the woods and marshes, 'living like pirates, by plunder, and murdering all who fell in their way,'<sup>2</sup> and even calling in the Danes, to make matters worse. The explanation of this bias on the part of the chroniclers of Abbenon may perhaps be found in the fact that their own house had little reason to complain of the Conqueror. Their abbot, Ealdred, made his submission, and was in tolerable favour with the new monarch; for we find William restoring some manors which had been held of the abbey by one Blackman, and had been justly forfeited by his flight from England with the mother of Harold. There appeared good hope also of Abbot Ealdred recovering for his house, by the king's grace, certain other lands held under lease, and forfeited in a similar manner; when unfortunately, some retainers of the abbey were discovered to have joined in one of the many conspiracies of the day, and the abbot having thus incurred the royal displeasure, was seized and dispossessed, and ended his days in a sort of honourable captivity in the custody of Walkelin, Bishop of Winchester. Other troubles fell thick upon the house at the same time. Abbenon, like many other religious houses, had been made a place of deposit for their valuables by many of the richer Saxons, who feared the violence of the conquerors. Frogerus or Roger, Vice-comes of Berkshire, and other royal officials, unfortunately got scent of the prey, and lost no time in ferreting it out; and it may be

<sup>1</sup> I. 483.

<sup>2</sup> '*Piratorum more raptim vivere, quosque obvios abtruncare.*' 485. See also II. p. 3. l. 3.

readily imagined that they were not very particular in discriminating between the veritable property of the brotherhood and the lawful spoils of the disaffected. The plunder inside and outside the walls, the writer says, was terrible; not only beyond compute, but past even guessing. Roger, however, he rejoices to tell us, was speedily to reap the deserved reward of his iniquity; the king soon afterwards took his much-abused power away from him, and he ended his days in obscurity and disgrace. Queen Matilda, too—whom most readers of history picture in their imaginations as a pattern of domestic virtue, sitting at home working diligently at her tapestry while her royal husband was conquering and plundering abroad—had unluckily heard of the precious things belonging to the church of S. Mary, and sent to demand a share of them for herself. The abbot and his brethren thought to pacify her by a selection of such as they could most conveniently spare; but her majesty was not to be put off with anything short of the best; she 'utterly spurned' what was exhibited to her as the abbot's offering, and they had to give her some of their choicest vestments, a chasuble and cope wrought with cloth of gold in a wonderful fashion, and other ecclesiastical vanities, which, it must be supposed, excellent needlewoman that she was, she easily converted to feminine use. Amongst her plunder was a text of the Gospels; but it had the additional recommendation of being covered with gold and gems. Lastly, their own sacrist, a monk from Jumieges in Normandy, followed the example of his marauding countrymen, and went off home with the fragments of a golden corona worth forty pounds, and many other valuables.

To fill the place of the deposed abbot, William brought over from Jumieges a monk named Adelhelm, a Norman of his own type, strong-willed and warlike, who knew how to hold his own against all comers. He followed the good Norman fashion of sending home for his friends and relations, to enjoy some of the good things which were to be had in Saxon England, and leased away to them several of the richest manors belonging to the Church, which were never recovered. In the unsettled state of the realm, the abbot held it unsafe to walk abroad without a due number of armed retainers; and we have the first intimation of feudal service being required of the abbey in the order for its military tenants to keep watch and ward in the king's castle of Windsor. Some idea of the importance of the house and the extent of its possessions may be formed from the fact that it could muster at this time from its several military tenants thirty-one men at arms (and a fraction over). They appear to have served the king in Normandy, Scotland, and

Wales. The abbot himself was, probably, at least as good a soldier as a churchman. He accompanied King William's son, Robert, on an expedition against Malcolm, King of Scotland, with instructions to give him his choice of war or peace. Malcolm wisely chose peace: and if the stout abbot could wield the sword to as good purpose as his '*baculus*,' he would have proved a formidable opponent. He found the king's steward (*præpositus*) of the neighbouring manor of Sutton impressing the abbey oxen to carry some of the king's lead. King's lead or king's *præpositus*, it was all the same to the fiery abbot—what business had they with the church cattle? He laid his pastoral staff of correction—the aforesaid *baculus*, 'which he happened by chance to have in his hand' (it was well for the officer that it was nothing worse)—about the back of the offender, 'tumbled out the lead,' and took the oxen home again. He caught this same *præpositus* on a subsequent occasion cutting wood in his forest of Bagley, and loading his waggons therewith; who was fain to escape this time by swimming his horse through the mill-stream at the risk of drowning—'wet up to his neck'—rather than encounter a second time the strong arm of the Church. It is true that for this summary vindication of his rights he had to pay some trifle of smart-money on complaint being made to Queen Matilda, then regent, who did not approve of such sharp dealings with her servants; but, as the chronicler tells us, and we may readily believe, the abbot was never troubled with trespassers again. Consistently with his character, he had a true Norman contempt for everything Saxon; even speaking in disrespectful language of S. Ethelwold and S. Edward, the great benefactors of his house, calling them English boors—'*Anglos rusticos*'—and forbidding all commemoration of them, to the horror of our historian *De Abbatibus*; nay, he carried this impiety so far, that one day at dinner in the midst of his foreign friends and relations, he vowed he would pull down Ethelwold's work, as unworthy to stand; and died suddenly a few minutes after he had risen from table.

William Rufus renewed the charter of the abbey, presented to it the church of Sutton-Courtney, and for some time was a warm patron of the new abbot, Rainald or Reginald, who also came from Jumieges. But the day of royal favour did not last long; an unfortunate son-in-law got into some trouble with the king, and the abbot went bail for him to the amount of 300 pounds of silver; which sum, as the defaulter went off to Flanders, the abbot had to pay, to the great and lasting detriment of the abbatial revenues; 'we feel it now'—says the chronicler—*usque ad præsens*. Between this heavy loss, and the oppressive tax of four shillings (*solidi*) for every hide of

land, which the king now levied throughout the realm, the abbey fell into great straits. Abbot Rainald, like his predecessors, was desirous of leaving his impress upon the monastic buildings, and had begun to enlarge the old church built by Ethelwold, which was probably found too small for the accommodation of the brotherhood, or too humble for their expanded ideas. He was substantially aided in his work by the Constable of Oxford, Robert D'Oyley, a very rich man, and in times past an exceedingly covetous one. He had wronged the Church of its possessions whenever he could, and amongst other acts of injustice had taken possession of a meadow belonging to the abbey, near Oxford, and applied it to the use of the castle garrison. The fraternity of Abbendon remembered him in their prayers; first, that he might be brought to a better mind; otherwise, that the Virgin would be pleased to punish him. The constable fell sick; and in a dream he saw the Virgin seated on a throne, and ordering him to be carried into the aforesaid meadow, where certain 'very ugly little boys' seized him as their 'darling playfellow,' fumigated him with damp hay in a very unpleasant fashion—which the curious reader may find at length in the chronicle—and otherwise ingeniously tormented him. He awoke in horror; and after taking counsel with his wife, made solemn reparation of his wrong before the altar of S. Mary at Abbendon, and ever after was as noted for his liberality towards the Church as he had been before for his rapacity and extortion. He now contributed a hundred pounds of silver towards the abbot's improvements. But S. Ethelwold's jealousy of the architectural meddlings of his successors seems in some degree to have been justified. Abbot Rainald and his workmen went exceedingly near to bury the whole brotherhood in the new foundations. They had contrived to undermine the old tower while they were making their improvements, and down it came in the middle of the night with a fearful crash. If it had not been for a 'divine instinct' on the part of the prior (who seems to have been as suspicious of architectural abbots as S. Ethelwold) the monks would have been at that moment performing 'nocturns' underneath; but he had happily suggested their adjourning to the chapter-house, so that they suffered no greater personal harm than being nearly blinded with the dust, which also extinguished all their candles. The new works were stopped for a while; but subsequently, by Robert D'Oyley's help, they seem to have been completed.

At this time there arose in England the nefarious custom—'*nefanda consuetudo*'—as the writer calls it, of the escheat to the crown of all monastic revenues during a vacancy in the headship; which it thus became the interest of the monarch to leave

unfilled as long as possible. The abbacy of Abingdon, after the death of Rainald, remained vacant four years and a half;<sup>1</sup> during which time the prior, Motbert, received the whole income as *procurator*, paying the subordinate officers their stipends and providing for the maintenance of the establishment generally, and paying over the balance to the king's privy purse. It was not until the death of Rufus and the accession of Henry I. that a new abbot was appointed.

Henry, however, lost no time in filling up the vacancy; and the installation of the new abbot proved a happy day for Abbendon. They were now in very low estate; Motbert had taken advantage of his temporary power to enrich his own relations, after Adelhelm's example, with the best of the abbey estates by lease or alienation; with such effect upon its revenues, that out of eighty carncates of land they had now left in their own possession but twenty, the fifty monks whom Ethelwold had left there had dwindled down to thirty-two, and those had 'scarce anything to eat'; and the cloister, chapter-house, and dormitory were in ruins. The superior who was recommended to them by the royal letters (in which the king was graciously pleased to say that he knew not where he could find them a better patron) was Faritius, an Italian physician who had taken the monastic vows at Malmesbury. The author of the shorter chronicle attributes his appointment to the direct interposition of the Virgin. He tells us that on the accession of the new monarch, and in the hope of the vacant abbacy being now filled up, the brethren had set apart certain days for fasting and prayer that it might please Heaven to give them a worthy governor. Whereupon the Virgin appeared in a vision to a boy named Nicholas, who was watching before the altar of the Trinity, and bewailing the low estate of the house, that they had now no shepherd, nor any one to do them good—'not even my uncle Motbert,' he added feelingly (for Motbert, as we have seen, was careful to provide for his own at any rate, and had now been removed to Middleton, before his pious nephew was old enough to come in for any of the loaves and fishes at Abbendon). The vision bade him be of good cheer, and tell the prior and the brethren from her to ask King Henry to give them for their abbot 'her chaplain Faritius, cellarer of Malmesbury;' which they accordingly did, and had their request granted. Whether they owed this appointment to divine or royal wisdom, they had good reason to be thankful. Both chroniclers are lavish of their praises of Faritius; and the facts which they have recorded, especially when read in connexion

<sup>1</sup> So says the chronicle; but it places Rainald's death in 1097, and the accession of Henry in 1100; which would only allow *three* years. II. 42, 44.

with some incidental notices which have all the value of undesigned evidence, will not only justify their language, but leave us to regret that we have no fuller materials remaining for the biography of one who in any age would have been no ordinary man. Extensive learning, varied accomplishments, a winning grace of manner, an eloquence which could charm the great, and affability which would listen to the humble—these were only the outward ornaments of a character which combined unostentatious piety with energetic practical wisdom. As soon as he had been appointed, he set about the needful work of restoration gradually but in earnest; he rebuilt the cells, the nave of the church, the chapter-house, the dormitory, the refectory, the cloister, the abbot's lodging, and the kitchen. The timber for these works he obtained from Wales, by way of Salisbury, 'at great expense and with much labour;' his wagons, drawn by twelve oxen each, were six or seven weeks going and returning. During his government he trebled the number of monks, and made better provision for their table. The rental of his own private property in Oxford he devoted to a *caritas* annually. The poor brethren in the infirmary had no fire; from a similar source he made provision for it. He was so good a steward of the conventual property that he recovered for his house, by one means or another, the lost manors of Sparsholt, Legh (Bessel's Leigh?), Hanney, Benham, Lewknor, Ibfield, Linford, Lechampsted, and Culham—the liberties of their hundred of Hornmer, the tithes of the game in Windsor Forest, the toll of herrings from the Thames boats, the mills of Cuddesden and Henor, and sundry other rights and privileges which at one time or another since the Danish incursions had been wrested from the weak hold of the diminished brotherhood. No such abbot had been seen, says the chronicler, since the days of Ethelwold. He gave to the abbey, as the text has it—rather, in most cases, recovered for it—the churches of S. Martin in Oxford, Marcham, Uffington, Cuddesden, Wittenham, and Nuneham. He was lavish in his gifts of ornaments of all kinds for their own conventual church of S. Mary; great dossels for the choir, wrought with the histories of Job and of the Ten Virgins, candelabra of silver, thuribles of copper gilt, cups, patens, and *ampullæ*, and two large bells and three small ones. And more than all, he enriched their stock of reliques (of which he had a careful inventory taken, which fills three pages of the chronicle) by procuring for the house a shoulder-blade and an arm of the great S. Ethelwold, begged from William Gifford, Bishop of Durham; and a whole haunch, which the writer dwells on with evident gusto—*hancia tota*—of S. Adelm.



In such able hands the abbey of S. Mary flourished, and spread her branches far and wide. Faritius seems to have maintained throughout his whole life, by his upright character and winning manners, that intimate connexion with princes and nobles to which his skill as a physician had first introduced him. He was appointed first physician to Queen Matilda, who was now hoping to give an heir to the throne; and the gratitude of his royal patient procured from him a grant, in aid of his new works, of all the materials remaining on the Island of Andresey, before mentioned, the royal residence upon which, now seldom occupied, had fallen into bad repair. By a subsequent grant he also obtained from the king the island itself, which had long been a Naboth's vineyard in the eyes of the brethren of Abben-don. King Henry continued a staunch friend to the abbot and his house throughout the whole of his reign. He confirmed in the largest manner the charters of the Conqueror, and issued repeated writs of privilege in their favour; exemptions from royal tolls, grants of sporting in the woods of Cumnor and Bagley (reserving to himself the stags), all the tithes of the game in his Forest of Windsor—in fact, every mark of royal favour which he could bestow, and protection against all encroachments and diminution of their rights however attempted. Whether the military tenants of the abbey lands refused any customary suit and service—or the royal verderers disputed as to the number of pigs for which the abbot had right of free pannage in Kingsfrid Forest—or the villagers of Sutton Courtney (who seem to have borne the character then as now, of being troublesome neighbours<sup>1</sup>) interfered with his rights of 'hundred'—or the Oxford boats refused to pay their yearly herrings—or the men of Stanton broke the abbot's sluice—or the men of Farnham carried off his hay—down came, forthwith, a royal rescript directing them to amend their ways, usually under penalty of ten pounds forfeit, and begging in very intelligible language that the king might 'hear no more of it.' Henry had even nominated him to the see of Canterbury, in succession to Anselm, but the bishops of Lincoln and Salisbury—one chronicler says from jealousy of his inflexible integrity—successfully opposed his election.<sup>2</sup>

Faritius was no less an encourager of learning than a careful steward of the conventual estates. He liberally provided, out of his own private finances, parchment for the use of the scriptorium, *pro librorum renovatione*; and the catalogue of additions

<sup>1</sup> 'Homines de Sutton semper infesti.' Vol. ii. p. 114. See also p. 189.

<sup>2</sup> There is a singular reason given in the *Appendix De Abbatibus* (vol. ii. p. 287) as the ground of his rejection—'Non debere archiepiscopum urinas mulierum inspicere.'

to the abbey library during his government, however insignificant when compared with our own days of literary profusion, might at least help to furnish an additional argument to meet the declaimers against monkish ignorance. There were copied by his orders the chief works of S. Augustin, S. Ambrose, and S. Chrysostom, S. Cyprian's Letters, the Homilies of Bede and Gregory, and the Commentaries of S. Jerome on the Old Testament—with many others, including several works on physic.

Perhaps the most interesting episode in Faritius' life, and which gives us just one of those glimpses of an old interior which are as tantalising as they are delightful—they suggest so much, and tell so little—is his connexion with the noble family of De Vere, Earls of Ghisnes in Normandy and afterwards Oxford.<sup>1</sup> Godfrey, eldest son of Earl Alberic, a young man of high character, had been for three months at Abbendon under Faritius' treatment for a lingering disease. From this the skill and kindness of his physician relieved him; but some other sickness attacked him when convalescent, and he died and was buried at Abbendon. His parents, says the chronicle, 'loved the place therefore,' and marked their love by gifts for God's honour and the brotherhood's. Young Godfrey himself had made over to the abbey, before his death, by their consent, the church of Kensington in Middlesex, part of his patrimony. But since the De Veres lived in Essex, 'many miles from 'Abbendon,' 'they were not able to be present so often as they 'desired in that place where the memory of their son was pre-'served.' They founded, therefore, in their own immediate neighbourhood, a religious house at *Colum* or *Colas* (Colne); it was to be perpetually subject to S. Mary's of Abbendon, and to be colonised by monks from that house. With the full consent of their second son Alberic, now their heir, they endowed this new foundation liberally, and obtained for it a charter from the king.<sup>2</sup> 'There they promised themselves they and their posterity should rest in the body.' Colne was not Abbendon; but, like the 'two mules' burden of earth' which the Syrian would carry home with him—like the window which Daniel in his captivity set open towards Jerusalem when he prayed—it carried back their spirit to the home of their holiest affections. Alberic the father, within a few years, feeling his end approaching, took the religious habit there, and was the first buried within its walls. William, the youngest son, soon followed him. It is pleasant to know that the good physician

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. pp. 55, 57, 60.

<sup>2</sup> An agreement was made A.D. 1311 by which Colne became a free priory, in consideration of their transferring their church of Kensington to the monks of Abbendon. Dugdale, *Mon.* iv. 96.

and the tried friend was present at this last death-bed; able and ready, we will not doubt, to administer spiritual help when earthly skill and care had failed. 'He was present there, and performed the rites of the dead.' Such is the brief record before us; but we readily fill up for ourselves the picture of the kind and noble churchman, physician of the soul and body, to whom the afflicted family look for help and comfort in these heavy trials, and who leaves the duties of his house at Abben-don, to him so all-important, to give what help he may in the household of his friend. The chronicler copies for us the epitaph on the tomb of the De Veres, which as it is no longer to be read in their Church of Colne, we may here recite. It is not without a rude beauty of its own, and will not be read with less interest if we regard it as probably from the hand of Faritius himself:—

'Cedunt e vita votis animisque cupita,  
Barbarus et Scita, Gentilis et Israelita:  
Has pariter metas habet omnis sexus et ætas:  
En puer, en senior, pater alter, filius alter,  
Legem, fortunam, terram venere sub unam.  
Non juveni totæ quas epotavit Athenæ,<sup>1</sup>  
Non vetulo notæ vires vel opes valuere;  
Sed valuere fides, et prædia quos memoramus,  
Ut valeant, valeant, per sæcula cuncta precamur.'<sup>2</sup>

It was probably in the family of the De Veres that the abbot made acquaintance with Hugh de Montchesney, who for love of him made over to the monastery of Abben-don the tithes of his church of Edwardstone in Suffolk, with part of the tithes of Staverton and Stanstead; for we find as one of the witnesses to this grant the name of Alberic Vere the younger, and Montchesney had previously contributed an acre of land to the endowment of their house at Colne.

Yet even this excellent abbot found foes in his own household. The brethren had offered him, when engaged in his great work of restoration and enlargement, a fourth part of their daily ration of bread. He thanked them for their good will, but instead of accepting it, declared his intention of adding to it half a mark in weight for the future. If the bread, however, was more than sufficient, still, William Precentor, and one Pondio, took upon themselves—'*instinctu diaboli*,' says the chronicle—to murmur at some real or fancied diminution in the allowance of cheese as originally settled by the regulations of S. Ethelwold. The king being appealed to, sent Radulph,

<sup>1</sup> Wood, quoting this phrase from the MS. (*Hist. and Antiq. Ox.* vol. i. p. 132) 'conceives this to have been at Oxford.'

<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. p. 60. Weaver saw eight of the De Vere monuments in the priory church, but does not give this inscription.

Archbishop of Canterbury, Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, and Hugh Bocland, as commissioners to inquire into the grievance. The abbot made a dignified speech, in which he set forth all that he had done for his house, and protested that he had never done aught contrary to S. Ethelwold's institutions. The archbishop, who seems to have possessed something of the true judicial mind in keeping to the point at issue, replied by a very brief query—'But how about the cheese?' Whereupon the abbot proceeded to explain that the original weight of cheese allowed by the rule of their founder for forty-two monks for ten days, could scarcely hold out so well when divided, as now, amongst thrice that number; but that he would make arrangements that they should in future have the same weight given out for five days. Then the commissioners put on their stoles, lighted their candles, and pronounced a solemn anathema in full chapter against all interference with the cheese in future; '*Fiat, fiat, fiat!*' answered all the brethren in chorus; and William Precentor and his allies, we might charitably hope, were satisfied; for this chronicler says no more of them. But there is a dark story, rather suggested than told in the shorter record *De Abbatibus*, which may lead us to fear that the precentor carried his revenge farther, and that Faritius, like his predecessor Ethelwold, had poison administered to him by those whom his active reforms had made his enemies. It was after eating of a dish prepared by this monk's hands, says the writer, that he was seized with a disease which he at once recognised as mortal.<sup>1</sup> Of such cause of his death, however, the chronicle itself says nothing. He 'rested from his labours in a blessed end,' on the 23d of February, 1016-7, having ruled the abbey thus wisely and honourably for seventeen years. It was a day kept with high honour and solemnity by the brotherhood ever after. Such had been his own wish, expressed in his last hours; the one personal vanity of his life, that the charity which he had provided out of his own private property in Oxford should be distributed on the anniversary of his death—'I pray you,' said he, 'forget me not.'<sup>2</sup> The last words upon his lips were those of the 26th Psalm—'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thine house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.'

For four years the abbacy was again vacant; three hundred pounds was paid out of the revenues yearly to the king's privy purse; but we are honestly told that there was no lack of due provision for the brotherhood, Warenger, their aged prior, governing them during that period well and wisely as procurator for the king.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 290.

<sup>2</sup> '*Vos exoro mei memores existere,*' ii. 153.

At length, on his return from Normandy, King Henry, in answer to the humble entreaties of the brotherhood, bestowed on them as their new abbot one Vincent, a monk of Jumieges. The appointment seems to have been very popular; a good report of him, for piety and kindness of heart, had already reached Abbendon, and after his election he set a remarkable example of self-denial and humility by rising early every morning to fill the lavatory with water before the brethren were up. He could nevertheless maintain the rights of his house with firmness, when needful, even against the king and his courtiers. A long and wearisome warfare did he wage, and with success, in defence of Abingdon Market; a right which the abbot claimed under the charter of King Edward, and which certain flatterers of Henry would have persuaded him to interdict. Abbot Vincent took the usual means in those days of obtaining a royal decision in his favour; he presented the king with three hundred marks in silver; to raise which he had to strip the great super-altar, on which the twelve apostles were figured in pure gold and silver by the hands of the blessed Ethelwold himself. They continued to hold their market undisturbed even during the stormy reign of Stephen, who confirmed all his predecessor's charters; although during the civil war 'the whole Church of England was grievously vexed with divers tribulations for many years, and Abbendon suffered amongst 'the rest.' One Simon, the king's steward, and his son Turstin, with whom there had been a long dispute about the church of Marcham and some lands at Todmorden which the abbot had re-seized, went to King Stephen with the usual argument of a purse of money, and the rights of the brotherhood suffered in consequence. They were restored to them, however, on the accession of Henry II. Abbot Ingulph soon learned not to put his trust in princes (especially when there were two claiming the crown), and procured from the Pope, Eugenius III., two successive bulls confirming the abbey in all its rights and possessions, under threat of excommunication against all who should hereafter disturb them. This did not prevent Stephen from laying his hands upon all the gold and silver he could find in the abbey, for the payment of his army.<sup>1</sup> He made a very successful raid there; for not only had Abbot Ingulph himself been collecting a large sum in gold and silver for the purpose of re-covering the shrine which contained the reliques of S. Vincent, but private individuals had deposited there untold wealth—*pecunias infinitas*—for safe custody, as they hoped, in the disturbed state of the kingdom. They had a traitor in

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<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. pp. 210, 292.

their own household, the sacrist Simon *Crassus* (the fat), who gave the king information of this rich prey; and forthwith was sent one of the royal officers, William Dipre—'a servant of the devil,' as the chronicler calls him, with very excusable plainness of speech—who having obtained admission into the abbey church for the pretended purpose of making his prayers there, broke open the chest in which the treasure had been deposited, and carried it off. Fat Simon was rewarded by the king for his treachery by speedy promotion; but he reaped his reward in another fashion also; for within three years he died, 'eaten of worms in his hands and feet.' It is more than hinted also that the vengeance of Heaven upon this act of sacrilege overtook the king himself even more speedily—'for in the same year in which he laid hands upon the property of the Church, King Stephen died.'<sup>1</sup>

During the rule of this abbot, a dispute which had occurred with the steward of Winchester respecting some right of pasture near Uffington was settled, in accordance with the custom of the times, by ordeal of battle, in which the abbot's champion was victorious. He was more jealous of the rights of his house against others than careful of them where his own interest was concerned; for he alienated divers of the abbey possessions in consideration of fines which no doubt went into his own pocket, 'against the will of the brotherhood,' retaining the common seal of the house in his private keeping; and these leases were in consequence annulled after his death. He was very charitable, however, to the poor; in one year of remarkable scarcity, after exhausting his own private funds to supply the wants of those who crowded the abbey gates, he stripped (with full consent of the brotherhood) the shrine of S. Vincent of its gold and silver, and bestowed to this charitable use as much as forty pounds in silver.<sup>2</sup> And he would have repaired this pious sacrilege, as we have seen, had not King Stephen appropriated the money which he had collected for the purpose.

Abbot Walkelin, who succeeded, had to renew the battle in defence of his market at Abbendon; a right which was now attacked afresh by the citizens of Oxford and of Wallingford combined. They succeeded at first in obtaining, by subtle representations, a precept from King Henry limiting the privilege to the sale of some trifling commodities only, instead of the 'full market' which the abbot claimed. They waited until the king had set out for Normandy, and then, headed by the constable of Wallingford Castle, marched in force to Abbendon on the market-day, and began to clear the place in the king's

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 186.<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. pp. 214, 291.



name. But they found more than their match in the abbey-retainers and the townfolk of Abbendon, who turned upon their assailants and drove them clear out of the town with disgrace. The defeated party went straight to the king in Normandy, and (not sparing falsehoods, says the chronicler, to make their own story good,) obtained a writ addressed to Robert, earl of Leicester, then Chief Justice, containing, as they supposed, 'the utter overthrow of Abbendon market.' What it did contain, however, when it came to be read, was merely an order to summon a jury of twenty-four elders, who could speak from personal knowledge of how things stood in the days of Henry I. The jury sat accordingly at Farnborough, and returned a verdict in favour of the ancient right of the abbot to a 'full market for all vendibles.' But now an objection was taken to the constitution of the jury, upon which certain tenants of the abbey itself had been summoned, who might be supposed to have been biassed in their decision. The king granted a new trial, which was held at Oxford, where the jurors (or rather witnesses for the decision seems to have rested with the Earl, as chief justice) gave very contradictory testimony. There must have been some hard swearing on the part of the men of Wallingford, who maintained that nothing had been sold in the time of the first Henry, except 'bread and beer.' The Oxford deponents admitted something more than this, but still not a 'full market,' open for all boats and waggons. Others from the county deposed to a full market, but were not positive as to any trading-boats. The Earl of Leicester, upon this conflicting evidence, declined to pronounce any official decision; but the brotherhood found an unexpected and unimpeachable witness in the earl himself, who went to the king and reported from his own personal knowledge, that there had been a full and undisputed right of market at Abbendon, not only in Henry the First's time, but so far back as William the Conqueror, when he himself, as a boy, had been educated in the house. And again the king gave judgment in their favour. The disappointed citizens tried indeed to induce Henry to revoke or modify his decision by protesting that if a free market was allowed at Abbendon, they could not continue to hold their fiefs, and do suit and service for them; but the king treated this attempt at intimidation as it deserved, and drove them from his presence 'in a passion.'

The chronicle has little more to tell. Upon Walkelin's death, Godfrey, bishop of St. Asaph, held the abbey for the king, '*vice abbatís*,' for nine years and a half.<sup>1</sup> He was deposed

<sup>1</sup> The shorter chronicle, II. 293, says that he was abbot. Benedict Abbot of Peterborough, says that he resigned his bishopric in the hope of being appointed to the abbacy. (Edit. Hearne I. 107.) Godwin supposes him to be Geoffry of Monmouth.

for having incurred the hatred of the brotherhood owing to the insolence of his relatives, and the abbey given by the king to Roger, prior of Bermondsey, who ruled for the same period; but during all these years nothing seems to have occurred in the history of the monastery materially worth recording. Upon Abbot Roger's decease, the abbey was once more put in charge of a procurator, one Thomas de Hisseburn, who created a terrible commotion there by instituting a searching inquiry into all the revenues and resources of the house, and causing a roll to be made setting forth all these at large, with the various official salaries and duties. Such an inquisitor was not more popular in those days than he would be in our own. 'He was a second Rabshakeh, in intent,' says the pious chronicler, 'though I would not call the king a Sennacherib.' The roll has been preserved, and gives a complete list, it may be presumed, of the abbey household at that time, which seems to have amounted to at least a hundred in and out-door servants of all grades, most of whom had liveries once a year, on the Nativity of St. Mary [Sept. 8]. Thomas of Hisseburn saw the expenditure all too much. He made his report to Ranulph de Glanville, the king's chief justice, that all the oats grown on the lands of Abbendon would not keep the monks' horses for a year, nor all Berkshire find them in milk and cheese. He insisted, in short, that their expenditure exceeded their income. He proposed, therefore, to seize to the royal use during the vacancy, not only the revenues of the abbey itself, as was usual, but also the general estates of the house, and to stop the salaries of the officials, allowing them a bare maintenance out of the proceeds. These strong measures of economical reform the brotherhood resisted, denying the accusation of extravagance, and pleading ancient right and prescription. The chief justice, 'fearing,' says the narrator, 'to incur the anathema of S. Ethelwold by any change in his institutions,' gave his decision in their favour; and the king soon after appointed Alured, prior of Rochester, to the vacant abbey. The little recorded of him stands out in dark exception to the general character of the Benedictines. Such was his hard and covetous nature, that in a winter of almost unprecedented famine, he saw the wretched population dying at his gates without offering to relieve them, 'though he was very rich and had his garners full.' The last abbot of whom these chronicles makes mention was Hugh, 'the first,' says Antony Wood,<sup>1</sup> 'who was canonically elected from their own body,' in spite of the repeated royal charters confirming to them

<sup>1</sup> 'Hic primus inter Abbates de Abingdon de gremio ecclesiæ canonice electus est.' Wood's MS. 55, in Ashmol. Museum.

the right of free election. Kind, courteous, and liberal was he to all, both within and without the walls of his monastery, and the longer he lived, the more was he loved and respected. Two recorded instances of his liberality are characteristic; he improved the quality of the abbey beer, and gave the rents of his 'vill' of Cuddesdon to supply the brethren with the wine which the abbot was bound to furnish them on certain festivals.

Here, then, in the first year of the reign of Richard I. [1189] both chronicles end abruptly, after recording the fortunes of the house for some five hundred years. Why two narratives of seemingly independent authorship should break off at the same point, can only be explained by the suggestion of some possible revolution or catastrophe occurring at that time to the house itself.

It does not fall within our province to trace the little that is to be gathered from other sources as to the subsequent fortunes of this magnificent foundation. The abbots who followed seem nearly all to have been monks of their own body, if we can judge from their local designations: Robert de Hendred, Henry de Frilford, Richard de Hendred, Nicholas de Culham (about whose time [1289,] probably the remaining west entrance was built), John de Sutton, William de Comenore, Roger de Thame, William de Hanney, Richard de Boxor, and William Asshedune. Amongst the exceptions was Richard de Clive Episcopi, who, with his treasurer, chaplain, pitancer, and seneschal, in short, nearly all the chief officers of his house, was drowned with the two lay-brothers, fishermen, who rowed the boat, in returning from the hospitable board of Sir Richard de Zouche, at Chiselhampton, 'amongst the islands called de la Wyke.'<sup>1</sup> Henry III. kept his court there in 1276.<sup>2</sup> In 1327 the disputed market at Abingdon brought greater troubles to the house than ever. The townsmen, 'incenced at the unreasonable 'dealings of the abbot and convent in relation to the said 'mercat,' met at the tolling of St. Helen's bell, burnt the guildhall, lately built by the abbey, and attacked the house itself. Defeated in their first attempt, they applied for aid to their neighbours of Oxford, the mayor of which city,—'accompanied, 'tis said, with some scholars of a desperate condition, 'and glad of any diversion rather than to study'—joined them on the Sunday following, burnt part of the abbey and the manor of Barton, drove out the monks (killing one at the altar), destroyed all their charters, &c., and did damage alto-

<sup>1</sup> Wood's MS. 55. Willis (Mitred Abbeys I. 7.) says this Richard de Clive was deposed.

<sup>2</sup> Dunstable Chronicle, p. 442. edit. Hearne.

gether, which is variously assessed at from 10,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* (!). The end of it was, that the abbot moved the king's justice in the matter, and twelve of the guilty parties were hanged, and sixty others 'cast for death,' but reprieved at the abbot's intercession.<sup>1</sup> The last abbot was Thomas Pentecost, or Rowland, who was amongst the first to acknowledge the supremacy of Henry VIII., and in 1538, with the rest of his convent, signed the roll of surrender; receiving at the hands of the king, according to Lysons, the manor of Cumnor, or, according to Willis, who quotes from the pension-book in the augmentation office, a pension of 200*l.* per annum. Its revenues at the time of the dissolution were valued at 1,876*l.* per annum. The site passed into various hands in rapid succession; in the first year of Edward VI. it was granted to Sir Thomas Seymour; in the third year of the same reign, Sir John Mason appears to hold it for life; and two years afterwards, Sir Thomas Wroth is in possession.

Of the honesty of these records, on the whole, we can entertain no reasonable doubt. They were compiled by Benedictines of Abingdon, with no idea of their meeting any other eyes than those of their own convent. They little foresaw the possible strictures of a Protestant public, and had no fear of the Master of the Rolls before their eyes. They were credulous; but not more so than other historians of the day. As they believed, they wrote. They recorded the good deeds of their fraternity, but they were not silent as to the evil. Miracles are few; failings many. If we hear of the munificent charity of Abbots Adelstan and Ingulph in times of famine, we have the counter-picture of Alured, who saw the starving poor die at his gates unmoved. The writer devotes almost as much space to his grateful record of Richard the Sacrist, the lands which he recovered or preserved to the house by his quiet exertions, the organs which he made, and the other good works which he did, as to any king or abbot; and this, he says, because Richard was gone to a place where human praise could not reach him; 'none will suspect me,' he says, 'of flattering dust and ashes.'<sup>2</sup> The charters which are here transcribed have been compared in seventeen cases with the originals, or with authentic copies (in the Cotton Library, or amongst Archbishop Parker's MSS. at Cambridge), and though there are many mistakes and variations, Mr. Stevenson assures us there is no trace of any intentional falsification. Their Latinity, as may

<sup>1</sup> Wood, *Hist. and Antiquit.* vol. i. p. 412 (Oxon. 1792). The scholars were headed by a future Archdeacon of Oxford—Edmund de la Beche, of Exeter College.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. p. 208.

be supposed, is not very classical; and in the earlier documents especially, there is a magnanimous disregard of construction. The charters of Edwy (A.D. 959), and of his successor Edgar, have pressed into their service an extraordinary number of Greek words,<sup>1</sup> and indulge in the most magniloquent exordiums. We are much given to complain of the prolixity of legal documents in our own day, and the mist of technical words in which it is considered necessary to involve the simplest transaction; what should we think of a preamble which began with the fall of Adam, and touched on the Arian and Sabellian heresies by the way?<sup>2</sup>

We could have wished indeed that the good Benedictines, instead of copying out for us all these instruments, valuable as such records are in their way, had indulged us with fuller details of the inner life of their convent. In this respect, the chronicles before us are not nearly so interesting as the narrative of Jocelyn of Edmondsbury. We gather from these writers that the rule of S. Benedict, even as reformed by Ethelwold, was not so strict with regard to abstinence as is generally supposed. The brethren of Abingdon appear to have been allowed flesh meat (probably pork) once in the day,<sup>3</sup> and the general dietary must have been liberal enough, as we are distinctly told that not only were their own wants fully satisfied, but that the poor were largely relieved from the broken meat. If the weights at all correspond to our modern standard, each monk had bread equivalent to more than half of a quartern loaf, and half a pound of cheese daily, with a very liberal allowance of beer twice a day, hydromel on all feast days, and wine on the great festivals of Easter, Pentecost, the Nativity, the Assumption, S. Peter and S. Paul, and All Saints'. In Lent, instead of cheese, 'one large eel' each was allowed. Milk and eggs they had in abundance; the latter was always a large element in monastic cookery, and the consumption at Abingdon may be judged of from the fact that their own manors were bound to furnish them with twenty-nine thousand yearly. It may interest a Berkshire reader to learn that they got their cheese from Goosey, Charney, Lockinge, and Shillingford; their eels chiefly from Wheatley, Cumnor, and Sandford; their straw from the Barton farm, and the hay for the monks' beds (twice a year) from Culham. Their main fish-ponds were at Wittenham, Culham, and Appleford; and

<sup>1</sup> e.g. Theus, onoma, sophia, basileus, tauma, alogia, anagogicus (heavenly), philarguria, epilepticus, &c.

<sup>2</sup> See Edwy's Charter, vol. i. p. 169. This was evidently considered a great literary triumph, for it is copied *verbatim* in Edgar's subsequent charter, p. 256, and Ethelred's, p. 358.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. ii. p. 279.

the eggs and fowls came from Barton, Cumnor, and other manors in the neighbourhood.

The monastery, in the middle ages, as we have already said, supplied the place of the modern 'fashionable hotel' to travellers of any distinction. In fact, so unscrupulously did princes and nobles avail themselves of the open door of the religious house on their stately progresses, that their visits became a serious burden. The better the fare, the more was the liberality of the brotherhood imposed upon. So much so, that an abbot, in writing to Peter of Blois, complains, with a melancholy facetiousness, that this *hospitalitas* was become rather *hostilitas*, and even talks of abdicating in consequence.<sup>1</sup> The hospitality of Abingdon was always magnificent. Not to mention guests of inferior rank, Athelstan kept Easter there with his whole court in 939. Of King Edred's entertainment by Ethelwold, and the inexhaustible bowl of hydromel, we have heard already. Edward the Confessor and his queen were received there in 1052. Henry I., when young, spent his Easter there with Abbot Faritius in 1084, accompanied by Osmond, Bishop of Salisbury, Robert D'Oyley, constable of Oxford, and a considerable retinue.<sup>2</sup> Queen Matilda was entertained there during the Feast of the Assumption in 1106; and Robert, earl of Chester, with his mother, the Countess Ermentrude, and his barons of superior rank, spent Whitsuntide of the same year in the abbey. Sometimes, it is true, these visits did not leave the brotherhood of S. Mary out of pocket on the whole. Matilda, for instance, before she left, gave them a valuable estate fifteen miles from London, near Colnbrook in Bucks, with woods, meadows, and conveniences of all kinds (including the tenant himself, Robert Fitz-Hervey, according to the charter), to serve them as a resting-place in the long and fatiguing journey to the metropolis. Henry D'Albiny, again, who spent the Feasts of Easter and S. James, 1107, at Abingdon, and probably died there, gave them lands at Stratton in Bedfordshire in return.

The abbot was a personage of considerable state and importance even outside the walls of his convent. He had his town-house in 'Westminster Street,' near the church of S. Mary<sup>3</sup> (which also belonged to Abingdon)—a gift from Gilbert de Gant in the Conqueror's days, and confirmed to him, with an additional tenement, by a grant from Henry I. Besides his half-way house at Colnbrook, he had a hostel (*locus hospitii*)

<sup>1</sup> Digby's *Mores Catholicæ*, vol. x. p. 355.

<sup>2</sup> Ashmole (Berks, i. 112) says he was educated there; so also says Warton; but there is no hint of it in either of these chronicles.

<sup>3</sup> II. 197.



just outside the city of Winchester, 'near the north gate,' given by William Gifford, bishop of that see, in 1114-5.<sup>1</sup> Bagley and Cumnor Woods were his sporting-grounds, Henry I. having given him right of hunting there, reserving only to the royal use the stags or fallow-deer.<sup>2</sup> He had right of free warren in all Berkshire.<sup>3</sup> He had a court of his own in Oxford,<sup>4</sup> where, and where only, all the '*homines*' of the abbey were to plead.

If any additional proofs of the venality of justice, in these good old days of merry England, were required, these chronicles would furnish them abundantly. '*Tam prece quam pretio*' seems the established phrase for all successful suitors. In most cases, indeed, the *pretium* might as well have come first. We have seen how Abbot Rethune found his silver and the lands of Sutton more effectual than even a Pope's anathema to secure himself against King Kenulph's sporting friends; and it cost Abbot Vincent three hundred marks, besides much litigation, to retain his market. Abbot Rainald goes to William Rufus with fifty pounds of silver and two horses to get the abbey lands at Dunalton restored. The holder of them (his own nephew) offers seventy pounds; and the abbot has to bid twenty more, and even then seems to have been unsuccessful.<sup>5</sup> William imprisoned the tenant of Sparsholt for some offence, and seized the land; and the abbot had to find sixty pounds to prevent the king's laying hands on the rest of his holdings. Ingulph, during his abbacy, feed the sheriff of Berks with a hundred shillings a year, to secure favour in his court for the abbey tenants.<sup>6</sup> Even the excellent Faritius obtains justice, at least once, from his staunch patron, Henry, through the usual medium—'*munerando*.'<sup>7</sup> The holders of *mansiones* belonging to the abbey bribe the king's *præpositus* to get possession of each other's holdings.<sup>8</sup> But it was not only with kings, or kings' officials, that this universal argument was all-powerful; even the religious door of the sanctuary itself could be opened sometimes with a silver key. How came a king's—'*concubina Regis*'—it reads better in the Latin—to be buried 'with great honours in the cloister before the door of the church?' Had the gift of Langford Mill by her son nothing to do with it?<sup>9</sup>

We wish that it were possible to speak in unreserved approval of the manner in which these chronicles have been edited. It

<sup>1</sup> II. 111.<sup>2</sup> II. 113.<sup>3</sup> II. 248.<sup>4</sup> II. 165. Ellis, quoting from a manuscript in S. John's College library, says it was held in a house on Grandpont Bridge.<sup>5</sup> II. 36.<sup>6</sup> II. 230. "— ut abbatiæ homines levius tractaret, et eos in placitis in hundredis adjuvaret."<sup>7</sup> II. 125.<sup>8</sup> II. 25.<sup>9</sup> II. 122.

is a work requiring no ordinary amount of care and patience. We are not insensible to the difficulties which present themselves to any one who would even read these old charters, with all their ungrammatical constructions and errors in penmanship, with any degree of accuracy. The text, as it stands, is full of blunders; some of them most obvious even to a careless reader. In the first volume we are distinctly informed by Mr. Stevenson, that these, though not unobserved, have been designedly allowed to pass unquestioned. The explanation is to be found in the first page of the advertisement, and appears to be a strict compliance with the suggestion of the Master of the Rolls, that 'no note or comment was to be allowed, except what might be necessary to establish the correctness of the text.' The wisdom of such a suggestion may well be questioned, especially when original errors of the copyist are accompanied, as they are pretty largely in the present instance, by secondary errors of the modern transcriber or of the press, which add considerably to the reader's difficulties. In the editing of the second volume this restriction appears to have been wisely withdrawn; but still, in spite of a pretty long list of errata, the result is far from perfect. A more scrupulous care might surely have avoided such mistakes as those in the marginal titles, which cannot possibly be attributed to any difficulties in the MSS. or inaccuracies of the printer. A *surrender* of Culham, in exchange for lands at Watchfield, is called 'Gift of Culham,' which is the usual form of marginal reference for donations to the abbey. A gift of eight mansæ on the river Kennett is called 'Gift of Chinete;' a rescript of Henry I. concerning some stolen hay at Farnham is entitled 'Of Lands at Farnham;' Edred's visit to the abbey appears in the margin as 'Athelstan's;' the sluice (*clausura*) of the mill at Cuddesdon is called, both in the margin and in the glossary, 'enclosure.' The index, again, is very incomplete, and in several instances positively misleads. Under 'Appleton' are placed incidents connected with Appleford, quite a different locality. Grants of land at 'Estantona' (Stanton) are referred to the head 'Estratona' (Stratton in Bedfordshire). 'Winterburn,' a boundary of Dumbleton in Gloucestershire, is not distinguished from the hamlet of the same name in the parish of Chevely, near Newbury. There are at least four distinct places, bearing the common name of 'Eastun,' recorded as in possession of the abbey; one near Blewbury<sup>1</sup> (probably Aston Tyrold); another near Dumbleton;<sup>2</sup> a third 'contiguous to Lewknor'<sup>3</sup> in Oxfordshire; and a fourth near Winchester.<sup>4</sup> In the index this last is the only one noticed, and the boundaries and incidents

<sup>1</sup> I. 287.<sup>2</sup> I. 61.<sup>3</sup> I. 463.<sup>4</sup> I. 319.

connected with two of the others are referred to it. The topographical antiquarian, who will find the old Saxon boundaries appended to the charter (many of them still well-known in the parishes to which they refer), and other local particulars contained in these volumes, especially useful and interesting, must be warned against trusting for a moment to what such an index does or does not contain. The preface to the second volume, on the other hand, is both able and pleasantly written, and will give a tolerable notion of the chronicles themselves to a general reader who may be shy of encountering the Latin of the text.

The magnificence of the ancient house of S. Mary has long since passed away. A pilgrimage to its site will now only disappoint the most enthusiastic inquirer. The old Saxon names recorded in these pages as having been settled round Abingdon before the Conquest, are, many of them, well known there still—some, perhaps, on the very lands held by their ancestors. Armine, Coleman, Snell, Bestle, Sweteman, Whitlock, Teale, Thorold (also as Tyrrell), and Whitlock, may still be found. Pusey of Pusey still represents the ‘Pisi’ of the Plantagenets’ day, and the name is still, by the country people, frequently so pronounced. But the Benedictines have gone and left scarcely a trace. Even the ‘stately west front’ built by the later abbots, which Leland saw, has nothing left but a stone gateway near S. Nicholas’ Church, the room over which is now used for various public purposes, while some apartments below are occupied as a police-station and cells for prisoners. The arms of the abbey—or, a cross fleurie between four martlets sable—with the royal arms, are still to be seen over the entrance. Two long rooms,<sup>1</sup> now forming part of the premises of a brewery, are almost the only other remains of one of the earliest and most magnificent of the Benedictine abbeys. Their groined stone roofs are still perfect, and there is a good example of a fireplace,<sup>2</sup> probably of the time of Henry III. and a tall chimney of picturesque and singular design.<sup>4</sup> But even tradition has almost deserted the spot. Almost the only legend which clings to it is horrible enough, and it is possible that there is some foundation for it. The stranger will have a chimney-wall pointed out to him, in which, he will be told, one of the abbots was built up and starved to death. The person to whom this tradition probably points was not an abbot of the house, but Bishop Egelwyne of

<sup>1</sup> Vol. II. 190, 211.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps a portion of the abbot's lodgings; which, in a manuscript inventory of the conventual buildings as granted to Sir John Mason in the third year of Edward VI. are said to contain ‘two fair long chambers, called the King's and the Queen's chamber.’

<sup>3</sup> Figured in Lysons' Berks.

<sup>4</sup> Engraved in Parker's Gloss. of Archit.

Durham, who, having been taken in arms against the Conqueror amongst Hereward's partisans in the Isle of Ely, had been sent as a prisoner to Abingdon, 'where,' says Holinshed, 'he was so sparingly fed that he died of hunger;' or, 'some write that he was so stubborn-hearted, that after he knew he should remain in perpetual prison, he refused his meats, and so pined himself to death.'<sup>1</sup> But the monastic chronicler, though he mentions his captivity and death, says no word of hunger or starvation.<sup>2</sup> If there is any truth in the story, it is singular that the cruel secret, on which the records of the house are silent, should be still whispered about their ruined walls as almost the single point of interest, in vulgar estimation, to the modern inquirer.

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<sup>1</sup> Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 10, a. 50, quoting Simon Dunelm.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. i. p. 486. '*In captione ibi ad suæ mortis degens diem obiit.*'

- ART. II.—1. *The Four Seasons*. By M. DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.  
London: Lumley.
2. *Sintram and his Companions*. By M. DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.  
London: Lumley.
3. *Thiodolf, the Icelander*. By M. DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.  
London: Lumley.
4. *Evenings with the Old Story Tellers*. London: Lumley.
5. *Legends and Traditions*. London: Lumley.
6. *The most delectable History of Reynard the Fox*. London:  
J. Cundall.
7. *Peter Schlemihl, the Shadowless Man*. London: Lumley.
8. *Hans Andersen's Tales for the Young*. London: Lumley.
9. *The Lady of the Manor*. By Mrs. SHERWOOD. New  
Edition. London: Houlston. 1860.
10. *The Castle Builders; or, the Deferred Confirmation*. By the  
Author of the 'Heir of Redclyffe.' London: Mozley.
11. *The Daisy Chain*. By the Author of the 'Heir of  
Redclyffe.' London: Mozley.
12. *The Fairy Bower*. London: Mozley.
13. *The Lost Brooch*. By the Author of the 'Fairy Bower.'  
London: Mozley.

It has been the fate of most of the best story books, especially those in which supernatural beings are introduced, to be seized upon by a host of critics, in order to prove that the author had some covert meaning, and under the guise of a tale intended to inculcate a hidden lesson or moral. Fouqué's 'Undine,' Chamisso's 'Peter Schlemihl,' were both seized upon as containing a mystery which they would draw out for the benefit of their readers. Both these authors, however, have publicly disclaimed any such intention; their only purpose in publishing those tales was to give the world the like pleasure in reading, which they had in writing, them. The fact is, that there is no fiction which introduces supernatural beings, out of which cannot be drawn a moral, sometimes good, sometimes indifferent, from Spenser's

'Faerie Queen,' to Hans Andersen's 'Ugly Duck;' perhaps we might go farther, and say, no really good work of fiction. Who has ever pondered over the curious Theogonies of the ancient poets, or read Lord Bacon's 'Wisdom of the Ancients,' without marvelling at the wondrous secrets of wisdom and truth contained even in some of their coarsest and most revolting histories? Who can doubt but that the framers of these Theogonies intended to teach the great truths of creation, when they derived all from the first Being, Chaos? When Eros, or Love, was the oldest of the gods, the son of Heaven and Night; and The Fall in Pandora and her box, out of which flew all evils, and only Hope remained behind? and again, how beautifully are these wondrous fables unfolded in the later Greek tragedians, e.g. the 'Prometheus Vincetus' and the 'Orestes.' As the ballad preceded history, and the hymn was the parent of the nation's creed, so it needed but a vivid imagination to people a whole heaven with deities, and all the earth with nymphs and satyrs. Heroes, magnified through the mist of time, would easily rise into demigods, and their great actions into manifestations of supernatural power. Poets, taking up the thread where the hymn dropt it, plaited anew into its folds their own thoughts and conceptions, and hung up its gorgeous festoons in the national Pantheon, from whence later philosophers taught the lessons which these allegories contained. It is no doubt probable that many of the later legends and myths were mere developments of the former, and were pure poetic fictions, their authors having no hidden meaning below the surface, like Fouqué's 'Undine;' but there is scarcely one, even with all the grossness of Ovid, but we may find a moral in it if we look for it.

'It must be admitted, that from very early times a secondary meaning was commonly attached to every important work; it progressed from the sacred writings through the poetic fictions of the classics to compositions professedly allegorical. The want of discrimination, which in our eyes assumes much of the appearance of profane levity, with which the fictions of the classics were interpreted to signify the great truths and mysteries of religion, was, perhaps hardly reprehensible in the simple state of knowledge which prevailed at the time when these attempts at secondary interpretation were made.

"And hence it was," said Lathon, "that in the early ages it might seem to partake of little levity to prefigure our Saviour's birth in that of Bacchus; his sufferings and death in that of Actæon, or his resurrection in the legend of Hercules, as related by Lycophron. As late as the thirteenth century the Franciscan Walleys wrote a moral and theological exposition of the Metamorphoses of Ovid."—*Evenings*, &c. pp. 18, 19.

Let us turn now to the Christian Platonist, Henry More, and see how he used the old legends, and how he interweaves the ancients' philosophy into the Christian idea of the life of the soul. He is speaking of the birth of Psyche (the soul):—



8.

This Ahad<sup>1</sup> of himself the *Æon*<sup>2</sup> fair  
 Begot, the brightness of his father's grace :  
 No living wight in heaven to him compare,  
 Ne work his goodly honour such disgrace,  
 Nor lose thy time in telling of his race.  
 His beauty and his race no man can tell :  
 His glory darkeneth the sunnes bright face ;  
 Or if ought else the sunnes bright face excell,  
 His splendour would it dim, and all that glory quell.

9.

This is than ancient *Eidos*<sup>3</sup> omniform,  
 Fount of all beauty, root of flowering glee.  
*Hyle*<sup>4</sup> old hag, foul, filthy, and deform,  
 Cannot come near. Joyfull *Eternity*  
 Admits no change or mutability,  
 No shade of change, no imminution,  
 No, nor increase ; for what increase can be  
 To that that's all ? and when *Hyl*<sup>5</sup> hath no throne  
 Can ought decay ? such is the state of great *Æon*.

10.

Farre otherwise it fares in this same Lond  
 Of truth and beauty, then in mortall brood  
 Of earthly lovers, who impassion'd  
 With outward forms (not rightly understood  
 From whence proceeds this amorous sweet flood,  
 And choice delight which in their spright they feel :  
 Can outward idole yield so heavenly mood ?)  
 This inward beauty unto that they deal  
 That little beauteous is : Thus unto the dirt they reel.

11.

Like to Narcissus, on the grassie shore,  
 Viewing his outward face in watery glasse ;  
 Still as he looks, his looks add evermore  
 New fire, new light, new love, new comely grace,  
 To's inward form ; and it displays apace  
 It's hidden rays, and so new lustre sends  
 To that vain shadow : but the boy, alas !  
 Unhappy boy ! the inward nought attends,  
 But in foul, filthy, mire, love, life, and form he blends.

13.

Far otherwise it fares in *Æon's* realm :  
 O happy close of sight and that there's seen !  
 That there is seen is good *Abinoam*,<sup>5</sup>  
 Who *Atove*<sup>6</sup> hight ; and *Atuvus* I ween,

<sup>1</sup> Ahad. Heb. : *אֶחָד*. One, or The One. The Platonist's original of all things.

<sup>2</sup> *Æon*. *Αἰών*. Eternity.

<sup>3</sup> *Eidos*. Form or Beauty.

<sup>4</sup> *Hyle*. *Materia prima*, or that dark fluid potentiality of the creature, the straitnesse, repugnancy, and incapacity of the creature.

<sup>5</sup> *Abinoam*. *Pater amenitatis*. Father of delight.

<sup>6</sup> *Hattove*, or *Atove*. Heb. : *טָהוֹר*. The Good.

Cannot be lesse than he who sets his eyen  
 On that abyss of good eternally,  
 The youthful *Æon*, whose fair face doth shine  
 While he his Father's glory doth espy,  
 Which waters his fine flowing forms with light from high.

## 14.

Not that his forms increase, or that they die  
 For *Æon-land*, which men *Idea*<sup>1</sup> call,  
 Is nought but life in full serenity,  
 Vigour of life is root, stock, branch, and all ;  
 Nought here increaseth, nought here hath its fall ;  
 For *Æon's* kingdomes always perfect stand,  
 Birds, beasts, fields, springs, plants, men and minerall,  
 To perfectnesse nought added be there can.  
 This *Æon* also hight *Autocalon*<sup>2</sup> and *On*.

## 15.

This is the eldest son of Hattove hore ;  
 But th' eldest daughter of this aged sire,  
 That virgin wife *Æon*, *Uranora*.<sup>3</sup>  
 She *Uranora* hight, because the fire  
 Of *Æther's*<sup>4</sup> essence she was bright attire,  
 And inward unseen golden hue doth dight,  
 And lip of sense and phansie doth inspire.  
*Æther's*, the vehicle of touch, smell, sight,  
 Of taste, and hearing too, and of the plastick might.

*Dr. Henry More's Philosophicall Poems. Psychozoia, or the Song  
 of the Soul, containing a Christiane-Platonick display of Life.*

This blending of Platonic philosophy with the truths of revelation, and illustrating them by means of heathen legends, makes up a very fine allegory, and seems to show how completely all error to be but a perversion of truth, and all fable but a casket which contains it. Jeremy Taylor, in the commencement of his matchless sermon, 'Via Intelligentiæ,' gives us a fable which exactly describes our meaning: 'The ancients, in their mythological learning, tell us, that when Jupiter espied the men of the world striving for Truth, and pulling her to pieces to secure her to themselves, he sent Mercury down amongst them ; and he, with his usual arts, dressed Error up in the imagery of Truth, and thrust her into the crowd, and so left them to contend still ; and though then, by contention, men were sure to get but little truth, yet they were as earnest as ever, and lost peace, too, in their importune contentions for the very image of Truth.' Error being then an imitation of truth ; and false religions all containing an image of truth in the clothing of error, we see how the heathen fables

<sup>1</sup> Idea-land. The intellectual world.

<sup>2</sup> Autocalon, self-existent God, or Being.

<sup>3</sup> Uranora. The light or beauty of heaven, from οὐρανός, and ἔοα, *pu'chritudo*.

<sup>4</sup> Æther, from αἶθερ, to burn. The fluid fiery nature of heaven.

may often be turned into Christian allegories. And thus we return to our former remark, that all fiction has necessarily, like a fable, its moral. This idea especially pervades the works of those most inveterate of story tellers, the authors of the 'Gesta:': every story has its moral, though we fancy, like the commentator on Ovid whom we mentioned above, that very often the story was written first, and the moral found out afterwards, for some of the morals are very far fetched indeed, certainly not to be discovered without an interpreter. With them all nature and all history was a parable, and they set themselves to find out a meaning.

'No creature is so monstrous, no fable so incredible, but that the monkish writers could give it a moral form, and extract from its crudities and quiddities some moral or religious lesson. . . . Pliny's dog-headed race—whom Sir John [Mandeville] places in the island of Macumeran, and at the same time gives to them a *quasi* pope for a king, who says three hundred prayers per diem before he either eats or drinks—were naturally regarded by the middle age writers, as symbolical of priestly preachers of faithful hearts and frugal habits; whilst of those other islanders, who "have but one eye, and that in the midst of their front, and eat their flesh and fish raw," the monk says, "These be they that have the eye of prayer." The Astomes, who have no mouths, "are all harie over the whole bodie, yet clothed with soft cotton and downe, that cometh from the leaves of trees, and live only on aire, and by the smelling of sweet odours, which they draw through their nosethrills," are the abstemious of this world, who die of the sin of gluttony, even as an Astome, by the accidental inhalation of bad odour. Humility is signified by the absence of the head, and the placing of the face in the breast; and a tendency to sin is foreshadowed by the desire and habit of walking on all fours, and pride by short noses and goats' feet. The Mandevillean islanders, who had flat faces without noses, and two round holes for their eyes, and thought whatsoever they saw to be good, were earth's foolish ones; as those foul men, who have their lips so great that when they sleep in the sun they cover all their faces therewith, are the just men, the salt of the earth. . . . The beautiful men of Europe, who boast of a crane's head, neck, and beak, represent judges, who should have long necks and beaks, that what the heart thinks, may be long before it reach the mouth.'—*Evenings*, &c. pp. 29, 30.

It has been suggested, and we need hardly say, with every likelihood of truth, that the mediæval legend of the 'Wandering Jew' was an allegory to represent in one person the doom of Israel, on account of their rejection of Christ; that, scattered among Christians in Christian lands, they see everywhere the cross, and everywhere is it a torment to them; they have no home, no country, but doomed to wander till Christ comes to judgment: a state far more fully realized in the middle ages than now; but even in this century a poet could say:—

'Tribe of the wandering foot and weary breast,  
When will ye flee away and be at rest?  
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,  
Mankind their habitation, Israel but the grave.'

Let us take, by way of illustrating our position that supernatural stories, when consistently written, have a moral, though not intended by the authors, the German tale of Peter Schlemihl: a poor student meets with a 'man in grey,' who, in exchange for his shadow, gives him a purse of gold which never is exhausted. Now it is clear, that nothing is so entirely useless as a shadow; we cannot conceive it to be any value; no one can be in the least degree better with a shadow than without one: yet poor Peter Schlemihl is utterly wretched after its loss; he cannot go out in the shine of day without being a marked man; he is cut off from society; twice on the point of marriage he is disappointed, neither Fanny nor Minna will have anything to do with a weird creature who has no shadow. All his boundless wealth cannot control respect, nor bring consolation to a shadowless man. And, lastly, when in the deepest agony of mind, he restores to the tempter the fatal gift of the never-failing purse, he *cannot regain his lost shadow*, he is forced to pass the rest of his life a solitary man, cut off from, and forgotten by, his fellows. Very strikingly does this illustrate the bartering of any of God's gifts for the world; honour, chastity, truth, may and are often sold for some earthly pleasure or fancied advantage; and, when gone, can never be regained. Repentance may restore the sinner to God's favour, but it cannot give back what has been lost. Again: even sorrow or remorse cannot procure restoration to peace of mind, or to God's favour, till restoration is made; but even that will not restore lost innocence. Chamisso did well in choosing the *shadow* as the article of sale, simply for its apparent uselessness, as if to show that the very least of God's gifts must not be tampered with.

It is this moral, or hidden truth, half seen, perhaps only half suspected, yet intuitively known to be there, that makes fairy tales so attractive; there is something which at once captivates the mind, and brings with it such a charm. Generally this lies chiefly in the end, or winding up. Many novel readers look first at the *denouement*, even before commencing the story; if that does not please them they will not read the book. Look at children when you are reading a story to them, how eager they watch; and impatiently expect—what?—the end, the fate of the actors. Sir Walter Scott, in the preface to one of his 'Tales of my Landlord,' represents an old lady not content with knowing the fate of the principal actors, but was quite unsatisfied till she knew what became of all the inferior characters, down to Guse Gibbie. So children are quite unsatisfied with the most stirring events, the most interesting adventures, unless it 'ends well:' there must be equal justice dealt out to all parties; the wrong done must be set right, truth and justice must

finally settle and arrange the disordered elements of the tale, and give to each actor his proper reward. Give children a well-written tale, like the 'Bride of Lammermuir' for instance, in which injustice and wrong triumph, and they are miserable for days after reading it: it is not the mere fact of killing people, not the horror of deaths and executions, that disgusts children's minds, it is the injustice. They will hear calmly of Front-de-Bœuf burned in his castle, or hundreds of people executed or slain in an unjust rebellion, because their sense of justice is not outraged—it is rather satisfied; but the fate of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton is insupportable, because their interest has been excited to the utmost pitch, and their whole sense of justice is violated. We have known sleepless nights, tears shed in silence, nay, loss of appetite, and almost of health, follow from reading the 'Bride of Lammermuir' and 'S. Ronan's Well' by sensitive children. That which gives the real delight to a tale of fiction is, when injustice and wrong have been for some time triumphing, innocence and right suffering, the end comes which deals out to each its full measure of justice; when the order is reversed, and right triumphs, and wrong is crushed. We are inclined to think that, upon the whole, it is better that very young people should be allowed to read only such books as the latter, unless there be some very strong intimation that the suffering of the innocent is a discipline of faith, a special dispensation of heaven. We would not wound too early the clear light of conscience which pleads for justice and right; rather encourage it in every way; experience, as years come on, will soon enough make all familiar with triumphing injustice and suffering innocence, but it is not good to blunt too early the keen edge of the natural sense of justice.

Living as we are under the light of the revelation of the New Covenant, in which the expectation of the judgment at the general resurrection is at once a solution of all difficulties regarding the inequalities we see here, we hardly realize the difficulties of the saints of the Old Covenant, in which 'life and immortality' were not yet 'brought to light,' or of children, with whom the *present* is everything. It was this that the Psalmist found 'too hard' for him, until a special revelation unfolded the plans of Providence; and yet they were but this, that retribution came in this life: 'Lo, these are the ungodly, 'these prosper in the world, and these have riches in possession: 'and I said, Then have I cleansed my heart in vain, and washed 'my hands in innocency. All the day long have I been punished: 'and chastened every morning. Yea, and I had almost said even 'as they: but, lo, then should I have condemned the generation 'of thy children. Then thought I to understand this: but it was

'too hard for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God: then understood I the end of those men; namely, how thou dost set them in slippery places, and castest them down and destroyest them.'

This, too, is the great question discussed in the history of Job: the three friends, like the Psalmist, could not believe, for they could not comprehend, how a really righteous man could suffer as Job did: they, therefore, hastily concluded that Job had been a great sinner, and that all his well-known righteousness was but a cloak to cover his secret wickedness; that now his sin had found him out, and God's anger overtook him. Job utterly denies this, he strongly maintains his innocence, *i. e.* such a freedom from great sin as deserved the affliction that fell upon him: he knew it was not God, but his enemy Satan, that had caused his misfortunes, and he stoutly vindicated both God and himself: he was willing to meet this 'adversary,' he would be glad if the adversary had 'written a book,' would bring a written libel against him before God the Judge, when he was ready to answer him; and declares his faith that his 'Redeemer,' God, lived, was not dead—was not unmindful of his servant, but would, before the end of his mortal life, 'stand upon the earth;' and would restore his diseased body to health, and in his very 'flesh' should 'see' the righteousness of 'God'—a faith, we know, which was verified to its fullest extent.

We may turn from these Old Testament examples to one familiar to us all—the great conception of our great poet—Hamlet, the philosophic Prince of Denmark. Shakespeare introduces him to us as musing on his own condition and that of the world around him: he sees his father dead, his unworthy uncle on the throne; his mother, after only two months' widowhood, forming an incestuous union with her brother-in-law:—

'Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!  
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it merely.'

Then, after his first interview with the Ghost:

'Remember thee!  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there,  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmixed with baser matter.'



Here we see the idea and feeling possessed him that he was commissioned to set right the wrong done to his father, mother, himself, and the whole of Denmark. The thought absorbs him, his brain reels under the pressure; he acts strangely, speaks wildly; does cruel injustice to Ophelia, whom he really loved, because he has lost all confidence in woman's honour, by reason of his mother's conduct in marrying her husband's murderer. Then infirmity of purpose withholds him from the commission of the deed, and he allows himself to leave the country: being brought back against his will, he sees now no escape, and completes the deed, glad that, like Samson, he perishes with his victim.

Addison, too, in his well-known tragedy, places the great Roman philosopher, Cato, in the like perplexity; only, perhaps, he puts into Cato's mouth Christian sentiments of expectation in the world to come, and a judgment there, which a heathen philosopher of that period was not likely to possess:—

'But when or where? this world was made for Cæsar—  
I'm weary of conjectures: this must end them.'

(Takes a dagger.)

The ancient poets solved all their difficulties by the *Deus ex Machina*; only, as their ideas of gods were not moulded on the Christian model, the deity did not always interfere to punish the guilty. How could he, when, perhaps, he himself had passions and feelings like the most lawless of men? However, we know that Horace had to check this propensity among minor poets to introduce the deities to clear up all difficulties, *Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*. Now what these did with their gods, we do with fairies: and what more delightful thing is there than a really good fairy tale? It takes, first, the world as it is, with all its injustice and contradictions, only perhaps much exaggerated: we have some king—your true fairy tale delights in great personages—tyrannizing over some innocent and helpless family, ruthlessly carrying off the beautiful daughter, imprisoning the faithful lover, and then, just when the last moment comes, and our feelings are wrought up to an intense indignation against the oppressor, and equally intense interest in the oppressed, a fairy godmother suddenly appears in a chariot drawn by milk-white swans, and dispenses even-handed justice. The greater the suffering, and the greater the tyranny, the more intense the relief and satisfaction when the fairy appears. And so, when children see or read of injustice done, as it continually is in every-day life, how often we hear the thought expressed: 'Oh, I wish a fairy *would* come!' It is true that children delight in histories of giants, sorcerers, genii, huge, monstrous, cruel, man-eating creatures; they read

of their killing and eating hundreds of innocent beings without a shudder: but this is different, the interest in the innocent has not been excited, they have been to them a mere flock of sheep: besides, children love any exhibition of power: a giant or magician exercising supernatural power has a charm in itself, provided sympathy with the oppressed is not roused: excite that, and all delight in the giant's powers and strength cease.

We heard a story at Algier, of an Arab chief, which illustrates our point; we mean that of sympathy being always with the innocent and against the guilty, though of course, in this case, his ideas were guided by his peculiar education. An Arab chief, who had lived all his life in the desert, came on a visit of state to the Viceroy of Algier; amongst other places to which he was taken was the theatre; the plot of the piece hinged upon a no uncommon incident in French life—the infidelity of the wife. In this piece the (as *we* should say) injured husband, on discovering the *liaison* of his wife, generously (as the French would consider it) gave her up to her paramour, and everything ended to the satisfaction of all parties—except the Arab, who, when this ending was explained to him, was so indignant, that he offered to go and kill the woman himself, rather than she should be allowed to live; and when he understood the actual conclusion was satisfactory to all parties, conceived the utmost contempt for the whole French nation generally, which could tolerate such things.

It is interesting to note how moral tales take the complexion of the age in which they are written; the ‘*Gesta Romanorum*,’ and the ‘*Moralities*,’ all are redolent of the convent: rude, coarse, as many of them are, they have the stamp of the age in which they gave delight to a rude and ignorant people; the grand moral lesson is always somehow to be extracted from them. Historical personages are jumbled up together without the slightest respect for chronology, and all the customs and laws of chivalry are made to regulate people and nations where western habits were unknown, whence they appear to us as clumsy as must the mailed crusaders, with their heavy Flemish war horses, have done to the light armed Oriental with his swift Arab steed. How many of us have smiled at the strange medley in ‘*Midsummer Night’s Dream*’; though here, probably, our own ignorance of the state of Athens when it was a dukedom under western crusaders puts us quite as much in the wrong as Shakespeare’s. Even Fouqué, in his story of ‘*Thiodolf the Iclander*,’ makes the strange mistakes of speaking of the customs of western chivalry in eastern Constantinople, and of crucifixes and carved images in the Greek churches. Contrast the stories in the ‘*Arabian Nights*’ with western

fairy tales, and what a totally different character the hero bears in them from that of the latter. In the former, the *summum bonum* consists in utter indolence, surrounded by perpetual sunshine and roses; doing nothing, but having numerous slaves to obey the slightest wish; gardens, palaces, unbounded wealth, countless slaves, entire idleness, is the perfection; the gratification of every whim and caprice, even to the most minute petty revenge; the power to procure every enjoyment, or to have cut off every offending head, is the highest point of happiness; and this is still the Oriental idea of bliss. At the present day, Turkish ladies dress in their richest robes, put on their most precious jewels, and sit on cushions surrounded with slaves, the only variety being that of changing their dresses and re-arranging their hair and ornaments; their sole employment eating sweetmeats, drinking coffee and sherbert, and smoking the narghili. There is no one to display all this finery to, but their lord and master, no one to converse with but their slaves, yet they are perfectly happy; the only thing that disturbs them is when they cannot have their whims or their revenges gratified; the only politics they are interested in are the petty intrigues of the household. A Turk in his kiosk, sitting in a divan smoking and drinking coffee, thinking of nothing, and doing nothing, is then supremely happy—it is *kief*—doing nothing and having nothing to do, having all done for him, merely enjoying life; and this is certainly the notion of happiness in the 'Arabian Nights.' Then, when supernatural beings are introduced, generally huge monstrous beings, with qualities like the Orientals themselves, only in excess, either prodigally good, or unspeakably malignant and cruel, it is to save men the trouble of doing anything for themselves; not, as in western fairy tales, to set things right at the last, but to build palaces, heap up untold wealth, or overthrow some invincible enemy, while the person for whom all this is done enjoys *kief*.

The East, however, has its moral tales as well as the West. There are some virtues which are to be always practised under any circumstances; these therefore must be held up before the eyes continually, and the duty of observing them at all times enforced; we need hardly say that the first of these is hospitality; this is not to be neglected, even to an enemy or an unbeliever. The beautiful story of Abraham and the Gueber, which Bishop Heber traced to the Persian poet Saadi, is a fine example of this sort of Eastern fable. Though well known, it is short, and to the point, and we make no apology for quoting it.

'When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his

staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was an hundred years old : he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down ; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other god. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of the tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham. and asked him where the stranger was. He replied I thrust him away, because he doth not worship Thee. God answered him. I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me ; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble ? On this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.'

The stories of the Jewish Rabbin, if not taken up with fabulous accounts of King Solomon, are generally intended to 'justify the ways of God to man.' We shall give one ; it is on that vexed question, of which we have spoken before, of the seeming allowance of wickedness, and the (apparent) injustice towards the innocent :—

'Moses. to whom, by a peculiar grace,  
God spake (the Hebrew phrase is) face to face,  
Call'd by an heavenly voice, the Rabbins say,  
Ascended to a mountain top, one day ;  
Where in some points perplex'd. his mind was eas'd,  
And doubts concerning Providence appeas'd.

'During the colloquy divine, say they,  
The prophet was commanded to survey  
And mark what happen'd on the plain below.  
There he perceiv'd a fine clear spring to flow,  
Just at the mountain's foot ; to which, anon,  
A soldier, on his road. came riding on ;  
Who, taking notice of the fountain, stopt,  
Alighted. drank ; and, in remounting, dropt  
A purse of gold ; but as the precious load  
Fell unsuspected, he pursued his road.  
Scarcely had he gone, when a young lad came by,  
And as the purse lay just before his eye,  
He took it up ; and, finding its content,  
Secured the treasure ; and away he went.  
Soon after him a poor infirm old man,  
With age and travel weary quite, and wan,  
Came to the spring to quench his thirst, and drank,  
And then sat down, to rest him. on the bank.  
There while he sat, the soldier on his track,  
Missing the gold, return'd directly back ;  
Light off his horse, began to swear and curse,  
And ask'd the poor old fellow for his purse ;  
He solemnly protested o'er and o'er,  
With hands and eyes uplifted to implore  
Heaven's attestation to the truth, that he  
Nor purse nor gold had ever chanc'd to see ;

But all in vain ; the man believ'd him not,  
And drew his sword, and stabb'd him on the spot.  
Moses, with horror and amazement seiz'd,  
Fell on his face :—the Voice divine was pleased  
To give the prophet's anxious mind relief,  
And thus prevent expostulating grief :—  
Be not surpris'd ; nor ask how such a deed  
The world's just Judge could suffer to succeed ;  
The child has caus'd the passion, it is true,  
That made the soldier run the old man through ;  
But know one fact, though never yet found out,  
And judge how *that* would banish every doubt :—  
This same old man, through passion once as wild,  
Murder'd the father of that very child.'

We now turn to another well-known mediæval tale, that of 'Reynard the Fox ;' a tale in moral and purpose totally different from the others. Reynard is a thorough rascal, he keeps himself in his castle of Malepardus, well fortified, full of secret places, with every means of defence and escape, so as to defy all animal kind. Sent for by his king to attend the court, where nearly every one has some charge against him, he dares not appear, well knowing what his crimes deserve. The king sends Tybert the cat to summon him ; by a series of manœuvres, poor Tybert gets sadly mangled, and returns in pitiful plight to the king. Bruin the bear, next sent, fares no better ; Reynard gets him into a trap, where he is miserably beaten ; then goes Grimbard the badger, Reynard's nephew, who persuades him to come. Here, after being condemned to death, he manages to deceive the king, queen, and all the court, into believing in his innocence. Next he turns hypocrite, and promises to go on a pilgrimage to Rome to obtain absolution. Again the king sends Kyward the hare, and Bellin the ram, to bring him to court. Reynard kills Kyward, and sends the body back to the king by Bellin. Again, challenged by Isegrim the wolf, by his subtlety, far more than by strength, he gains the victory ; again wheedles king, queen, and court ; is not only pardoned, but elevated to the rank of chancellor, and rules all for the king.

In this fable we are altogether carried away with sympathy for Reynard ; we know his rascality, but we admire his craft, and are glad when we hear that he gets out of his scrapes ; the fate of Tybert, or poor Kyward, does not diminish our sympathy, we should have been really sorry had Reynard been executed, as he deserved : altogether, we must say the story is a very immoral one. What makes the interest is the skill and cleverness of the chief actor ; all displays of power are attractive, none more so than where superior craft prevails over brute force ; we are inclined to forgive the iniquity, on account of the success. It is much the same in reading of the achievements of Claud Duval, or Jack Sheppard ; we can hardly help regretting

when we come to the end, and read of the execution of these two unprincipled robbers. The like feelings are always excited at the very name of brigand: there is, first, romance; the wild, free, reckless life of a brigand has a fascination in itself like that of Robinson Crusoe, especially when attended by acts of generosity, and wild justice; then, there is success, a very important element—some men, like Mr. Carlyle, seem almost to consider that success proves the rectitude of the successful man, and atones for his crimes.

'Reynard the Fox' has a moral, and it is a very immoral one, yet one that has a great deal of truth in it, and truth that one must acknowledge. It is that which the sophists of Athens and the statesmen of mediæval Italy taught and practised. The argument stands thus:—The world is very wicked, men are wicked; if you expect to govern the world and rule men, you must employ craft; your straightforward, honest, simple-minded man will never make an able statesman; sooner or later he will be overreached, out-manœuvred, by some clever intriguer; if you want to prosper you must meet craft by craft, your statesman must be as wily as his opponents. Make friends then with your crafty opponent, gain him over to your side, and you obtain a double benefit; you rid yourself of an enemy, and you gain a valuable supporter—don't put Reynard under the ban, make him chancellor. This is the moral,—as we have said, it is an immoral one, but can any one deny the policy of such a line of action?

We shall give a quotation from Lord Macaulay's essay on Machiavelli, which will show the feelings on these things in Italy in the middle ages, and will well explain the force of the mediæval fable of 'Reynard the Fox.'

'Such a prince as our Henry the Fifth would have been the idol of the North. The follies of his youth, the selfish and desolating ambition of his manhood, the Lollards roasting at slow fires, the prisoners massacred on the field of battle, the expiring lease of priestcraft renewed for another century, the dreadful legacy of a causeless and hopeless war, bequeathed to a people who had no interest in its event, everything is forgotten but the victory of Agincourt. Francis Sforza, on the other hand, was the model of the Italian hero. He made his employers and his rivals alike his tools. He first overpowered his open enemies by the help of faithless allies; he then armed himself against his allies with the spoils taken from his enemies. By his incomparable dexterity, he raised himself from the precarious and dependent situation of a military adventurer to the first throne of Italy. In such a man much is forgiven—hollow friendship, ungenerous enmity, violated faith. Such are the opposite errors which men commit, when their morality is not a science, but a taste [!]: when they abandon eternal principle for accidental associations.

'We have illustrated our meaning by an instance taken from history. We will select another from fiction. Othello murders his wife; he gives orders for the murder of his lieutenant; he ends by murdering himself.



Yet he never loses the esteem and affection of the northern reader—his intrepid and ardent spirit redeeming everything. The unsuspecting confidence with which he listens to his adviser, the agony with which he shrinks from the thought of shame, the tempest of passion with which he commits his crimes, and the haughty fearlessness with which he avows them, give an extraordinary interest to his character. Iago, on the contrary, is the object of universal loathing. Many are inclined to suspect that Shakespeare has been seduced into an exaggeration unusual with him, and has drawn a monster, who has no archetype in human nature. Now, we suspect that an Italian audience, in the fifteenth century, would have felt very differently. Othello would have inspired nothing but detestation and contempt. The folly with which he trusts to the friendly professions of a man whose promotion he had obstructed, the credulity with which he takes unsupported assertions and trivial circumstances for unanswerable proofs, the violence with which he silences the exculpation till the exculpation can only aggravate the misery, would have excited the abhorrence and disgust of the spectators. The conduct of Iago they would assuredly have condemned; but they would have condemned it as we condemn that of the victim. Something of interest and respect would have been mingled with their disapprobation. The readiness of his wit, the clearness of his judgment, the skill with which he penetrates the dispositions of others, and conceals his own, would have insured to him a certain portion of their esteem.'

We are not to be supposed for a moment to endorse all that Lord Macaulay says in this passage, we only quote it to show what was the current political opinion in the middle ages, at the time, perhaps, when '*Reynard the Fox*' was written. Neither do we think that the writer accounts for the sympathy felt for Othello, in spite of his crimes; that which excites our feelings in his behalf is, that he was the victim of a conspiracy, and that his crimes were not those of a deliberate villain, like Iago, but were the untamed impulse of justice degenerating into revenge; his own self-murder, the same impulse trying to make atonement for his deeds—as he himself says:—

'For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.'

If Lord Macaulay's opinion is right, and we think it is, that the Italian of the fifteenth century would admire a successful villain more than an unsuccessful hero, though he were perfection itself, we can well understand how '*Reynard the Fox*' would set forth in their eyes the true principles of policy, and how many active admirers he would have; and this is only another proof of the fact, that the fable is ever according to the age.

The last century, the cold, formal, lifeless, eighteenth century, as we, looking at the religious aspect of that age, delight to call it, had its moral tales, taking their complexion from the religious notions of the writers. They were content to teach morality, plain, formal, unvarnished morality, interspersed with pious reflections on dependence on God and submission to his

will, and complete resignation to his judgments: but, generally, the whole doctrine of grace is ignored. Take Dr. Johnson's allegories, that one, for instance, of the topless and bottomless mountain, where he warns us against the power and influence of little imps called 'habits'; all very true, and very useful, but where throughout everything *seems* to depend upon the moral will and strength alone; no allusion is made at all to any means of grace to help us to do conflict with the powers and temptations of evil: *e.g.* what a different and Christian tone would have been communicated to the whole had he introduced the simple addition of 'wells of living water' by the wayside of the toilsome ascent, whereby the travellers could have refreshed themselves and gained strength for their work; and made those who neglected these means soon and surely become victims of those little imps, till the power of them hindered their farther progress. Another favourite form of the religious tale was to make all good children die and go to heaven, while wicked ones lived on in earth. Here, again, is the ignoring the fact that real religion, that especially which we should enforce on the young mind, lies in bearing the trials and temptations of this life, not in the wish to leave it. A lady once told us, long ago, and we have never forgotten the fact, that she was educated with the continual maxim driven into her brains, 'Be good, and you will go to heaven,' enforced by giving her many tales to read in which all good children died and went to heaven: and that this way of teaching so affected her, that having no wish at all to die, she did a great many wrong things, just enough to destroy that peculiar 'goodness' which she saw in books always led to an early death. In these books there was always one great fault, the moral intended to be taught was too manifestly apparent: it was always being brought into notice, thrust before one's eyes, and the story spoilt; instead of letting the imagination go on in its own way, the writer cropped the natural growth of the tale, twisted the parts, clipped the proportions, till it became, like the trees of a garden of the eighteenth century—that glory of topiary art—lions, elephants, peacocks, swans. We have in our day pretty well got through this conventionality; we had, however, to go through another phase first, the preaching. A story is written perhaps of great interest, incidents well conceived, characters well drawn; every now and then the whole is marred by the introduction of religious discussions between the various parties, all intended to explain and enforce the writer's particular views—so that really the tale was a mere bait to catch the unwilling into listening to an enunciation of Calvinistic views or Tractarian doctrine. We believe that Mrs. Sherwood was the inventor

of this stratagem: 'Stories on the Church Catechism,' and the 'Lady of the Manor,' were the books by which she sought to influence the young, and win them over to a religious life. Knowing no other form of earnest religion than that presented by the Evangelical school, and yet deeply attached to the Church, she naturally sought to bend the dogmatic statements of the latter into accordance with the peculiar notions of the former. Her stories are therefore marred by the narrow views that characterise the school to which she belonged; that story which is intended to illustrate Holy Baptism naturally denies the full gift of grace therein promised to all who are brought to that sacrament, and confines its gift to a few who are supposed to be the 'elect.' Others are likewise spoilt by the same confined views. The real defect—we speak only of the story, not of the writer's opinions—is the introduction of preachments; the thread of the story is broken, the path suddenly blocked up, and we must either patiently endure the disquisition, or skip whole pages, before we take up the thread, or resume our way. We well remember when we were young listening on Sunday evenings to the reading of these stories, and we remember the vexation and impatience with which we viewed these discussions, and how glad we were when they were over, and the story resumed.

Another defect in this writer is the apparently fixed idea that any man who became a religious character should invariably proceed to seek for Holy Orders, and that every religious woman should become a clergyman's wife: a religious laity she ignores. In one story, an ambitious mother forces her daughter into a state of splendid misery by marrying a worldly duke, when she wished to marry a clergyman; throughout the tale, the idea seems to be, that the unhappiness proceeded, not so much from marrying the duke, as from not marrying the clergyman. By far the best stories, and those most free from faults, are those in which the scene is laid in India. At the time they were written very little was known of social life in that country, they came to us then with a freshness and novelty which could not be found elsewhere; life in Indian barracks and bungalows is there graphically and powerfully described.

The great Catholic movement of our day was very materially advanced by religious novels, from the regular three volume size to the threepenny stories published by Burns and Masters. At first they were characterised by the faults before mentioned, though perhaps necessary from general ignorance of Church doctrines; they were many of them mere flimsy covers, which enclosed, but did not conceal, the author's 'views' and doctrines. Very useful were they for the purpose intended, for they were

read where a directly doctrinal treatise would not have been looked into: besides, they showed religious life in a very different phase. In Mrs. Sherwood's days a 'pious clergyman' was one who preached justification by faith on Sundays, and went to talk religious subjects over his lady-parishioners' tea-tables on week-day evenings, and who, while indulging in this harmless dissipation, denounced in the severest terms the sinful worldliness of balls, theatres, and card parties. Positive theology seemed to consist chiefly in holding 'clear views' on justification by faith and sanctification; and practical theology, in keeping holy the Sunday. The change which took place in the style of these novels when Tractarians used them to enunciate *their* views is something quite marvellous. It is very curious to contrast some of the earlier novelettes of Gresley or Paget with Mrs. Sherwood's; it is true we have the long disquisitions, and expositions of 'views,' but the ideal clergyman, and the ideal religious life, is totally different. Daily prayer and frequent celebrations instead of preachings, school-work and regular visitations of the poor instead of tea-table discussions, were now made the characteristics of the priest's life; all amusements were no longer denounced as 'worldly,' nor considered as sinful; a wider and more genial course of life was advocated; secular novels, fairy tales, and such like, which by the strictest sect of Evangelicals were thought positively wicked, were freely allowed to our children to read and enjoy, and were showered upon them in the brightest blue and red bindings, and illustrated with delightful woodcuts. The whole was a reaction from cold formal Puritanism to a warm, healthy expansion of the natural in mind and thought. We shall not stop to show how this principle has run into the extreme of the 'muscular Christianity' school.

This great change is only a part of the mighty religious reaction from Puritanism; and that reaction was not merely the work of the Oxford tract writers, but was one of those national, intellectual, and moral changes, with which every student in history is familiar. The Evangelical movement of the last century was a national reaction from the cold formality brought in by the revolution of 1688, when the Church's best life was crushed out, or had to find refuge among the non-jurors. Real spiritual life could not exist upon the 'plain and simple explanation' of this or that mystery, or this or that doctrine, all 'adapted to the meanest capacity,' which adaptation consisted in eliminating all warm, affectionate, familiar language, which alone the 'meanest capacity' understands, and substituting solemn Johnsonian English, utterly unadapted to the aforesaid capacity. No wonder crowds went to hear the first methodist

preachers, and filled the churches of the early Evangelicals; it was the very thing that a loving and affectionate heart craved for, to hear the love of the Saviour and the salvation of the sinner spoken of in this manner; nay, it could delight in listening to the horrors of the torments of hell, because there was energy, life, reality, which went home to an empty heart longing to be filled. It is true that many of those sermons which once moved thousands to tears, read to us now meagre, bald, and tame in the extreme; nay, we believe they would fall generally powerless on a congregation of the present day; but at the time they were preached they were new, fresh, and told of things long hidden from the hearers; to us they are old and familiar, and so have lost their force: nothing can be a greater mistake than for a modern evangelical preacher to reproduce the sermons of the last century, and expect to see them followed by any other effect than drowsiness and indifference.

In like manner, the Catholic re-action was a work to supply another want in the soul which had been entirely overlooked by the earlier, and still more by the later Evangelicals—the sacramental: confusing spirit with mind and feelings, or rather, fancying that what affected the two latter was that which constituted spiritual life; they imagined that a feeling of a need for a Saviour, and a belief in ‘justification by faith,’ was nearly the sum total of a Christian’s duty: ignoring, to a great extent, the inner spiritual life, the growth in grace, the silent struggle with temptation, none of which can be supported but by constant aid of the Incarnate God, and a union with Him, not by faith only, but by a real participating in His twofold nature, they failed to supply the stream of grace afforded in the sacraments. In a word, while they believed that we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, they failed to realize what follows, ‘much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.’ The Catholic movement came to supply this lack; while the Atonement and the Cross were fully set forth, they were both made a living reality, and not a matter of mere faith: calling for repentance, sinners were invited to seek for pardon and grace through the sacraments, as the appointed means to bring them to the Incarnate Saviour.

By degrees, as these doctrines became more and more clearly understood and acted on, the religious tale dropped its expository conversations and its preachments, and allowed the thread of the story to go on unbroken, trusting to the general tone of the whole to impress the reader with the great practical truths which hang upon, and accompany the belief of doctrinal truth; faith is illustrated more by the life of the character described than by mere theological terms by which it may be expressed:

instead of a disquisition on daily prayer, or confession, or frequent reception, the good effects of the practice of these things is shown in the life and conversation. The inner life of a family is described, not always talking goodness, and speaking as if there was always a suspicion that the walls had ears to hear, and mouths to tell the little pieces of nonsense that brothers and sisters always do talk when by themselves; but as such boys and girls really do talk and act. The tight dress, stiff collar, everlasting pipeclay of the soldier in barracks in England, soon gave way to something more natural and easy when the real work of the Russian war commenced; so the characters of our tales put off the stiff buckram of goodness-talking, and spoke naturally about themselves and other people. We are quite sure that this really natural way of acting and speaking, as may be seen in Miss Sewell's or Miss Yonge's novels, has a far more beneficial and far more practical effect on mind and heart than all the preaching and talkings in the world.

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ART. III.—1. *The Annual Reports of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, from the Year 1848 to the Year 1859, both inclusive.* Printed for the Society.

2. *Proceedings of the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East. Fifty-ninth Year, 1857—1858.* Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet Street.

BEFORE proceeding with the subjects of inquiry which we sketched out for ourselves in the October number of the *Christian Remembrancer* for 1859, we feel it to be an imperative duty to call the earnest attention of members of the Church of England to the present condition of her Missions in Tinnevely.

In the paper to which we allude, we proved, from the past history of Protestant Missions in India, that for want of the Episcopate and a native priesthood, they had invariably, after a certain lapse of time, been brought either to a standstill or else had sunk into a state of actual decline.

English Christians may be exceedingly unwilling to open their eyes to the facts which we are about to place before them; but we shall at least have the consolation of having lifted up a warning voice, and of having borne a testimony, which even now, if it were but attended to, might save the native Church in Tinnevely from what must otherwise prove its inevitable fate.

The time for apathy and supineness ought to have long since gone by, yet apathy and lukewarmness seem even yet to reign supreme. As we intimated previously, we have been watching narrowly for now many years the progress and success, or otherwise, of missionary operations in the south of India; and the conclusion to which we have come is this—either that they have already reached and *passed* their culminating point; or at any rate, that there are most unmistakable and undeniable signs that, under the *present system* of operations, they will advance no further, but will, on the other hand, in all probability *retrograde*, and that *speedily*.

What we are now about to state is not, of course, exactly the class of facts to be brought forward at missionary meetings, or indeed too prominently before the public generally. Still there are those who *must not* shrink from looking them steadfastly in the face; and they are the persons who, as we believe, we have the best chance of reaching through the pages of the *Christian Remembrancer*.

The great and solemn question for English churchmen is, whether or not the tide *has already* turned. Are there not indications that it has begun to ebb, and that Christianagram and Sawyerpooram, and other places, which are now like household words on the lips of persons interested in missionary successes, are rapidly sinking to the level of Tanjore and Trichinopoly, from which such great hopes and expectations, doomed, alas, to disappointment, were formed in a past generation?

Of the state of the Church of England Missions in the Diocese of Madras, a Wesleyan retired missionary, a most impartial witness, writes as follows, nearly as far back as fifteen years ago:—‘The scene of chief success has been in the extreme south, in the province of Tinnevely. This province, though having only a population under a million, has received special care from the two societies connected with the Church of England, which, taken together, have there at present about 30 missionaries. On one station we find a missionary, 9 native catechists, and 28 native teachers; on another, a missionary, 16 native catechists, and 24 native teachers; and others in similar strength. One missionary gives returns showing an increase of 797 during the year; another says, no fewer than 1,402 souls have embraced Christianity during the last six months. Another shows an increase of 6,580 souls brought in one year out of the darkness of heathenism to the light of the Gospel. Another states, by comparing the returns for 1844 with those of the past year, 1846, that there is an increase of 1,000 converts. The Bishop of Madras says, in four years and a half the Christian community of Tinnevely has doubled itself, the increase during that period being equal to the total increase of 54 years that preceded it. The converts are of two classes, the baptized, and those under instruction; that is, who have renounced heathenism, but have not yet been admitted to baptism. After an extraordinary movement, by which in four years 18,000 persons had renounced idolatry, the heathen became enraged, and violently persecuted the converts. During these severities, many who had been baptized drew back; but even then the number of the baptized steadily increased, and now the prospects are brighter than ever. One missionary makes a statement very remarkable for India:—‘There are comparatively few heathen in the eight villages forming the Athiseypooram district.’ Again:—‘At the morning service all the inhabitants of Panni-vilei joined the congregation, at the head of them an old pandaram (pilgrim-monk). Though these converts are poor, not as poverty is understood in England, but as it is under-

‘stood in India, where the wages of one of our mechanics would be a gentleman’s revenue, they have liberally raised subscriptions for poor-funds, tract and book societies, and other charitable and religious objects. Several substantial churches have been built by their own money (some villages raising as much as 450 or 550 rupees, 45*l.* or 55*l.*; sums, I will venture to say, that no one would have imagined it possible to raise for any disinterested object). It is to be regretted that the returns do not enable us to specify exactly the number of baptized converts, but so far as I can gather, they must be nearly 30,000, or about 1,000 on the average to the care of each missionary. The Bishop of Madras has such a view of the present opening in Tinnevely, that he does not doubt that any additional missionaries sent thither would each collect around him a congregation of 1,000 or 1,500 souls in a few months. It is to be hoped, that the two societies whose labours have been so blessed of the Lord, may be enabled to prosecute with still greater strength the glorious beginnings already made.’

Now why have we made this long extract? Simply to show what a glorious prospect was opened out before the Church in Southern India fifteen years, that is, half a generation, since. The fields of heathenism *were* white for the spiritual harvest. Half a generation *has* passed into eternity. The little Christian community has made no numerical advance; and it now seems fairly hemmed in by the advancing tide of idolatry. And do we inquire why is all this? Must we not answer—it is because the Church in India could not, or would not, admit into the sacred ministry those persons who, we do not hesitate to say, it is God’s will should be admitted. The mention of the greatly disproportionate numbers of unordained native catechists is, to our mind, quite sufficient to account for the sad languishing of the Missions subsequently, and the melancholy statistics which we feel it our bounden duty to bring forward.

After 1846 the onward movement of Christianity in South India seems to have ceased. The harvest was passed, the summer ended.

During the half-year ending 1848, there were baptized, adults, only 84; received from the Church of Rome, 93, exclusive of children. But what is the meaning of receiving children from the Church of Rome? We may well say, when the chief result of the labours of Anglican missionaries amongst the countless millions of heathens by whom they are surrounded, is to be found in receiving a few converts from the Church of Rome—‘How are the mighty fallen!’

We are to remember that these returns appear to be for the  
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whole of the missions connected with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the Diocese of Madras. To proceed with our analysis.

In the half-year ending December 31st, 1849, there were baptized, adults, 59; received from the Church of Rome, 49.

For the year 1850 there are no returns given in the Report published in 1851; and again, no tabular statement of returns for 1851 published in the Report of 1852. An apology is made for this; but the neglect is really inexcusable. There might be a valid excuse for 1851 on account of the jubilee, but two years is a long time to go without a Report, although for the pecuniary interests of the Society it was perhaps as well.

During the half-year ending December 31st, 1852, there were baptized 121 adults; but then, five-sixths of these were in five comparatively new stations. Received from the Church of Rome this half-year, 43; but adults and children are not distinguished. Adults baptized during the year ending December 31st, 1853, 297. This is a slight increase; but the returns for the year ending December 31st, 1857, only exhibit a total of 198 adults baptized.

In 1858, it would seem that the Society had become somewhat alive to the declining state of its Missions in South India. For in the 96th page of the Report for that year, we find these remarks:—

‘In the following returns from the missions, which are made up to December, 1857, it will be observed that the most hopeful signs of progress—out of Tinnevely—are presented by the *new* Mission of Cud-dapah.’ (The italics are ours.) ‘Whilst the Society is thankful to the great Lord of the harvest for the prosperity of those missions, it cannot but observe with sorrow that a like measure of success has not been granted in other parts. In eight missions not a single adult has been baptized; and five missions, though surrounded by a heathen population, wear the aspect of settled parishes in a Christian land, inasmuch as they do not show a single heathen under instruction.’

Still, with all this before their eyes, not the least shadow of the true cause, the want of a native priesthood in large numerical force, seems ever to have crossed the minds of those high in office, and responsible for the management of the Society's affairs. But the above statistics, melancholy as they are, are less so than another tabular statement which we have compiled from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel's Reports.

This is the entire returned numbers of native Christians, both adults and children, in connexion with the Society in the Diocese of Madras, from 1848 to 1858:—

These were in 1848 . . . . .	15,599.
„ 1851 . . . . .	14,687.
„ 1852 . . . . .	15,023.
„ 1853 . . . . .	15,167.
„ 1857 . . . . .	16,479.
„ 1858 . . . . .	15,112.

From this it would appear, that the Christians of South India in connexion with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have actually *decreased* during the last ten years, that is between 1848 and 1858, to the number of 487.

A very curious fact in connexion with these statistics is, that the missions do not show a corresponding tabular increase commensurate with the numbers baptized, including the children of converts, and allowing for natural decrease by death. This would seem to point to some drain upon the missions unknown to us, possibly in the way of secessions to Rome, or relapses into heathenism. We are aware of the Coolie immigration to Ceylon and other places; but we should think the proportion of Christians out of the entire number of immigrants must be too inconsiderable to account for the fact which we have pointed out.

But all this is really too sad to dwell upon. It is enough to break the heart of any one who ever hoped to see India evangelized by means of the English Church. It is not that the Lord of the harvest has withheld his promised blessing, but that we have utterly disregarded the most plain intimations of his revealed will. It is true that the last Report speaks of the *probability* of the ordination of five native catechists, by the Bishop of Madras, before very long. Four of these have been recently ordained. But what indeed are they among so many? Rather do we need, and ought to have, 500 native priests and deacons at once, for that diocese alone. We can only conclude this subject by again making a solemn appeal for a Bishop or Bishops of Tinnevely, men who will throw red tape, and miserable traditions, and conventional coldness and apathy aside, and really give a native ministry to the southern regions of India.

We will now proceed to pass under review the general state, and condition, and prospects of the Sierra Leone, or West African Missions.

These, as is doubtless known to all our readers, owe, up to the establishment of the recent interesting West Indian Mission to the Pongas, their establishment and development to the fostering care of the Church Missionary Society. We have had occasion, and we still have occasion, to express and to feel considerable mistrust of the Church Missionary Society, especially

in the halting deference which it pays to Episcopal authority ; we therefore appeal to the success of this body in one particular, and in one alone. How stands the case with regard to the establishment of a native ministry, a safe criterion of missionary success?

According to the Report of the Church Missionary Society for 1859, it has now forty-one ordained native labourers amongst a total of 227. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel unfortunately does not specify the number of their native missionaries. We have had therefore to estimate them as well as we could, by looking over the entire list, and marking the names of such as are evidently not of English extraction. In this way it is impossible to secure perfect accuracy, but we believe the result will not be far from the truth. According then to this process, we cannot find that there are any more, if so many as 21 natives, out of a total of 414 clergymen, maintained wholly or in part by this Society. At the same time, it is only fair to remember, that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel does not by any means confine itself to missionary operations among the heathen, but that a most important branch of its work consists in providing for the spiritual wants of our own countrymen, who have gone forth as emigrants to the colonies. Still we do think the Society might have more than twenty-one native missionaries on its list.

We have no hesitation in affirming that, so far as we can judge, and we can assure our readers that we have given our most earnest and careful attention to the question in all its bearings, there are no missions at the present time in connexion with the Church of England, or indeed any Protestant community, which can for a moment compare, as to real permanent success and steady progressive advancement, with the Sierra Leone and Abbeokuta Missions. Much of all this is undoubtedly due to Sierra Leone having had the presence of Bishops who were willing to ordain native candidates as black as jet.

In Sierra Leone there are twelve Europeans and ten natives. In the Yoruba Mission, including Abbeokuta, there are seven Europeans and seven natives. It certainly is most extraordinary and unaccountable, that the Church Missionary Society, having experienced the inestimable advantage of having a Missionary Bishop in Sierra Leone to ordain a native pastorate, should have committed itself to the anomalous course of opposing Missionary Bishops for Tinnevely and India generally. And this is all the more singular, because upon another and analogous occasion—the creation of the See of Victoria as the foundation of a Missionary Episcopate for China—we believe the above-mentioned



Society gave the scheme their approbation and support and certainly Dr. Smith, the first Bishop of Victoria, was one of their own missionary staff in that country. The ground upon which they resisted the appointment of Missionary Bishops in India was, that though useful when missions had made a considerable amount of progress, they were useless or worse in their infant state. But surely missionary operations were and are in a far less advanced state in China than in Tinnevely and some other parts of India.

It is wonderful, if men once abandon scriptural and apostolic precedent, into what strange and unaccountable inconsistencies they are sure to be betrayed; and the opposition, so miserably active, against the noble scheme for launching Missionary Bishops into Central Africa, it is to be noted, proceeds from the most ardent friends of the Church Missionary Society. Is the distinction to be found in this, that Missionary Bishops are only not dangerous when they belong to a particular school?

We must give a few extracts from the Report for 1859 of the Church Missionary Society, relative to the condition of the Sierra Leone Mission.

‘The pastoral work within the colony has been chiefly carried on by the ten native pastors, who now occupy the posts which were once held by European missionaries. Only two Europeans now superintend native congregations. The instruction and baptism of the heathen and Mahomedans no longer occupies a prominent place, because those classes form a small minority of the population. The Rev. George Nicoll, native pastor at Kiskey, thus describes the change which has taken place—

“One encouraging feature observable in our work at the present day I must mention with gratitude, and that is, the hearty co-operation of our people in all the plans of usefulness proposed by their native pastors; the respect, estimation, and confidence reposed in them. In many instances they prefer their teaching. This we freely admit is undoubtedly the blessed fruits of the labours of the old missionaries.”

The following extracts from the letters of newly arrived friends, will present their first impressions upon witnessing the spiritual state of the colony. Bishop Bowen writes, January 18th, 1858:—

‘As to the general state of this singular colony, I can as yet say but little; but there is abundant cause to thank God and take courage, when we consider what the people were and what they are. The efforts of Christian philanthropists, so far as Sierra Leone is concerned, have not failed, but have signally succeeded. They have done all that they could have wished. They have not made Englishmen of a whole heterogeneous population of African savages; but these have become orderly and peaceable subjects, and are advancing rapidly in civilization. A young man in the dress of a British officer (he is surveyor to the Colonial and Military Hospitals) said to me the other day—“Look at me: I am the son of a liberated African.” It was characteristic.’

The celebrated African traveller, Dr. Livingstone, lately visited Sierra Leone upon his return to South Africa, and in a letter to Sir R. Murchison, dated March 30th, 1858, he thus describes the colony:—

‘We were here on Sunday last, and saw an ordination by the Bishop, an energetic, good man. He was a missionary formerly, and a better man for a Bishop could not have been selected. The Sunday is wonderfully well observed—as well, I think, as anywhere in Scotland. Looking at the change effected among the people, and comparing the masses here with what we find at parts along the coast, where the benign influences of Christianity have had no effect, “the man” even “who has no nonsense about him,” would be obliged to confess that England has done some good by her philanthropy—ay, and an amount of good that will look grand in the eyes of posterity.’

We ourselves perfectly recollect the time, some fifteen or twenty years ago, when the staple of the reports from this very mission consisted of accounts of the fearful degradation of these very people—their fetish-worship, their devil-worship, and devil-dances;—their awful and brutish superstitions, with the efforts of the European missionaries to wean them from them, and bring them into the glorious liberty of Gospel light. Now, the children of those very heathen are the pastors and teachers of the native Church, and are doing a work, and meet with a success in their districts, which may vie with the religious work going on in the very best cultured parishes of Christian England.

A few brief extracts from the journals of the native pastors will show that the spiritual blessings which formerly rested upon the labours of the European missionaries are still continued to their native successors. The Rev. G. Nicoll reports of the state of Kissey—

‘The population of Kissey is 2,500. Communicants number 580, distributed into two large classes, the males meeting on Tuesday and the females on Friday evenings. The number of candidates for baptism is 144, meeting on the mornings of the above-mentioned days. Besides these, we have an interesting class of inquirers, composed of young persons under preparation for Confirmation, meeting on Monday evening. The female portion of this class attend besides Mrs. Nicoll’s Bible-class on Sunday afternoon.’

We wonder how many English parishes could be found which exhibited as great a proportion of communicants to population as 580 to 2,500! The nearest approach to it with which we are acquainted was where, out of a parish containing a population of 182, forty persons made their Easter Communion between Palm Sunday and Ascension Day. This gives a result almost, but not quite, equal to the Sierra Leone district.

'The schools of elementary instruction throughout the colony are wholly supported by the congregations, and by the fees of the children. The superintendence is maintained by the native pastors, and by native committees. The Society retains only the management of the institutions for giving a superior education, and the schools of liberated slave-children.'

The Rev. E. Jones, assisted by the Rev. C. Reichardt, continues in charge of the *Fourah Bay Institution*, of which he reports favourably. The number of pupils at the close of the year was ten. Of the first class of four students Mr. Jones writes—

'They have all read the Greek Testament twice over, with frequent repetitions of the Epistles to the Romans and Hebrews, five books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, with the whole of Horne's *Compendium*, and Nicholl's *Bible-Help*. They have also read in English history to the end of the reign of Queen Anne. They have acted as Christian visitors in the little town adjoining us. Mr. Reichardt reports favourably of their Hebrew and Arabic studies.'

We must not, however, multiply extracts. What we have quoted are sufficient to convince the most sceptical of the glorious work which has been effected amongst the degraded devil-worshippers of Western Africa in the course of a single generation. All honour to those who have raised a faithful and devoted native ministry to preach the Gospel of the grace of God—and out of *such* materials! We wish every one of our readers would procure this Report, and judge for themselves.

We come at length to speak of the past history and present prospects of the native Church of New Zealand. In these noble islands dwell a nation of aboriginal inhabitants, who, both in physical constitution and natural mental endowments, are, in every respect, the equals of the much-vaunted Caucasian race. Amongst them the Church of Christ went on her pilgrimage, and made herself a home, whilst they were yet painted savages, devouring one another in wholesale banquets of human flesh. Thus she found them, and she slackened not in her labours until she brought them clothed, both morally and materially, to the feet of Jesus, and in their right mind. Never did any people, even in the early ages of the Church, receive Christianity with greater fervour, with a more loving devotion, with a warmer affection for the truth, and with more single-heartedness, than did the natives of New Zealand. The story of their conversion is yet to be written. It will form by far the brightest page in the history of the first sixty years of the nineteenth century. Again and again do the New Zealanders remind us of our own Saxon forefathers in the first fervour of their love to Christ and his Church in the early days of their own conversion. We could parallel act and event which occurred again and again in

one case with those which occurred in the other. 'A nation was indeed born in a day.' The cross of Christ showed that two thousand years had not weakened its might, or caused it to forget its power to triumph. Almost all things were fair then, even as a spiritual Eden, 'as a garden of the Lord,' with 'trees full of the sap' of grace—even 'as the lign aloes which the Lord hath planted.' We say almost, because in one point the Anglo-Saxon and the New Zealand Churches were as dissimilar as they well could be. We allude to that one dark page, that one sad, sad error, that dire and ruinous mistake which has marred the whole missionary work of England's Church in modern days—the absence of a native priesthood. We believe up to this very time there has never been a single New Zealander admitted by England's Church to the holy office of the priesthood. Two natives have lately been ordained deacons, and the period of which we are speaking embraces eighteen years of the episcopate of a Selwyn. Alas! we cannot feel surprise that he himself should speak in the following melancholy strain, in his address to his first metropolitan synod:—

'But to come nearer home, upon the same line of thought, I must draw your attention to the state of the native Church of New Zealand. And first to one subject claiming our unmingled thankfulness, that I hope soon to receive a commission to consecrate to the office of a Bishop one whose age and experience has often made me feel ashamed that I should have been preferred before him, and to whom I have long wished to be allowed to make this reparation, by dividing with him the duties and responsibilities of my office.

'The great object for which the missionary diocese of Turanga has been constituted is to widen the basis of native ordination. At present it is impossible not to feel some doubts of the future stability of the native Church. My recent journey through the mission-stations has left me in a balanced state between hope and fear. The thought of the populous districts of Whakatane, Opotiki, Waipatu, and Taranaki, all left without a resident missionary, would be one of unmingled sorrow, if we did not see the fruits of the Divine blessing upon the mission now appearing, in the faithful men of the native race who have already been ordained, or are now passing through their probation for the ministry. We must feel that, when half the human race in Africa, India, and China is still unconverted, we cannot expect more men from England to take care of our 50,000 souls. But why should we desire foreign corn when our own native fields are white already to the harvest? Our lot has fallen in a fair ground, yea, we have a goodly heritage. We are the tillers of a field which the Lord has blessed.

'This is the bright gleam of hope which cheers the sadness of our missionary journeyings. It cannot be that all this work of grace should have been wrought in vain. If we pass through deserted hamlets, where the aged men and women who welcomed us in former years have passed away, leaving no child, the thought arises that though they have passed from earth, yet not one of them is lost. If we see the signs of a decaying faith and of a love that waxes cold, in the ruined chapel and its grass-grown path, we have but to look to the tombs around it; for there lie those who have gone to their rest in Jesus, dying in the fervour of their first love,

and infants cut off like flowers in the morning, with the fresh dew of baptismal grace upon their hearts. There the first evangelists to their heathen countrymen wait for their Lord's return to call them to enter into his joy. If we see the native youth departing from the example of their fathers, given to self-indulgence, drunkenness, and sloth, we see, on the other hand, that through this furnace of temptation, as in our own schools and colleges in England, God's chosen servants are being trained and proved for the ministry of his Word. The very same cause which fills our hearts with fears for the many, strengthens our confidence in the stability of the few.'

And is such really the present state of the native race of New Zealand? Alas! indeed, if it is only now that we are to look for a native ministry amongst these noble islanders, as something yet to be accomplished by future training and educational efforts, all we can say is, that the New Zealanders deserved better at the hands of England's Church.

The proof that there have existed in New Zealand for a generation past, ample materials for an effective and devoted native ministry, is most abundant, almost more abundant than in the case of India. We cannot help inquiring, with all deference and respect, why were not some of these 'aged men, and those first evangelists to their heathen countrymen,' of whom the Bishop of New Zealand speaks so touchingly, admitted into holy orders; so that that succession of spiritual fathers, which was to be in all lands, should not have left behind them, now that they themselves are at rest, a worthy progeny of spiritual children? So should the saying have come to pass—'Instead of thy fathers 'thou shalt have children, whom thou mayest make princes in all 'lands.' If this had been so, should we have read now of a decaying faith, and of a love that waxes cold, 'in the visible tokens of the ruined chapel and its grass-grown path'? If men were found, as these were in years gone by, to build those chapels in every haunt of the native population, and to worship God therein by a daily sacrifice of prayer and praise, were not those men worthy, some of them at least, to be God's priests? Would it not have been far better for those men to have dispensed the word of life to their countrymen around them in virtue of an apostolic commission, and with the gift of its attendant grace?

It is now many years ago since we remember being very much struck with some facts and incidents which appeared in the Church Missionary Reports of those days. Twenty years ago it was no uncommon thing for the missionaries to find Christianity known and bearing fruit in districts of New Zealand where the white man's foot had never trod. They would come for the first time to some distant tribe, to a secluded pah on upland slope, or by the wild sea-shore, and find the Lord's Day carefully observed, wars extinguished, chapels built, services adapted from the

Prayer-book carried on by the instrumentality of natives alone. A single native visiting a mission-station, learning to read, and carrying back with him to his home a copy of the English Prayer-book in his native tongue, has been known to be the means of evangelizing a whole tribe absolutely inaccessible to the missionaries in those days. Does it not seem to us, looking at things simply and solely by the light of Scripture and primitive antiquity, that one of a Bishop's primary acts should be to admit such heaven-taught evangelists, such 'vessels of election' and of the Holy Ghost, to two at least, if not all the orders of the sacred ministry?

In particular, we remember a marvellous but authentic account of an old blind chief, who had been a great warrior in his day, before the glad tidings of great joy sounded on the shores of New Zealand. This old man received the knowledge of the truth in the love of it. Blind as he was, he became a most successful teacher of his benighted fellow-countrymen. He penetrated, by the help of a guide, districts at that time quite inaccessible to Europeans, and even traversed unmolested the territories of tribes hostile to his own, and at war with one another. His method of proceeding was this. He learnt the whole of the Psalms by heart, so that he could repeat any portion of them at pleasure, together with such parts of the Prayer-book as are chiefly used in public worship. He would then start on his evangelistic tours, and on entering a village would go round and assemble the people. He would then repeat the Church service, including the Psalms for the day, his guide reading the lessons. Next he would preach to the assemblage, in a simple and affectionate strain, making known to them the glorious and heavenly truths which he had himself embraced. Was there ever such a fulfilment of the prophecy, 'Then shall the eyes of the blind see out of obscurity'? We do not wonder that New Zealand became so bright a jewel in our Redeemer's crown. We believe we are expressing the recorded conviction of the earlier English missionaries, in saying that the conversion of New Zealand is, under God, to be ascribed rather to the efforts of these voluntary, unpaid native agents than to their own. What would not the New Zealand Church have been now if these men had been made priests instead of being suffered, as, alas, they were, to live and die laymen? Just as our Anglo-Saxon forefathers carried the torch of holy truth over half the continent of Europe, and handed it on from bishop to bishop, and saint to saint, as they ran the race of life, so may we be assured that New Zealand priests would, at this very time, be penetrating every nook and corner of the Pacific, and be lifting up the standard of the Cross wherever its myriad



isles are laved by the 'countless play of the smiles of its ocean' waves.

Things are far otherwise now. We believe that even yet the vast majority of the natives of New Zealand profess to be in communion with the Church of England. We should have had no right to be surprised if matters had assumed a widely different aspect. And it must be stated that we are here, and elsewhere, rather asking for information, than writing for any other object. It may be, and doubtless is the case, that sufficient reasons are assignable for what we all deplore; but English Churchmen have a right to ask that those reasons should be clearly and definitely assigned.

The reports of the Church Missionary Society on New Zealand for the past year strike us as being peculiarly unsatisfactory. When analysed, they all seem attributable in fairness to one only cause—the absence of a native ministry. There are only twenty-two missionaries to a native population numbering about 70,000, living not in towns, but in scattered houses and hamlets. The tribes seem to be like 'sheep without a shepherd,' and this is a simile frequently made use of in the letters of the missionaries. The Venerable Archdeacon Brown takes this review of the state of the native Church:—

'S. Paul in a single verse supplies us with a summary report of this district for the past year. A great door and effectual has been opened, and there are many adversaries. We have been cheered by examinations of candidates for baptism, by the general steadfastness manifested in the band of communicants, by the evident desire for instruction maintained by the native teachers, by the gradual decrease of Popery, and by the apparent attention displayed wherever the message of reconciliation has been proclaimed. And to these causes for thankfulness, we might add, that great zeal has been shown in some few places in building wooden chapels instead of perishable rush chapels.'

These are cheering features. But there 'are many adversaries.' Quarrels respecting land have issued in bloodshed; the Sunday schools are not so well attended; the week-day prayer-meetings are in many places abandoned; the property of the natives is often squandered on feasts or useless articles of dress, while the places of worship are sinking to decay; discipline is becoming more lax, and a formal routine of religious duties seems to have taken the place of spirituality of heart and life. The cause of this lamentable state of affairs is attributable in a great measure to the pseudo civilization of the natives; and the great remedy will probably be found when the Lord of the harvest, in answer to the prayers of his people, shall raise up a native pastorate, men of simple habits and simple piety, apt to teach, having a good report of them that are without, and who,

like the children of Issachar, have 'understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do.'

Rather would we say, so far as we are at present informed, that the New Zealand Church *has* numbers of men possessing all these qualifications within her borders; and what is wanted is, earnest prayer that God would put it into the heart of her chief ministers, the Bishops and pastors of his flock, to send them forth by the laying on of hands to preach his Word with all authority, and minister the Holy Sacraments to their fellow-countrymen. It may do for dissenting communities to employ lay agency for such things. If they do so, they are at least consistent, and do not violate their own principles. But we assert, fearlessly, that for the Church to employ laymen to do the work of evangelists, when she might have priests, is to be unfaithful to her high commission, and to forfeit her claim to plead the promise of her Divine Founder and Master. So it was that when episcopal ordination was not to be had in New Zealand, the marvellous success of which we have spoken attended the diffusion of the Gospel by laymen; but after there was a Bishop there, and orders, we think, might have been conferred, the native Church without them would seem to have experienced a check in her career of anticipated prosperity. Again, do not thoughtful persons in England, who watch such a system as Wesleyanism, for instance, feel that with all the fervour and devotion which its members often exhibit, it never can be in a healthy or satisfactory condition, never be at real peace, or possess true unity, because of its want of a Catholic priesthood; because without a priesthood there can be no valid sacraments; and because without the sacraments which Christ ordained as seals and channels of his grace, the spiritual life must ordinarily languish and wither?

And why should it be any otherwise in New Zealand? Certain organic, inviolable laws pervade God's moral world, and the spiritual universe, as surely as material laws pervade the natural universe. The lay brethren might *preach* to their countrymen, but who were to offer the Holy Eucharistic Sacrifice amongst them from day to day, and feed them continually with the true 'Bread from heaven,' the Body and Blood of Christ?

God of his great mercy grant that it be not too late even yet to give to the New Zealand native Church what she ought to have had years and years ago, and what alone can save her from her candlestick being removed out of her place—a native priesthood.

We come now to the discussion of the causes which may be supposed to have weighed with the colonial and missionary

prelates in hindering them from bestowing a priesthood upon the native churches. One cause we have already spoken of—Protestant tradition—an inability to throw off the miserable tradition of not ordaining men under any other circumstances than those which they have been ordained under, for the last two or three hundred years, within the narrow circle of the British Isles. A similar cause led to the disseverance of the vast majority of the native Irish from the Anglican communion.

Men had not been accustomed to be ordained unless they could speak the English tongue; therefore, none others must ever be.

The facts relative to Ireland are almost too well known to need recapitulation. Never had a Church and nation been so shamefully treated as the Irish Church and nation had been by the Bishops of Rome for some four or five hundred years previous to the change of religion in the sixteenth century.

This statement rests upon some of the most undeniable and best authenticated facts of history. The consequence of this was, that the national Church of Ireland had been trodden down to the very dust by the English invaders, acting under Papal sanction and encouragement. What more natural than that the Irish should cling with the utmost tenacity to their ancient independent Church, and view, as they undoubtedly did, everything distinctively Roman with the greatest abhorrence?

There never was a grander opportunity for carrying on a true reformation upon apostolic and primitive principles, which should have embraced the entire nation, than there was at this time in Ireland. But what was done? Englishmen who could not speak a word of the Irish mother tongue were thrust into all the vacant bishoprics and benefices, and laws actually passed and enforced to prevent native Irish-speaking clergy from holding any office of trust or emolument in their own land. Meanwhile Rome seized her opportunity. Numbers of the native Irish were ordained priests. Their knowledge of the tongue understood by the people enabled them to win over to the allegiance of the Pope an immense majority of their countrymen; and to this it is due that the affections of the Celtic race in Ireland have been secured for the Papal See probably for ever.

Things were very similar in Wales. It has been proved, that up to a hundred or a hundred and twenty years ago, a dissentient from the doctrine and discipline of the Church was all but absolutely unknown in that part of Britain. Now, nine-tenths of the entire population of the principality are said to be schismatics. If we inquire into the reason of this extraordinary change we may find it in this,—that up to the Georgian

era it was the custom to appoint native Welsh-speaking Bishops to the Welsh Sees; afterwards a different plan obtained, and Englishmen, of whom the notorious Hoadley was one, were sent to feed and rule the Church in Wales.

Really, it would almost appear that for a man to be a priest of the English Church, the following qualifications were absolutely requisite:—His skin must be white, although he must wear a black coat; he must be a gentleman, or a quasi-gentleman, must have been to a university, and must speak English as his mother-tongue. Exceptions prove the rule; and the few exceptions in which men, without possessing all, or some at least of the above-mentioned qualifications, have been admitted to the priesthood are sufficient to establish a rule, quite sufficient to make a Protestant tradition. Do those who act upon it ever reflect that perhaps not one of *The Twelve* possessed a single one of those qualifications? Bishop Middleton was actually forbidden by law to ordain natives of India; and although the restriction was removed during the Episcopate of his successor, it might almost as well have remained in force for any considerable number who have been advantaged by it.

Missionaries in India complain that the greatest obstacle which Satan opposes to the diffusion of Christianity is the institution of caste, and they are judiciously bending all their energies and straining every nerve to root it out. But do not the sharp-sighted and keen-witted natives of India perceive that there is a *something*—that there *is* a barrier, an obstacle, which operates to their prejudice in barring from them an entrance to the Christian priesthood, with its dignities and privileges? It must be utterly useless proclaiming to them that all are one in Christ Jesus, that there is no distinction, that all are eligible for the ministry of His Church, when after all they find that as a matter of fact they are not admitted to it; that their white conquerors are also the priests of the new religion; and that such of their countrymen as embrace it are condemned to spend their lives in the inferior grade, or caste as they would call it, of catechists or schoolmasters. They feel that we dislike *their* caste prejudices; but that we retain our own, though we call them by another name.

And that this really is the case appears from an argument which took place upon a certain occasion between an Englishman and a most intelligent, well educated Hindoo. The Englishman was endeavouring to convince him of the absurdity and foolishness of caste distinctions. The Hindoo adopted as his ground of defence that they are analogous to those social divisions between the different grades of society which have prevailed in every age and country in the world, and amongst

Englishmen as much as amongst any. The Englishman replied that there was this distinction between caste and the ranks of society, that the one did involve, and the other did not, religious inequalities; that however low any one might be in the social scale, he would with Christians be considered equal with the highest before God. 'Don't you tell me that,' replied the Hindoo. 'Do you mean to say that if a poor black fellow were by any chance to get into the seat in Calcutta Cathedral where the Governor-General and his Council sit, when they go to worship the God of the Christians, that he would be allowed to stay there, and worship with them? No, you know well he would not. Why,' concluded the Hindoo, 'he would be almost sure to get his head broke.' Can we deny that there is truth in this, which we believe is a perfectly authentic account of a conversation which actually took place?

Again: the prejudice which exists in the United States of America against all persons of negro blood, is fearful. The connivance of the Episcopal Church, and its declining to take an honest, scriptural line upon this most vital question, is a standing disgrace to it. It is almost incredible what the Bishop of Oxford states, in his history of the American Church, upon this point. It appears that in the General Theological Seminary for the training of candidates for the ministry, persons of colour are not allowed to partake of its educational advantages. They are rigidly excluded. The case of a gentleman of African descent who had been thus repelled, was carried before the Episcopal College: and it was decided that such persons must not be admitted; the late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, being, as well as we recollect, the only one who protested against this iniquitous proceeding. What would S. Paul have said to such a shameful system as this discloses? Mrs. Stowe mentions that, in New Orleans, the Roman Catholic cathedral is the only place where white and coloured persons can be seen kneeling together before their common Creator and Saviour. Why this is a case in which the early Church would, if need had been, have produced martyrs innumerable. And although this antipathy between the races is carried much further in the States than in the British possessions, the latter are by no means free from this unchristian spirit. We have been assured by an eye-witness, that in Canada and Nova Scotia this dislike of blacks as blacks, and apart from any moral or other qualities, is exceedingly strong.

We once heard Dr. Kaye, the late Bishop of Lincoln, relate an exceedingly interesting interview which he had a few years ago with a black clergyman, who came over from the American settlement of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa. The settle-

ment is composed, we believe, exclusively of liberated African slaves and their descendants. It is in a very flourishing condition, and sanguine hopes are with good reason entertained of its taking an important lead in the future regeneration of Africa. The clergyman in question had visited England, in hopes of raising a contribution for Church purposes in Liberia, and he waited upon the Bishop to ask his permission to preach in any pulpit in the diocese of Lincoln which he might be allowed to occupy. This permission was readily granted; and Dr. Kaye took the opportunity of gleanings information relative to the condition of the Church in Liberia. This was represented as presenting most encouraging features, but likely soon to suffer from the want of a resident Bishop. There are many black clergymen in the colony of talent and education, but no Bishop, and it would be a violation of its constitution to have a white person occupying any very high or influential position in it. Dr. Kaye inquired why, under these circumstances, they did not choose one of their own number, and present him to the American Bishops for consecration to the Episcopate? A smile passed over the coloured clergyman's face as he replied, 'Your Lordship can have very little idea of the state of feeling upon this question in the Union, if you think that the American Bishops would dare to fly in the face of public opinion so far as to consecrate a black Bishop.'

But if the American Bishops cannot or dare not do this, why do not the Archbishop of Canterbury and his suffragans do it? Must the Church in Liberia languish, like other Churches, for want of a chief pastor?

A third obstacle, which is of vastly greater importance, because it weighs with men who are far above the narrow-mindedness of abstaining from the ordination of properly qualified candidates on account of race, or colour, or birth, is that it would sometimes involve them in a violation of certain rubrics and canons of the Church of England.

We have been told, upon the very best authority, that that large-hearted prelate, the Bishop of Fredericton, does not feel himself, in conscience, at liberty to dispense with that requirement in the Preface to the Ordinal, by which a Bishop is bound to see that candidates for the diaconate are to be learned in the Latin tongue; and that he, in consequence, feels himself compelled to decline to ordain persons properly qualified in all other respects, and who would, if admitted to holy orders, without doubt 'exercise their ministry duly, to the honour of God, and the edifying of his Church.' And if this difficulty weighs with such a man as the Bishop of Fredericton, we may be sure that other prelates feel the same. It may seem strange to some



that canons and rubrics of this kind should prove a stumbling-block in the Church's onward path, and that, changed as are the times and men's manners, and different as are the prospects, the requirements, and the whole position of the English Church, from what they were when those laws were enacted, they should still be considered binding *in foro conscientiæ*; yet so it is. And we dare not blame any one for too great conscientiousness. We can only wish that the same conscientiousness were shared by *all* with regard to *all* the ordinances and injunctions of our Church.

The oath of allegiance, again, is a great obstacle in the way of ordaining Bishops and priests to serve *in partibus infidelium*, especially if those Bishops and priests are not the subjects of Queen Victoria. We should certainly have thought that this was a knot which common sense alone would have sufficed to untie, without seeking for extraneous help. But it seems we are mistaken. It will, doubtless, be fresh in the recollection of our readers, that in the last session but one of Convocation, the Bishop of London, in the course of the debate on Missionary Bishops in the Upper House, gravely stated as his opinion, that the necessity of their taking the oath of allegiance would prevent their consecration for places without the Queen's dominions, such as independent Caffraria. Labuan is another case in point. Dr. M'Dougall was obliged to take his title, not from his actual See, but from a neighbouring British possession.

Such being the feelings and opinions of many of our spiritual fathers, it would seem as if there were no real remedy for all this but a free general Synod of the whole Anglican Church, and all other Churches in communion with her. It is very doubtful if anything short of this can place our foreign missions upon a really firm and satisfactory basis; anything else set at rest those innumerable vexed questions, both of matters of theory as well as practical details, which must be settled sooner or later, and which imperatively demand an immediate settlement, if the present and next generation is to see any decided progress made in the conversion of the world to Christ, and if the English Church is to have any considerable share in that work, a share to which Divine Providence seems especially to have called and invited her, and which she might so nobly and so gloriously fulfil. May God hasten it in his own good time, that from England as a centre, and especially from the noble missionary foundation of S. Augustine's, Canterbury, may go forth, as of old, apostles of nations!

ART. IV.—*The Congregational Year-Books for 1856 and 1860.*  
London: Jackson & Walford.

THE present struggles about Church-rates, the character of Education in our Grammar Schools, and anything which involves the question of a national recognition of religious responsibility, may be regarded as substantially a battle between the Church of England and the Congregationalists; a battle not for liberty of conscience, but for the supremacy of an 'idea.' It would be superfluous to remind our readers that what the Congregationalist, so far as he is a political religionist, aims at is the practical enforcement of his principle of the unlawfulness of establishments on us who repudiate it; and that this is manifestly unjust. If it be intolerable to him that a Congregational 'Church' at Sheffield should demand the allegiance of another at Walsall,<sup>1</sup> how much more unjustifiable is it to wish even that the State may lay upon Churchmen the obligations of the Exclusive Voluntary System, pure and simple, as a method of appeasing the shade of imaginary Cromwells and misrepresented Pilgrim Fathers? The truth is, that there is quite as much ill-informed sentimentalism in vogue at the present day about these worthies as used to air itself a few years ago in the singing of Jacobite songs; with this difference, that the latter told little, while the former tells considerably, on questions which concern our generation. Hence the popularity of Mrs. Hemans' song; hence the interest which was felt in the painting of the covenanter's funeral; hence Macaulay's historical romance. And we wish we could discern signs of any satisfactory appreciation of the questions at issue, on the part of the majority of Churchmen in the Lower House of Parliament. The ignorance, or timidity, or easy good-nature of our friends is almost more dangerous than the restless agitation and (shall we say?) impudence of our opponents. Impudence, we might say; for it is almost impossible to believe that the Congregationalist witness who stated (Qu. 1698, House of

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<sup>1</sup> 'No Church or union of Churches has any right or power to interfere with the 'faith or discipline of any other Church, further than to separate from such as, in 'faith or practice, depart from the Gospel of Christ.' Declaration of the Faith, Church-order, and Discipline of the Congregational or Independent Dissenters.—*Year-Book*, p. xvi.

Lords' Report on Church Rates) that, 'were there no established church, many would become Episcopalians,' intended it to be thought that he was speaking from conviction. There is a type of mind of such small calibre as to be unable to grasp the fact that dignified gentlemen—not to say noblemen—are usually too deeply in earnest when they set about any investigation to regard the substitution of what is frequently called 'chaff' for the exact truth, as being anything better than a trifling vulgarity. Fancy a man who is convinced of the Scriptural authority of Episcopacy embracing Congregationalism because the Church is united to the State! Fancy *conscientious Dissenters* so accommodating as to hold themselves ready to cast their congregationalism to the winds, if only the State will pay them the compliment of sacrificing the Church to their 'solely singular' scruple! Oh, rare Dr. Foster!

Our antagonists consist chiefly of three parties: the Congregationalists or Independents; the Baptists, who are a species of Congregationalists; and the *English* Presbyterians. To these, perhaps, a few Quakers and Methodists may be added. Of these, the Congregationalists are the most numerous and influential body, as well as the most morbidly sensitive; quick to construe anything, however trifling, or however just,<sup>1</sup> into an instance of religious persecution; vibrating through every member, like a neuralgic patient, to the slightest impression which the leaders of the body desire to make; and as it is they who have thrown down the gauntlet of defiance, we shall do well to look our foes in the face and to take their measure. If our friends would exhibit a proper courage in and out of Parliament, on and off the hustings; if they would but compel themselves to ascertain and to hold up to the light the real amount of the force which is opposed to them, so as to set men's imaginations free from the exaggerations which now prevail, (for, indeed, a struggling minority usually envelopes itself in clouds and noise,) the battle would become, not, what it long has been, a frightened scamper in the dark to right or left to get out of the way of Empusa, but a fair and open examination of principles, conducted with an enlightened regard to the great interests of the nation, and especially of that portion of the nation, viz., the labouring poor, which is most helpless against the manœuvres of a party. Dr. Hume's calculations (House of Lords' Report) give us:—

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<sup>1</sup> For instance, three conscientious Dissenters out of four would approve of their own ministers devoting some portion of an occasional sermon to the Vindication of Voluntaryism or Congregationalism, and denounce corresponding arguments from our pulpits as bigoted, persecuting, and unfair.

Chapel-going Roman Catholics . . . . .	3½ per cent.
„ Baptists . . . . .	2½ „
„ Independents . . . . .	7½ „
„ Wesleyans . . . . .	13 „
All other Dissenters, Jews, &c. . . . .	6¼ „
Actual Church-going Church of England men . .	42 „
Irreligious or nominal . . . . .	25 „

In other words, the total number of 'bonâ fide worshipping Protestant Dissenters' is  $29\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., against actual church-goers to the amount of 42 per cent.; and of the  $29\frac{1}{2}$ , 13 are Wesleyans and our allies on the question of Establishments. Practically, it is the  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Congregationalists, plus the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Baptists—or rather less than 10 per cent. or one-tenth of the population—who are arrayed against actual church-goers to the amount of four-tenths, nominal Churchmen to the amount of a fourth, and Wesleyans to more than one-tenth. In other words, it is one-tenth against eight-tenths of the population that keeps up all this agitation; and lukewarm Churchmen think it a wiser step to take counsel on the question of the one-tenth than of their own friends. The agitation has obtained its present momentum in consequence of the value of votes at doubtful elections, and (which is involved in this) of the ignorance or indifference of Churchmen; in part also, as a result of the unfair preponderance of the boroughs in Parliamentary representation. The Church-rate question may obtain a reasonable settlement in the first House of Commons which shall be returned by a general combination among Churchmen to withhold their votes from every candidate who is unwilling to avow his intention to support, in its essentials, the present system; and surely this is not too much to ask of men who value their Church.

Assuming that our readers will desire to know what the Congregationalists report as to their own strength, we will place before them statistics from the Year-Books, premising that by 'Church' the Congregationalists understand a body of communicants (and others) meeting statedly for Divine worship in one building; so that, *upon the average* of the whole country, each chapel does, and no school-room does, represent a 'Church'.

	1st January, 1856.	1860.
British Congregationalist Ministers and Missionaries throughout the world . . . . .	2400	2734
Congregationalist Churches in the United Kingdom and Colonies . . . . .	2450	2591
Chapels built and enlarged (or in course of erection) . . .	39	38
Colleges and Theological Academies . . . . .	13	10
Students in the same . . . . .	203	206
Ministers deceased during the previous year. . . . .	32	42
Resignations and removals of Ministers during the previous year . . . . .	196	177
Vacancies, or Congregations without settled Ministers . . .	442	471

But it must be remembered, as against the apparent increase of members during the four years, that the returns for 1856 are professedly less complete than for 1860; and that the last list (viz. of vacancies) includes only England, Wales, Scotland, and the Channel Islands. As the latter is a very important item in the statistics of Voluntaryism, we give it in another form—for 1860 only.

	England.	Wales.	Scotland and Channel Islands.	TOTAL.
Number of Congrega- tionalist 'Churches' }	1600	636	147	2383
'Churches' without settled Ministers }	337	110	24	471
or	21 per cent.	17 per cent.	16½ per cent.	19½ per cent.

In other words, almost one meeting-house in every five is without a settled minister: a fact worth remembering. We have, further, to distribute the 471 vacancies under their various heads. Of these, 38 are due to deaths; and 51 to removals or resignations (properly corrected): leaving a residuum of 382, or about 16½ per cent., or rather less than one-sixth of the entire number of 'Congregationalist Churches' in Great Britain and the Channel Islands without a settled minister; which are to be accounted for by such causes as want of funds, want of ministers (although they number more ministers than 'churches'), and quarrels with their ministers; and the proportions for 1856 are much the same. Truly an unanswerable argument in favour of Voluntaryism; especially when we remember the keen spirit of partisanship (to which in the Church we have nothing *simile aut secundum*) which binds them closely together, and (observe that) they acknowledge the year 1859 to have been one of religious and denominational prosperity. We leave the figures to tell their own story.

Let us ask further what congregations *with* settled ministers mean? What is the position of a Congregationalist teacher in one of our manufacturing villages? His income probably does not average more than £80 per annum, and is often less. Such as it is, it arises from various sources. The surplus of the pew-rents affords a portion; perhaps a grant from a Home Missionary Society provides £10; the small contributions of the village tradesmen and artisans a part; and the larger contributions of one, two, four, or more people in better circumstances (who are the real mainstay of the interest) make up the remainder. Should a quarrel arise between two of the 'members,' and 'the minister,' when requested, decline either to interfere at all or to take the part of the richer of the two

(especially if they are women,)<sup>1</sup> forthwith it is discovered that his sermons are not so 'spiritual' as they used to be, and that his stipend has not been wages fairly earned, but the dole of charitable patrons; funds are withdrawn; the teacher must resign, or the offended parties will take themselves and their purses to other places of worship, perhaps, even to another 'Denomination.' Or should he, for the sake of their education and improvement, keep his family aloof from very familiar intercourse with the wealthier, but less cultivated members of his congregation, he must expect to be charged with pride, worldliness, exclusiveness, and to suffer a diminution of stipend. It is not at all improbable that the female Dissenters may exercise an unpleasant censorship on the attire of his family, if it be more neat and tasteful than their own. The awkward cobbler of the congregation expects to make his shoes; the village tailor to make his clothes: if his congregation contribute to his stipend, he must spend it, as far as may be, in their shops. In a word, he and his family are *practically* regarded as uppish children, who need to be kept continually in leading strings, and to be ruled in everything by the judgment of their inferiors in education and politeness: they are to meddle with nobody, and everybody is to meddle with them. So much for his private comfort.

Then, as to his public duties. He must hold two entire services every Sunday, in each of which he must deliver (what is believed to be) an original sermon, forty minutes long, which he either composes on the spot, or has committed to memory during the week; he is expected to be present at a prayer-meeting on each of the evenings of Sunday and Wednesday or Thursday; he must have some powers of gesticulative oratory, a tolerably loud voice (the louder the better), a familiar style on the one hand, and magniloquent verbiage on the other; nor will a sly jest be amiss if introduced conveniently and sparingly. His sermon will be regarded as especially edifying, if it contain such a full and lucid account of the meaning of some sesquipedalian word used in theology as enables the listeners to feel that they can thenceforward employ the word intelligently; which many of them infallibly will do at the prayer-meetings for several months to come. He is expected, moreover, to be alive to all the political efforts of the body; and, as it cannot be presumed that his abilities are equal to those of the ministers whose eloquence has advanced them to the wealthier posts in the large towns, he is expected to take his cue from the latter, resigning the exercise of his private judgment, and approving

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<sup>1</sup> Compare the rise of the Donatist schism.



himself a keen partisan. If he does all this, and is a hard student, perhaps he may not be requested to resign within less than ten or a dozen years after he has been elected minister of the village congregation; but he must not be too faithful in rebuking the inconsistencies of his richest hearers; and if he has a vote, it must be given to the right candidate at an election. If either he or his wife possess any private property, he will act wisely in concealing the fact, unless he wishes his small stipend to be made less.<sup>1</sup> Should he be called upon to preside at the funeral of his dearest earthly friend, he must be as ready as a Sioux chief to pronounce an elaborate oration over the departed; and 'on the following Sabbath,' to 'improve the event from such or such a text'—in plain English, to preach a funeral sermon. Grief or joy too deep for utterance is rather grudged him: others are waiting for 'edification,' and he must talk.

In large towns and wealthy congregations, the position of the Dissenting teacher is much firmer, and he often wields a greater influence among his co-religionists than any of the neighbouring clergy do in their parishes, because he is their 'representative man.' The contrast between the welcomes which Dissenters and Churchmen give to their able preachers, is not unlike that between the spirit in which the Scotch and English kings, in the ballad of Chevy Chase, receive the news of the death of the border earls; the Scotch king lamenting that he has none left equal to Douglas, while Henry trusts that he 'has within his realm five hundred good as' Percy. Accordingly, when the instincts of the Congregationalists in any large town warn them that their minister possesses the ability and eloquence which are calculated to exhibit Dissent in a very favourable light before the public, and they see that he is politically as well as religiously a thoroughgoing Dissenter, they make a hero of him at once, and invite all their neighbours to patronize (we will not say worship) him. He must, to be sure, maintain his popularity by unfailing eloquence in the pulpit and especially on the platform, and he must perform the other more important duties of his office to their satisfaction; they must feel that, denominationally, they grow more numerous and influential under his guidance, or else they will dethrone him. But *if* they are gaining strength, they will not be other than generous in providing him a house, and a pretty good income—two, four, or in rare cases six hundred per annum; out of which the claims on his charity will be a very small fraction of

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<sup>1</sup> This feature of *Voluntaryism* in *villages* is sufficiently ascertained, if not as the rule, yet as a sufficiently frequent exception to deserve notice. Such is human nature!

those usually made on a Clergyman. And, inasmuch as that portion of his income which is not derived from pew-rents is furnished by handsome subscriptions from a large number of supporters—one half of whom would be able to continue to him his present stipend in case of necessity, or of a schism—he is, comparatively speaking, in an independent position, so long as his lungs are in good condition. Besides, he is aware that his reputation and abilities would speedily find him another post, which, if less lucrative than the present, at any rate would supply him with the necessaries, and some of the comforts of life. Yet, on the other hand, he knows that every rising orator in the body is possibly a future rival, should he leave his present post: the consciousness of this is, in his case, a pressure from without, stimulating him in moments of indecision. And if he desire to make his position as a leader *permanently* unassailable, he will find it not unadvisable to lay out his energies in the production of an octavo volume of more than transient value in connexion with some points of theology.

This remark leads us to the consideration of the literary and theological performances of the Congregationalists. A list of works published during the previous year, by lay and other *members* of the body, is given in each Year-Book, and renders this part of our task somewhat easy. (Bear in mind that, on an average, one-sixth of the 17,500 Clergy in Crockford's Directory are authors, from the tract-writer to the historian.) The following is a tabular statement compiled from the Year-Books of

	1856.	1860.
Number of <i>publications</i> (exclusive of magazines, &c.) . . . . .	67	90
"    " <i>magazines</i> and other periodicals . . . . .	26	24
"    " <i>authors of publications</i> . . . . .	61	67

Of publications, judging from the lists given, there appear to be:—

Single sermons and short tracts . . . . .	16	29
Ephemeral works, mostly connected with personal religion . . . . .	21	15
Religious biographies . . . . .	3	7
Volumes of sermons . . . . .	5	11
Controversial . . . . .	11	14
Unconnected with theology . . . . .	6	10
Other volumes of some pretension . . . . .	5	3
Total	67	89

Notice here, that nearly one-sixth of their publications are controversial; and then conceive what shouts of disapprobation, what outcries against our bigotry and intolerance would be raised, if a sixth, or even a twentieth part of the publications of the clergy were controversial.

Among the non-theological works of the two years are, Dr. W. Smith's Latin-English Dictionary; Mathematical works by R. Harley and S. Newth (both F.R.A.S.); Volumes on Revolutions in English History, Geology, Nineveh, the Baltic, Immigration to the West Indies, Canada, Tour in Switzerland, and School Histories of England and Austria. Whether any of the eight last mentioned is of more than temporary value, we are not in a position to say. Among the theological works of pretension, we observe for 1859 scarcely anything; for 1855, a Series of Lectures (diffuse, but not devoid of ability) on Psychology and Theology, a Treatise on Patriarchy, a Translation (with Commentary) of the Book of Ezekiel, and a Theological Dictionary. The Congregationalist teacher's line is to 'improve' some passing event in a single sermon, to edit a penny magazine for the half educated or the young, to circulate news about missions, to simplify the results of other men's labours in the exposition of Scripture.<sup>1</sup> As a historian, the Congregationalist is very seldom to be trusted when he diverges from the beaten track; his education has neither been so early commenced, nor so based on the principle of minute accuracy, nor so familiarized with distinct epochs in the development of nations (to say nothing of scholarship), as to fit him for historical research: his generalizations are almost invariably built on too narrow a basis; and he finds a difficulty in rising out of the narrow prejudices of his sect (not to mention his fluttering fear of saying anything which might possibly be used as an argument against them), even when he does not study in the interest of a foregone conclusion. Perhaps Dr. W. Smith is the only Congregationalist mentioned in the lists who is capable of history. In Greek and Latin, and especially in Hebrew scholarship, a great improvement has taken place within late years. This is due to the readily perceived necessity, on the part of religious men, of an acquaintance with the Bible in the original tongues; to the increasing number of Dissenting ministers whose fathers were also ministers, and provided them with something better than the education of the ministers of the last generation; to the study, in Clark's translations, of German theological works, as less objectionable (from the Congregationalist point of view) for young men than standard works of English Episcopalians; to the labours of such men as Dr. S. Davidson and Dr. W. Smith as professors in their theological colleges; and, in part, to the opportunities of

<sup>1</sup> In this latter department, indeed, the Presbyterian, Dr. Cumming, is the principal detainer of the public ear: though a very inferior man to many of the leading Congregationalists; for it may be said, with almost literal truth, of his expositions, that whatever in them is his own is worthless, whatever is good is a plagiarism.

graduating afforded to their theological students in the University of London. It might be suggested that we are omitting a residuum of students from Cambridge; but this is so small as to deserve scarcely any notice in our estimate, since almost every Dissenter who matriculates at Cambridge leaves that University a Churchman, or, at any rate, not an opponent of the Church. Yet, after all this, the Congregationalists whose scholarship is 'pretty fair,' may be counted by units or tens; and probably the number of Clergy whose acquaintance with the classical languages is superior to that of the average of the twenty best scholars among the ministers, is greater than double the whole number of those ministers in England. (They number 1,401 ministers in England, less than one-twelfth of the clergy in England and Wales.) And, probably, one of the final causes of Mr. Dillwyn's Grammar School Bill, is the desire to find employment for the few English graduates whom they claim, and whose merits they exaggerate enormously, *because* they are rare birds in those regions, and *most* like to black swans. Still they are here on the track of improvement, and steadily bent on struggling with us even for classical fame; content to possess a dozen or two good scholars, provided that the dozen or two can be sufficiently lauded and promenaded to convince (themselves and) the outside world that Congregationalism is a sufficiently respectable institution for gentlemen to adopt; and that they are able to fight, with some plausible degree of strength, the battle of the Congregationalists in questions which at all turn on apostolical or patristic Greek.

But if the Dissenting preacher, from early want of educational advantages, lacks the breadth of view and freedom of mental action which a public grammar school communicates, and Oxford or Cambridge studies confirm, he endeavours to make up for these deficiencies by an intensity of mental action directed principally on the workings of the soul: his favourite intellectual pursuits are mental philosophy and inward religious experience. His studies commence as a rule just at that period of juvenility when problems of mental science exercise their greatest attraction, and flatter, while they strengthen, the minds which are engaged on them. He has probably been accustomed to a not unfrequent appearance of logical argument in the sermons to which he has listened.<sup>1</sup> While he is studying for the ministry, Calvinistic reasonings are diligently inculcated upon him, and fall in with his youthful and denominational tendency to be a partisan. The arguments alleged in favour

<sup>1</sup> We recommend to the serious discussion of our brethren the question of the advisableness of a greater than usual infusion of this element into their sermons.

of Congregationalism and against National Establishments, are, like all other fallacies, generally either subtle in themselves, or broached in a form of subtlety: with these also he is indoctrinated. All this tends to cultivate any capacity which he may possess for the portion of mental philosophy provided for him at his theological college; and here he is not hampered by the inconvenient necessity of a familiarity with the classical languages. And it is to be remembered that mental science is always young, and possesses a perpetual charm for capable minds, until some terrible bereavement seems to annihilate everything in a man which is not closely intertwined with his strongest affections. Their principal names in this department are, Rogers, Alliott, and the late Dr. George Payne, and we hear that Professor Mansel's Bampton Lectures obtain a wide circulation among the Congregationalists. Closely connected with this mental habit is the preacher's *religious duty* of analysing the inward spiritual experiences of himself and others; and this study assumes a much more prominent place in his professional education than in our non-professional university course. It is roused at the period of his conversion; it is fostered by the sermons which he hears, which often are attempts at the anatomy of the spiritual life; it is kept alive by the efforts and habit of extempore and *varied* (for his reputation is at stake in the variety) public prayers; the expositions of theology by which he is trained to partake of the same character; the scrutinizing suspicions, whether friendly or otherwise, which are inseparable from the practical working of democracy, whether it be temporal or ecclesiastical, strengthen the habit; the custom, universal amongst Dissenters, of putting religious experience into words, opens to his observation at any rate some portion of the inward perplexities, sorrows, and joys of others, notwithstanding the unconscious deceit<sup>1</sup> which, by degrees, gathers round the custom; like the Wesleyan, though in a less degree, he is tempted to set too high a value on religious feeling, and is often unawares affected by a strong leaning to mysticism; lastly, it is, or was till lately, a characteristic of his theology to do all but ignore the duty of glorifying God with the *body*. Thus, what is called 'experimental divinity' is his favourite study, and the field of his greatest success.

Generally, the ordinary Congregationalist minister preaches and prays according to a scheme which he adopted at College. The divisions in prayers (such as may be seen in Watts'

<sup>1</sup> When inward experiences are seldom laid bare, except to a *single confidential* friend, the exposure is generally truthful and often extensive; when they are brought into the view of many, the confession is naturally vague and untruthful, through the fear of damage to the reputation.

writings) have been a matter of logical arrangement, and furnish him with a framework of devotion quite as formal practically as any system of Collects; and in the frequently overstrung state of his mind he finds the benefit of his scheme, though unaware of the inference which may be drawn from it in favour of that which is an abomination to him, viz., the 'use of pre-composed forms of prayer.' It is, moreover, a common whisper among the junior Dissenters, that the old men's prayers are less varied than those of the young and middle aged. In practice, if not in theory, the preacher has a greater esteem for the oratory which produces a speedy effect, than of the doctrine which distils like dew. Should his preaching partake of the character of gentleness and refinement, he may *possibly* become a great favourite with his own congregation, but he runs the risk of being accounted singular: rather is he expected to be vehement or pathetic. The principle which Hood makes one of his patrons of art recommend to a disconsolate young painter—to be striking and uncommon, rather than natural; the admiration of power which lies at the foundation of modern hero worship; the exhibition of vehemence and apparent force which, as much as anything else, keeps up Mr. Maurice's popularity; all indicate what general style of oratory is to be expected from the ministers of sects whose growth depends, humanly speaking, on the reputation of their pulpit oratory, and in which the most honourable and lucrative posts are secured by oratory more than by any other quality. The colouring and outlines of the Congregationalist's sermon are ruder and more startling than those of the Episcopalians; and hence it is that an irreligious youth of the tradesman class is, perhaps, likely to be arrested by an occasional visit to a Dissenting meeting-house, rather than by looking into one of our more sober churches. On the other hand, the quiet, industrious, straightforward type of Englishman is much more at home in church than at the meeting-house; for he is less occupied with thoughts of self, or of the individualities of the minister, and has a deeper sense of law and of the presence of the Author of all law. And it may generally be averred that, where an earnest-minded Dissenter is led by any accident to attend the services of the Church with anything like regularity, and yet does not volunteer some expression of admiration of her prayers, the clergyman's manner of reading is careless and irreverent.

We are led by the last allusion to call attention to tokens of an approach on the part of the Congregationalists to something like an acknowledgment of the value of many principles long held by Churchmen, long rejected by the narrowness of Dissenting bigotry; an acknowledgment, however, due, in



great measure, to the activity of the Church herself on the one hand, and, on the other, not least of all, to the ambition of obtaining an improved social status for Dissent. So long as the Congregationalist minister was a man of inferior education, he might expect to be patted on the back, but scarcely to be accepted as a guide, by the educated Congregationalist merchant. Hence that observation of facts which led to the *quasi* proverb, that 'No man of the third generation is a Dissenter.' A man who had received only the most ordinary English education, and was a Dissenter, realized a few thousands, and gave to his son a commercial, but much better education than his own: that son died very rich and a Dissenter; but the grandson having enjoyed superior advantages to his father in education and society, finds his natural level amongst those the majority of whom are Churchmen, and observes among them freer habits of thinking, a larger charity, and more accurate and varied knowledge than among the Dissenters; and every ordinary motive invites him to withdraw with his family from the ranks of the Dissenters. Now, so long as the religious life of England appeared to be mainly circulating among the lower tradesmen, from whom the ranks of Dissent are generally recruited, this gradual drafting of their wealthier members into the Establishment could be accounted for as a collection of instances in which 'vital religion' was sacrificed to the love of the world. But the aspect of the case was altered when the noble, the well born, the highly educated, the rich sons of the Church were stirred up to an appreciation of their duties to God and the Church; and innumerable instances were observed of rank, and social position, and wealth, sanctified by a Christian spirit of splendid liberality and devout self-denial. The revival which has taken place since the commencement of the century among the best educated portion of the community, principally by the leverage of the Universities and public schools, has made it no longer possible for men generally to shut their eyes to the probability of the sons of landowners and wealthy merchants being quite as devout as the small tradesmen, and when devout, able to effect more good.<sup>1</sup> Thus the temptation which formerly assailed a religious man of property, here and there, to attach himself to Dissenters, as, *par excellence*, the earnest-minded body in England, was removed; and Dissenters began to feel that their religious influence in the country, *relatively* to that of Churchmen, was on the decrease. Hence arose a searching

<sup>1</sup> There are very few instances indeed, of a wealthy Congregationalist in recent times building a meeting-house at his single cost, and making the minister independent of himself.

examination into the validity of their objections to what might render religion attractive, and into the claims which an austere Puritanism had been supposed to make to an especially Scriptural character. Dissent had contracted ascetic habits; it was perpetually itching for proofs that everything of an externally beautiful or sensuous character was of necessity worldly. Thus, at the beginning of the present century, the introduction of a violoncello, as an aid to congregational music, was stoutly resisted by the Independents of a thriving manufacturing town; and their model of a tabernacle was the squarest possible structure of plain stone, unfaced, with the squarest possible windows of square panes, and square high-backed pews. Whereas *now* jealousy of the Establishment, and the anxiety to retain, or obtain, the support of men of education and taste, have awakened the Congregationalists to the conviction that an organ, and even chanting, are not necessarily Babylonish; that carved work within or without a chapel does not render it unavoidably Jewish; and that it is possible to adopt, in the construction of their religious edifices, pointed architecture, with floriated tracery, pinnacles, turrets, cruciform ground plan, stained glass windows, Minton's tiles, and even to designate the result by the title of a 'church,' without belonging to the synagogue of Satan.<sup>1</sup> So far we congratulate them on these tokens of a partial convalescence. The question of the ideal form of a 'house' of worship is attracting much notice among them, and the Year-Book for 1860 gives us long extracts from an 'extremely interesting' article on the subject (communicated to the American Congregational Quarterly), with commendations. Our readers may be glad to gratify their curiosity by perusing the following passages (p. 229):—

'The idea which governed the worship of the Primitive Christians very clearly was that of union and communion in praise and prayer, and of instruction from the voice of him who was "*over them in the Lord*." A house constructed to promote this worship would necessarily make these two its cardinal principles; viz., (1) it must seat all the worshippers socially and pleasantly together, so that, with as few obstructions as possible, they may blend thought and emotion; and (2) it must seat them so that their relation to the teacher shall be, as nearly as possible, perfect for his speaking to them, and their listening to him. We hold, then, that the essential and shaping idea which ought to govern the erection of houses for the public worship of Almighty God,—especially and pre-eminently where they are to be used by Congregational churches—is not that of having a particular form or aspect, like that which in the English or Papal churches has been for ages associated with them; nor that they

<sup>1</sup> See the sketches (in the Year-Books) of chapels built during the preceding years, and the wood-cuts of the pretentious edifices at Canonbury, Islington, Eccles, Manchester, Highgate, Droylsden, and Newcastle-under-Lyne.

must be cruciform, "because the religion of Christ crucified is to be preached within their walls" (see Hart's *Parish Churches*, p. 21); nor that they must necessarily have a distinct nave and side aisles, and transepts (of large size); nor that they must necessarily front the east, or somehow symbolize the Holy Trinity; but that they should minister, in the most simple and direct possible manner, to the ease and comfort with which the people may "*sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus*," and "*receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save their souls*." Social Christian comfort in speaking and hearing, and in all the services of the sanctuary, we believe was the original, and is the genuine, and will be the millennial, principle from which, as from a living seed, the idea of a truly appropriate (and therefore truly Christian) meeting-house will grow.

It is impossible not to admire the gusto, the intense self-satisfaction with which this writer begs the whole question. Notwithstanding this, however, he avows himself an advocate of the most enduring materials, *because* otherwise the building would not testify 'our faith in the eternity of God and of His truth!' If this is not an index of the vitality of symbolism, even in minds that would gladly repudiate it, we know not what is.

We repeat it, we congratulate the Congregationalists on these tokens of a partial convalescence, and shall be glad to hear of their nearer approach to a sound mind, in the acknowledgment of the three-fold order of the ministry. They are, at present, our most avowed antagonists amongst the Protestants: their perusal of the works published as Clark's Foreign Theological Library may be expected to raise the standard of their information, and to qualify their ministers for a candid examination of the points at issue between us; and their partiality for a sturdy, logical (sometimes over subtle) system of theology, together with their (somewhat timid, somewhat strained) attempts to secure solid principles of action, may make those of them who return to the fold of the Church her fast friends.

Still, on the whole, it is our decided conviction that the ambition of improvement in social position has a great deal to do with that improvement in the externals of religion of which we have spoken. The feeling is at work in the gradually increasing number of Dissenting ministers who graduate; in the attempt to display a very wide range of reading in their public speeches, of which the addresses of Dr. Legge, in the Year-Book for 1860, are a curious specimen; and in the Congregational Lecture, an avowedly rival custom, though (we believe) without endowments, to the Bampton Lecture at Oxford, as is apparent from the statement in the Year-Book, that (1860, p. 286)—

'It consists of an occasional course of lectures, that partake more of the character of academical prelections' (note the relish for long words),

'than of popular addresses. . . . Seventeen series have already been delivered; the publication of which has greatly increased the literary reputation of the Denomination.'<sup>1</sup>

We see the feeling publicly manifested in their lately discovered principle, that the State ought not to exhibit a partiality for one form of Christianity rather than for another; and the eccentric inference that, therefore, the Church shall be despoiled of her rights and property. These things afford a parallel, on a large scale, to that which is really at the bottom of half the misunderstandings which arise between a clergyman and his well-to-do parishioners—the desire to mix with the best set of the neighbourhood. Who has not known an instance of a man of business making money, buying or hiring a residence in a good visiting neighbourhood, and then getting out of temper with his incumbent, because the latter did not introduce him to some county family? Who has not met with Dissenters who laboured under the unhappy delusion that Churchmen were, in some mysterious way, banded together in a conspiracy to put them down, and keep them down, *because* they were Dissenters? Who has not met with, or heard of, that other species of democrat, the Yankee, who was rude to Englishmen on precisely the same principle? Perhaps, if it were possible to persuade Congregationalists generally, that 'nobody wants to hurt' them, much of their animosity might disappear; but it would be bad policy on the part of their leaders to appear to see it; not to mention that (as in the case of election agents generally) their *political* leaders are by no means the most refined or best educated members of the body. Their ecclesiastical democracy, like every temporal democracy, is unfavourable to the growth of feelings and habits of respect towards superior position and education as distinct from superior worth: to 'kings and all that are in authority.' Personal influence professes to be everything with them; the only other influence (and that is far more constantly felt and submitted to) practically recognised is that of wealth. Rank or old family are only valued among them as an excuse for exaggerating the respectability of Dissent. Their temper is to demand that every possible position in Church or State shall be open to merit and ability, with a preference to those who possess *no*

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<sup>1</sup> We have not examined all the published Lectures; those which have come before us indicate, that the authors wrote for readers who might need *elementary* instruction, and were not likely to possess other (standard) works on the subject of the Lectures; and aim at almost mathematical precision and formality. The labour of the composition is too visible; the writers do not know when to be silent; and they lack *mastery* of their subject.

other claims; it is an accident that the highest station in the land and seats in the Upper House of Parliament are exempted in their ambitious desires. And even here, until some element of Congregationalism shall be infused into the peerage, it may be doubted whether political Dissenters will not continue to regard the House of Lords as an assembly of old women, or, at the best, a somewhat clumsily constructed and almost unnecessary buffer to the political engine. The democratic ambition of rising to the level of their neighbours, or, where that is difficult, of bringing down the latter to their own level, must be taken into account by any one who is desirous of forming a correct estimate of political Dissent.

The method of propagating Congregationalism actually at work in England and Wales, cannot be said to be of a missionary character; nor, if it were, would it be in accordance with the Congregational principle. As a rule, Dissenters build meeting-houses selfishly, *i.e.*, for themselves, with room for others who may hereafter be willing to share in the support of the 'interest,' and a few free seats, in the least valuable part of the buildings, for the poor; not unselfishly for others. Where no 'chapel' has been built, and few Dissenters, except the poorest, reside, none is likely to be built. A striking case in point is to be met with in Dr. Hume's evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords on the Church-rate question. Speaking of Liverpool, he says—

'In some of the very poorest places there are no Dissenting meetings.'  
—Qu. 1280.

And,

'When a district becomes poor, the dissenting congregation generally migrates; the chapel is given up, and replaced in a better district of the town. Nine chapels have occupied twenty-six different sites; there have been seventeen migrations.'—Qu. 1282.

The same thing is allowed in the Year-Book for 1860 (p. 230), where the writer on chapel architecture lays it down as the first requisite that—

'The best place (situation) ought to be secured at any cost; best not merely now, but reasonably sure to remain best through all the changes of the coming century. Specially is this true of thickly settled and growing towns. Many a city church has been *gradually weakened, and at last destroyed, by a mistake made in the location of its meeting-house; or*<sup>1</sup> *has been obliged to sacrifice its historical associations, by subsequently transplanting itself from an outworn soil to a more fertile spot.*'

<sup>1</sup> The writer had sneered at the association of church architecture with symbolism, and yet he regards with sorrow the loss of historical associations. The former is a memorial of the cardinal truths of Christianity; the latter served to keep alive the traditions of the *Denomination*.

The exclusive voluntary system, then, fluctuates and wanders with the individual congregations; it retains no hold on the soil; it offers no guarantee for the future; it follows the example of the world in that very conduct which, in all ages, and among all people, has stirred especially the bile of poets and philosophers, hanging upon the smiles of its richer patrons, and leaving the poor to themselves. The two events which ordinarily occasion the erection of a new meeting-house in any district are, the residence of a few wealthy Dissenters; and a schism in the nearest congregation, which is settled by the minority swarming out. It is a wonderfully rare thing for a wealthy Congregationalist to build a 'chapel' at his own cost for the benefit of any locality in which he does not reside, or even where he does reside, unless he knows that, practically, the engagement and dismissal of the minister will rest with himself: and we speak now of neighbourhoods in which the manufacturing or mercantile wealth is principally in the hands of Dissenters. That the same may be said even of congregations, appears from the Year-Book of 1860 (p. 244), in the account given of the erection of a 'church' and schools, at Eccles, near Manchester.

'Two features of this movement are deserving of attention' (*i.e.*, as being novelties to the Dissenters); 'first, a Christian church *colonising* by the advice, and with the active co-operation of its pastor and all the members; and, secondly, a church and schools to be built and opened *free from debt*.'

(The Italics are in the Year-Book.) This admission is exceedingly valuable in its bearings on the purely voluntary system; it grants the non-missionary character of that system: and what makes the concession all the more forcible is that, even at Eccles, the movement was not entirely missionary. We read, on the same page—

'The village of Eccles is a favourite suburb of Manchester, and contains, within a circle of a mile from the parish Church, a population of about 6,000. The erection of a Congregational place of worship in this fast-increasing and important neighbourhood was undertaken by the church at Hope Chapel, Salford, under the pastorate of the Rev. G. B. Bubier. *Several members of that church having become resident at Eccles*, after a meeting for conference with their pastor, and with a few members of other churches residing in the neighbourhood, brought the religious necessities of the locality before the attention of their brethren.'

Nothing, then, was done towards this 'colonization,' this supply of a 'chapel' for what was regarded as a destitute district (the vicar is assisted by four curates), until it became a 'favourite suburb of Manchester,' and until several Congregationalists from Salford (probably not of the poorest class, as Eccles is a favourite suburb) had become residents there.



We have here also the admission, that it is a rare thing for a Congregational tabernacle to be built and opened *free from debt*: a circumstance often forgotten or ignored by lukewarm Churchmen. We could name a thriving village, the population of which was exclusively manufacturing and numbered over 2,500, in which the 'chapel' and schools were erected for £1,200, where there was no church, and where, after seventeen years pastorate of a conciliatory and universally esteemed minister, whose stipend was small, £200 still remained unpaid. And we do not believe this case to be either solitary or at all unusual.

Indeed, the efforts of Dissenters in the support of religion are enormously exaggerated. No doubt they contribute much; a larger proportion of Congregationalists than of nominal Churchmen are in the habit of opening their purses for objects of a directly religious (and local) character. The voluntary system renders this necessary. Men who are in earnest about any form of religion, whether their earnestness be due to feelings of devotion, or to the spirit of party, *will* have their houses of assembly, *will* have their ministers, well or ill furnished, at a greater or less cost. The case is, so far, analogous to that of the support of election agents. The necessity of standing well with their fellow-congregationalists—for a democracy exercises a terribly tyrannical restraint over the freedom of its members; the necessity of bearing a share in the common burdens; connexions arising out of business, in which Dissenters, like Scotchmen, are thoroughly clannish;<sup>1</sup> opportunities of exercising a greater influence and assuming a greater importance than the Church holds out to them; all conspire to stimulate pecuniary liberality in behalf of the denomination. Similar motives among ourselves would follow, in some degree, the spoliation of the Church; for human nature is a frail thing: with this difference, that many who now are nominally Christians would cease to be Christians at all. Yet the pecuniary efforts of the Congregationalists, important though they are, have been and are greatly exaggerated; the voluntary efforts which people feel they *must* make always are exaggerated, in comparison with those which they may let alone. Perhaps a more favourable field for the observation of these could scarcely be fixed upon than the diocese of Ripon. It is full of densely populated, rapidly-increasing manufacturing towns, which are usually regarded as the most favourable of all soils for the growth of Dissent. Thirty years ago these towns were but ill

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<sup>1</sup> And very ready to stigmatise, as bigoted and intolerant, anything like an exclusive partiality imagined to be shown by Churchmen to one another in matters of business.

supplied with churches: the field was quite open to every species of sectarians. Moreover, the West-Ridingers are a sturdy race, keen and shrewd, with a strong relish for the *tu quoque*, a fondness for arguments, mathematical, metaphysical, or practical, and (generally) a leaning towards Calvinism. The Congregationalists have had, throughout the period of which we speak, a theological college near Bradford, and another at Rotherham, close on the borders of the diocese. The Conservative party is in a minority in the diocese; and a great proportion of the manufacturing wealth of the region is in the hands of Dissenters of one kind or other. What then are the results?

The Congregationalist 'churches' are 108, of which 30 are without a settled minister.

In 1857, the rectors and vicars were 134; perpetual curates 270; in all, 404 livings. Of these, probably, over 200 represent churches built and endowed within the last half century; and the number of parochial clergy can scarcely be less than 546. In other words, there must be about seven parochial clergymen in that diocese for each settled *Congregationalist* minister; and nearly twice as many churches must have been built and endowed since 1810, as there are Congregationalist chapels now actually existing, inclusive of those chapels which have been occupied for more than half a century.

We feel confident that few things would tend more speedily to diminish the fear which many gentlemen in a certain place appear to entertain of the Congregationalist body than the bringing to light the exact numerical strength of the latter as well as the actual amount of what they do; in *comparison* with what is done by Churchmen. To our former instances in this section we may add, that it is computed that in England and Wales 2,000 new churches have been built within the last twenty-five years; whereas the total number of *existing* Congregationalist meeting-houses in the same area is stated in the Year-Book as only 2,232. The average cost of one of these chapels is not more than £2,170 (in the Year-Book of 1860), and average number of sittings not over 681. For 1856 the figures were 710 sittings, and £2,885 average cost; and these figures are considerably in excess of what would be the average for the last twenty years.

And now a few words in conclusion on the duty of Churchmen at this crisis. The Apostle of the Gentiles did not scruple, when need arose, to speak frankly of his own efforts to save the Christians of a given church from the pecuniary burden which lawfully was theirs. Why should we have any scruple to

silence the adversaries by collecting statistics of the number of churches built and endowed in the several decades of the last half century, with the sums spent on these and on our schools? Why should we not strain every nerve to obtain exact numerical returns of the various bodies of Dissenters? 'He that doeth evil hateth the light' is a maxim which has seldom, of late, been so remarkably exemplified as it is in the conduct of our opponents. If they really believe themselves to be as numerous as they boast to be, what could be to them more satisfactory than to have the fact ascertained in a manner which would silence all cavils? What could serve their purpose better than that the census should report them individually? If they believe their numbers to be decreasing, what can be more unfair than to expect that those political concessions should be made to them now which they did not obtain when they were more numerous than they are? But if, on the other hand, they are aware that an exposure of their actual numerical strength would convict them of arrant boasting, and contradict the statements which they are accustomed to put forth, then surely they cannot even pretend they have the slightest regard for truth. At present, as the result of indefatigable exaggeration and close combination, they have secured a prominence in the public eye to which they are by no means entitled. With places of worship only one-sixth as numerous as ours (and one-fifth of them destitute of settled ministers), ministers scarcely a ninth, classical scholars among their ministers probably scarce one hundred and twentieth; with scarcely any instances of wealthy Congregationalists allowing their sons to occupy the slavish<sup>1</sup> and precarious position of a minister among them; with very little effort indeed to build chapels for neglected districts in which Dissenters do not already live; with chapels often in debt; the Congregationalists still are trying to make men believe that they are *nearly* as important a body as Churchmen, and that, *consequently*, the rights and the well-being of the Church of England ought to be sacrificed to their crotchet of Voluntaryism. *And this, too, though in the United States 1,000 out of the 2,300 'congregations' are without settled ministers.*

Let it be remembered, moreover, that concessions are never more dangerous than when offered to Democracies; and that the fundamental principle of Congregationalism is democratical. And what makes concessions the more mischievous in the

<sup>1</sup> The son of a late village Congregationalist preacher has told us that, though he broke off all connexion with the body in early life and afterwards graduated in one of our universities, it was not until he had been many years in Holy orders that he was able to shake off that restless apprehension of giving offence in trifles, which had been the bugbear of his home in childhood and boyhood.

present case is, that the Ecclesiastical Democracy believes itself to be founded upon revelations of Holy Scripture. The ordinary Congregationalist,—perhaps we might say, without any great danger of mistake, the ordinary Congregationalist minister—has never heard the arguments which Scripture affords in favour of the threefold order of the ministry, or of national Establishments, or never save in some accidental caricature; his habitual belief is that (as Mr. Bright said, on the question of Church-rates,) he has been studying the subject all his life, and we churchmen not at all. The meagre and childish subtleties of interpretation, by which even so able a man as Dr. Wardlaw advocated the Voluntary System, have been paraded before him until the passages appear to stand out prominently above the surface of Scripture: the argument that the word ‘bishop’ in the pastoral epistles signifies the second order of the ministry, appears to him conclusive against the existence of a superintending order. He is ready to imagine the theological learning of the clergyman to be very meagre and unsubstantial, and even unspiritual, if the latter is at all bewildered in listening to the puritanical idioms of Dissent; he believes that his system is scriptural; ours, wherever it differs from his, not simply un- but anti-scriptural: and it is not rational to expect him, whilst he remains under the influence of that belief, to meet concession by concession. Our concession confirms his convictions; our firm and bold maintenance of our own principles shakes his, if anything can shake them. We would illustrate this by two instances. In a certain district in the West of England there was living recently a very worthy elderly Dissenting lady, who had formed acquaintance with all the clergy in her neighbourhood, and was heard to say, that the only two clergymen who appeared to her to believe their own principles, were the two High-Church curates. On the other hand, in a certain parish, a Calvinistic conciliating régime brought more than one Dissenter to attend the Church services, so long *only* as these services and the administration of the parish were, as much as possible, divested of a Church character. But our readers will easily multiply instances for themselves: witness the success of the Church in such hostile spheres as the parish of Leeds; and the ovation of Dr. Hook’s friends on his removal to a more dignified, but not in his case, more honourable position. To meet Dissenters on *religious* platforms, is, in their eyes, to acknowledge the validity of their ordinations; and their natural inference is that a little more study and enlightenment would lead you to doubt the validity of your own. To deny their title to the name of ministers or churches, is indeed to provoke angry recrimination and charges of bigotry and intolerance, at which some men are too timid

not to quake ; but like every other honest proceeding, it issues in a simpler, and straighter, and easier progress subsequently. And with regard to the present struggle for and against Church Establishments, a bold front, an insisting upon having the Dissenters counted at the next census in the honest way as individuals,<sup>1</sup> and not by the fraudulent machinery of Sunday packed congregations, and united general action during the autumn, and for a few years more, will, under the Divine blessing, save our England from what would be a greater curse than anything which has hitherto fallen to her lot, viz., the severance of Church and State, accompanied by the confiscation of Church property. Only let Churchmen provide a measure of their own ; and let not the question of Church-rates be degraded into a movement for or against the government for the time being ; and, chiefly, let the emancipation of district from parish Churches in this matter be treated as paramount to the gratification of Dissenters. We remember an instance of a clique in a Debating Society threatening to absorb the management of all its affairs, until a private motion forced their numerical strength into prominence, and then the clique collapsed ; and we do not despair of the same result following awakened and energetic action on the part of the Church.

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<sup>1</sup> We are glad to observe, as the above is passing through the press, that the Premier, in receiving a deputation on the subject of denominational statistics in the forthcoming census of 1861, manifested a clear appreciation of the character of the opposition which is threatened by the Congregationalists, and expressed his opinion 'that no religious person could have any good reason for taking offence at it.' It is, indeed, rather too much to expect that the Government shall be forbidden to obtain *true* statistics of the relative numbers of religious bodies, in order that the Congregationalists may continue to argue on the basis of the *false* statistics evolved out of the last Sunday census. Nor can anything be more directly contrary to the facts than Mr. Heywood's opinion (June 6) that, for political purposes, the Church is better organized than Dissenters, and consequently enabled to make its voice heard with more effect. In any matter affecting the interests of their body, the organization of the Congregationalists has for years been so complete that they could, at a moment's notice, sweep the country for petitions from men, women, and children : whilst this is the first year of anything even approaching to general activity on the part of Churchmen.

- ART. V.—1. *Notes on Nursing.* By FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.  
 London: Harrison, Pall Mall.
2. *Notes on Hospitals.* By FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. London:  
 J. W. Parker and Son, West Strand.
3. *Care of the Sick.* By RICHARD BARWELL, F.R.C.S.  
 London: Chapman and Hall.

WITHIN these few years nursing has become a literary subject. It has risen to an art and has its professors. It is discussed in newspapers, treated as a prominent question of the day in pamphlets, invested with romance in novels. It has its written language, graced with a lucid style and pointed sentences. People find its details interesting: its topics are fresh and unhackneyed, and yet concern all the world. Here is positive information,—here is reason and argument on a subject of which the secrets in former times were guarded with jealous care, and passed from generation to generation, by oracular old women, to whom tradition and experience had taught the signs and tokens of disease, in its progress to recovery or death; the modes of treatment and the means of relief. Their calling was wrapped in mystery. They could neither tell, nor did they desire to learn, the grounds of their convictions, more precious to themselves and revered by others as instinct than as processes of reasoning. A certain connexion with the unseen spiritual world was unconsciously attributed to them, and perhaps felt by themselves. They saw a hand we could not see, and heard a voice we could not hear; and were guided by tokens of which they felt the significance without discerning or seeking to know the cause.

But all this has been changed of late. The historical age of nursing has set in. We have distinct intelligible data given us, of which we are imperiously called upon to make use. But positive information on every question of this nature—a question, that is, which always has been of paramount importance to mankind, but begins now to be regarded from a new point of view—is sure not to be unqualified gain. When the line is passed which separates mystery and vagueness from fact, and the mystery vanishes, we feel a loss; our imagination suffers a shock; our old dependences are shaken; we are driven to use our own judgment before we have any just ground for trusting it. We seem to have lost a support when we find what we once relied upon is not trustworthy. It appears that hitherto man has leant in his sickness on a broken reed; he has been the victim



of blunders; we are assured that ignorance and prejudice have too often, in our own times, almost under our eye, changed this benignant calling into a 'benevolent form of manslaughter,' and we are forced to the conclusion that in innumerable instances it has been so. And if the prestige of the old professional nurse, who, whatever her moral credit, was assumed to be mistress of a craft, is thus blown upon, sickness itself suffers analogous changes to our perception; it, too, loses its mystery. The modern well-instructed, reasoning, philosophical nurse acknowledges no such thing as the inevitable. It seems as if we could never be ill now without its being somebody's fault, so that we or some one could and should have prevented it. Even the universal epidemics of childhood, which we thought were in the course of nature to be submitted to, not struggled against, are asserted to come of man's sins against ventilation and drainage; when he does his duty in the matters of light and air and water, we are to hear no more of measles and whooping cough. We are imperatively called upon to exert ourselves to oppose these and greater evils by an efficacious resistance; which ought to be a cheering doctrine, but somehow these promises and assurances are anything but exhilarating; we cling with a certain regret to the resigned fatalism which has hitherto been accepted as the religious temper: possibly in our hearts thinking a life-long conflict with physical impurities, a life of scrutiny and morbid suspicions, a questionable exchange for the chance of taking our share in a passing epidemic, and being allowed in the interval to pursue our present habits and trains of thought undisturbed. We are not advocating apathy in the guise of resignation, which has been the world's mood long enough. We must bestir ourselves, and wash and slush and flush and ventilate with the active spirits of the age. But we don't know whether it makes pain and fever more welcome to know that they might, humanly speaking, have been prevented. It is a new demand on our patience, and makes true resignation a harder and therefore a more positive virtue.

One good result of the public and open discussion of what is technically called Hygiene—the theory and practice of health—whatever drawbacks our feelings suggest, is that men are led through it to think more than they perhaps have hitherto done of the state of sickness. The sick-room, to those not personally concerned as sufferers or attendants, is an unknown region to most of us. Considering the liability of all to physical suffering, the almost certainty that we must sooner or later endure it, it is wonderful how little most of us know of the conditions of ill health, of the mental and bodily changes that we may any day incur. Of death, and of what follows death, we are for wise

ends kept in ignorance; but of the state which precedes it we all might form some idea if we would, we all might approach some definite knowledge which might surely be turned to account when the time came. The contemplation of the ordinary mental state in severe sickness must be a salutary warning not to postpone important interests till then. Sickness, we might learn if we would, changes the mind and puts it in a different frame. Persons, we suspect, when they are ill do not find their thoughts and feelings in the state they would have expected them to be. Our temptations will be new ones. The imagination will alter its processes; our judgment will fail us; our temper will change; we shall infallibly betray weaknesses; the sense of proportion will be violently disturbed; we shall see nothing in the free open-air daylight of intercourse with others. All this is in its degree inevitable if long sickness and pain come to us as they come to the great majority; but how little do we think of this, how small a preparation do we make for the supreme trial. If we become acquainted with an individual case of sickness we set down its mental peculiarities to the idiosyncrasy of the patient, as though suffering betrayed his latent weaknesses alone, his private faults and singularities. We do not lay it to heart that we are probably liable to the same errors or failures of reason. We do not know that what surprises us in the sick man is not so much a revelation of what has always been hid in himself, as the result of new tests applied to our common nature. But we are no longer confined to our own limited experience. When those who see most of the sick have the intellect cultivated to reason upon what they see, and the power to record it, a fresh light is necessarily thrown upon the state. Not that in Miss Nightingale's instance she touches separately on the mental conditions of sickness, her concern being mainly with its bodily manifestations; but the two cannot be treated apart, and we have a picture in consequence conveying very distinct and vivid impressions, and raising sympathy, *i. e.* fellow-feeling, in the reader, which ought to be turned to good account both for ourselves and others.

The sick man under her treatment assumes a new character; he gains in consistency and completeness. We are accustomed to view him as certainly unfortunate and suffering, but likewise the prey to a great many fancies which he could get the better of if he would. We do not allow that more than half his troubles are inevitable; the other half are chimeras, the offspring of a diseased imagination: they are whims which our good nature is taxed to fall in with. If he has his doctor and his physic, and his comfortable bed and his nurse, he ought, we think, to appreciate these blessings more, and to show a clearer

sense of our benevolence in devoting ourselves to his relief and entertainment. We don't quite believe in his languor and apathy as features of disease; there is a touch of ungraciousness and temper in them. He ought to exert himself more. Most of us know in some fainter degree the feeling professed and coolly analysed by the author of 'Eothen' towards his companion in trouble who fell ill so inopportunistly.

'Before we reached Adrianople, Methley had been seized with we knew not what ailment, and when we had taken up our quarters in the city, he was cast to the very earth by sickness. . . . So now (whether dying or not, one could hardly tell), upon a quilt stretched out along the floor, there lay the best hope of an ancient line, without the material aids to comfort of even the humblest sort, and (sad to say) without the consolation of a friend, or even a comrade worth having. I have a notion that tenderness and pity are affections occasioned in some measure by living within doors; certainly, at the time I speak of, the open-air life which I had been leading, or the wayfaring hardships of the journey, had so strangely blunted me, that I felt intolerant of illness, looked down upon my companion, as if the poor fellow in falling ill had betrayed a want of spirit. I entertained, too, a most absurd idea—an idea that his illness was partly affected. You see that I have made a confession: this I hope—that I may always hereafter look charitably upon the harsh, savage acts of peasants, and the cruelties of a "brutal" soldiery. God knows that I strived to melt myself into common charity, and to put on a gentleness which I could not feel, but this attempt did not cheat the keenness of the sufferer, he could not have felt the less deserted because I was with him.'—*Eothen*.

Now the reader of modern sanitary statistics can hardly have the face to disbelieve the reality or extent of anybody's illness. We find in them so many excellent reasons, in the mismanagement, blundering ignorance, and general selfishness of mankind, for people being ill, that it argues something of insensibility, something coarse and illogical, to keep up a comfortable show of health in an atmosphere and habits of living in which persons have no right to do anything but suffer. What excuse have we for being well, we are brought to feel, in the near neighbourhood of sewers, in rooms ventilated on the most unsound principles—where every attempt to change the air only brings a subtler poison to our lungs—where our spare rooms are haunted by infection, and fevers exhale from our dingy 'saturated' paper hangings—where every snug expedient of comfort, our carpets, our curtains, our 'well-aired' beds, our close-fitting carpentry, are all so many arrows from Death's quiver? The sick man who resents these vile expedients by suffering under them, is surely the more consistent and reasonable person. We do not know a keener satire anywhere than Miss Nightingale's strictures on the habits and practices of the 'well,' as she superciliously denominates that portion of mankind who persist in these deleterious practices, and have not yet succumbed under their malign influence. The ailments we guard against are so slight

to her, our fears so chimerical; while her clear foresight and practised senses prophesy from our 'above-mentioned dirty circumstances,' i.e. the ordinary conditions of a London house, a *Gehenna* of undreamt-of pains and deaths lurking where we least expect them. What a fine tragical significance is given, for instance, to one feature of every house; to what, if we think of it at all, we have all along assumed to be an indispensable condition of the civilized, dining world—the sink in the back kitchen. What force of language defines, what strength of comparisons, what ghastly terrors are made to surround this vulgar and ordinary fixture.

'The ordinary oblong sink is an abomination. That great surface of stone, which is always left wet, is always exhaling into the air. I have known whole houses and hospitals smell of the sink. I have met just as strong a stream of sewer air coming up the back staircase of a grand London house from the sink, as I have ever met at Scutari; and I have seen the rooms in that house all ventilated by the open doors, and the passages all unventilated by the closed windows, in order that as much of the sewer air as possible might be conducted into and retained in the bed-rooms. It is wonderful'—*Notes on Nursing*, pp. 15, 16.

We are all so accustomed to think this class of strictures belongs to the poor, we are so used to associate them with courts and blind alleys, that the bold onslaught of this dauntless lady on the polite world takes us by surprise. She makes no distinction between rich and poor—all are alike ignorant to her superior discernment. There is an unsparing, unflinching enforcing upon us the weaknesses and infirmities of our organization, the original sin of our physical nature, often constituting ourselves our worst company, which must make many of her readers wince; our emanations, our breath, all to be guarded against by a rigid, self-accusing cleanliness. She plainly tells fine gentlemen and ladies, that they share the common doom; nothing but personal watchfulness, such as we decidedly prefer delegating to housemaids, can make us pass muster before her fine, but impartial sense. If we want to be clean in ourselves, and in our houses, there are no immunities—we must work for this prime blessing, and keep up a vigilant watch which will oppress many an imagination, and lie a burden on many a conscience. Before we proceed to her main topic, let us read and ponder over her warnings to ourselves, the people who have decent houses and servants, and who naturally think of ourselves as a race apart, exempt from the possibility of so vulgar a charge as uncleanness, and whose sole concern it is, if we give our minds to sanitary subjects at all, to enforce their rules on our 'poorer neighbours.'

'And now, you think these things trifles, or at least exaggerated. But what you "think" or what I "think" matters little. Let us see what God thinks of them. God always justifies His ways. While we are thinking,

He has been teaching. I have known cases of hospital pyæmia quite as severe in handsome private houses as in any of the worst hospitals, and from the same cause, viz. foul air. Yet nobody learnt the lesson. Nobody learnt *anything* at all from it. They went on *thinking*—thinking that the sufferer had scratched his thumb, or that it was singular that “all the servants” had “whitlows,” or that something was “much about this year; there is always sickness in our house.” This is a favourite mode of thought—leading *not* to inquire what is the uniform cause of these general “whitlows,” but to stifle all inquiry. In what sense is “sickness” being “always there,” a justification of its being “there” at all?

‘I will tell you what was the cause of this hospital pyæmia being in that large private house. It was that the sewer air from an ill-placed sink was carefully conducted into all the rooms by sedulously opening all the doors, and closing all the passage windows. It was that the slops were emptied into the foot-pans;—it was that the utensils were never properly rinsed;—it was that the chamber crockery was rinsed with dirty water;—it was that the beds were never properly shaken, aired, picked to pieces, or changed. It was that the carpets and curtains were always musty;—it was that the furniture was always dusty;—it was that the papered walls were saturated with dirt;—it was that the floors were never cleaned;—it was that the uninhabited rooms were never sunned, or cleaned, or aired;—it was that the cupboards were always reservoirs of foul air;—it was that the windows were always tight shut up at night;—it was that no window was ever systematically opened, even in the day, or that the right window was not opened. A person gasping for air might open a window for himself. But the servants were not taught to open the windows, to shut the doors; or they opened the windows upon a dank well, between high walls, not upon the airier court; or they opened the room doors into the unaired halls and passages, by way of airing the rooms. Now all this is not fancy, but fact. In that handsome house I have known in one summer three cases of hospital pyæmia, one of phlebitis, two of consumptive cough: all the *immediate* products of foul air. When, in temperate climates, a house is more unhealthy in summer than in winter, it is a certain sign of something wrong. Yet nobody learns the lesson. Yes, God always justifies His ways. He is teaching while you are not learning. This poor body loses his finger, that one loses his life. And all from the most easily preventable causes.

‘The houses of the grandmothers and great-grandmothers of this generation, at least the country houses, with front door and back door always standing open, winter and summer, and a thorough draught always blowing through—with all the scrubbing and cleaning and polishing and scouring which used to go on, the grandmothers, and still more the great-grandmothers, always out of doors, and never with a bonnet on except to go to church, these things entirely account for the fact so often seen of a great-grandmother who was a tower of physical vigour descending into a grandmother perhaps a little less vigorous but still sound as a bell and healthy to the core, into a mother languid and confined to her carriage and house, and lastly into a daughter confined to her bed. For, remember, even with a general decrease of mortality you may often find a race thus degenerating, and still offener a family. You may see poor little feeble washed-out rags, children of a noble stock, suffering morally and physically, throughout their useless, degenerate lives, and yet people who are going to marry, and to bring more such into the world, will consult nothing but their own convenience as to where they are to live, or how they are to live.’  
—*Ibid.* pp. 17—19.

This is good forcible writing, though of the sternest sort: but

there is that in Cleanliness which makes its more distinguished professors—from the housewife, with her immaculate hearthstone and polished cupboards, to the inspired priestess of its mysteries—formidable, and not to be approached without propitiatory rites, which for our part we are willing to offer to every votary, so sincerely do we believe that external cleanliness is a type and a sign of that which is within. Miss Nightingale's experience has been of a sort to teach her its value as a power, to endow her with a faith in its sublime efficacy as a cure of the physical evils of humanity, to constitute her its poet and apostle. We see the actuating motive in her case was not only tenderness and pity for human suffering, not only a vocation to give herself up to healing and relief, but a love of purity, and a sense of antagonism and mortal defiance to dirt and physical degradation. Like some knight of old, and in the same spirit, she assailed the dragon of filth and contamination in his strongest holds, and came off the stainless conqueror. While war was slaying his thousands, this monster destroyed his ten thousands in our camps and hospitals, till she came with the resolution to do or die, as she would say :

'Here comes my mortal enemy,  
And either he must fall in fight, or I.'

And the monster was subdued, and his Augean stable cleansed. Some people, having lived for two years in the hospitals of Scutari and Balaclava, would think every other scene pure by comparison; but this is not the temper of the real observer. She, watching the long agony of our army, dying at the rate of three hundred per cent. per annum, traced the horrible mortality to its causes, and reasoned with herself that wherever the causes exist in any degree there must be needless mortality. Disgust died within her in the scientific investigation; things the most revolting were measured by their powers of doing mischief to man; and the dead horse and six dead dogs which she counted at one time under a single ward-window at Scutari, simply gave a forcible lesson on the evil of all organic matter in a state of decay: that is, she learnt to realize the poison that lurks in every form of corruption, not to see its especial malignity in these repulsive forms. Thus, a spirit of the nicest, exactest, most fastidious cleanliness rose out of the contemplation of these opposites. Every grain of dust, every speck of 'organic matter' brought in from the street by our boots, is regarded as an element of infection, as an atom of that monstrous evil by which she had seen men die by thousands; and the lady who has lived years in contending with these unspeakable horrors is the one to instruct our housemaids in the art of dusting, as though our health depended on her efficiency. In these pernicious atoms,



in stagnant air, or air loaded with emanations which ventilation could remove and cleanliness prevent, lie all she will acknowledge of infection. All the mysteriousness of this subject is rejected by her as superstition, as too often a cruel superstition leading to selfishness in the 'well' and neglect of the sick. 'True nursing,' as she says, 'ignores infection, except to prevent it. Cleanliness and fresh air from open windows, with unremitting attention to the patient, are the only defence a true nurse either asks or needs.' The argument is that there is no such thing as *inevitable* infection, and no such thing as contagion at all—that both are spectres to be laid before anything effectual can be done. She ridicules the notion of 'catching' complaints, it is only like causes producing like results.

'The idea of "contagion," as explaining the spread of disease, appears to have been adopted at a time when, from the neglect of sanitary arrangements, epidemics attacked whole masses of people, and when men had ceased to consider that nature had any laws for her guidance. Beginning with the poets and historians, the word finally made its way into medical nomenclature, where it has remained ever since, affording to certain classes of minds, chiefly in the southern and less educated parts of Europe, a satisfactory explanation for pestilence and an adequate excuse for non-exertion to prevent its recurrence.'—*Notes on Hospitals*, pp. 5, 6.

She believes vicious air generates distinct diseases.

'I was brought up, both by scientific men and ignorant women, distinctly to believe that small-pox, for instance, was a thing of which there was once a first specimen in the world, which went on propagating itself, in a perpetual chain of descent, just as much as that there was a first dog (or a first pair of dogs), and that small-pox would not begin itself any more than a new dog would begin without there having been a parent dog.

'Since then I have seen with my eyes and smelt with my nose small-pox growing up in first specimens, either in close rooms or in overcrowded wards, where it could not by any possibility have been "caught," but must have begun.

'Nay, more, I have seen diseases begin, grow up, and pass into one another. Now dogs do not pass into cats.

'I have seen, for instance, with a little overcrowding, continued fever grow up; and with a little more, typhoid fever; and with a little more, typhus, and all in the same ward or hut.'—*Notes on Nursing*, p. 19.

We are not here entering upon the question on which all sides and all opinions have so much to say for themselves, but Miss Nightingale's fearless temper, large experience, and extraordinary keenness of observation make her an important witness on the question. Practically we all believe that where most attention is paid to sanitary laws, there we shall hear least of either contagion or infection, and that they are bugbears which constantly stand between charity and its object.

The value of Miss Nightingale's 'Notes' is not confined to the sick room, nor to nursing in its more extended sense, for nursing

proper does not fall into the way of the majority of her readers. Though avowedly technical and professional, though confining herself strictly to the matter in hand, and divesting her subject of all sentimental aids, there is yet such point, spirit, originality, and good sense, enhanced not seldom by a touch of grim humour, in her pages, that her work is a thoroughly entertaining one. No one can take up 'Notes on Nursing,' or even the more formal 'Notes on Hospitals,' without feeling an influence, having his thoughts vividly turned in a new channel, and being led on from topic to topic with a conscious extension of information, which at the time at least he intends to put to some practical use. All who visit the poor—and no one who has the time and opportunity is exempt from the duty—will benefit by having her rules imprinted on their mind; of course we have all of us known much of it before, but cause and effect are brought closer together by her way of putting it—she tells us what 'her eyes have seen and her nose has smelt,' and what came of it all. She arms us with an authority, with a *name* which the poorest and the most ignorant know and love. She puts our convictions into maxims which can be repeated, and which may give force to our feebler remonstrances.

'Once ensure that the air of a house is stagnant, illness is 'sure to follow.' Every one's own experience must verify this; and yet how hopeless the task seems of convincing the poor of it. It is one of the things they will not believe, or believe it only as men believe the Bible, without acting on it. Houses built back to back, without the possibility of a thorough draught, can always get and *keep* tenants; of course one reason of this is the rent always a little behindhand—and the rent of unhealthy houses never is paid up; for living in an unwholesome atmosphere entails a running expense in loss of time, and in extra food and fuel. But it is not only the rent: time generates a certain dull attachment to a locality with nothing to recommend it, and though associated with constant suffering, headache, sickness, languor, slow fever, obstinate sores. Perhaps even because people have suffered all these, painful memories fasten them year by year closer to the old haunts, till there is a gloomy satisfaction in counting up the funerals which have left the threshold—the one only exit and entrance—each one leaving behind a new tie to the fatal spot. Or perhaps the father of the family, out all day in the fresh air, naturally robust, and living better than his children, keeps tolerably strong, and it is hard to persuade him that where he can eat, and drink, and sleep very much to his satisfaction, there should lurk a poison by which his children languish, droop, and die; for how few unless very plainly dealt with can get

much beyond their own experience in matters of health ; what suits them, what agrees with them, is with most, too many at least, the rule for those under their control.

In 'good times' it is this matter of fresh air, of well-ventilated houses, which makes the difference of health between rich and poor. In other respects the youth of the poor have often the advantage over the rich : it contributes to health to rise every morning with something definite to do, and to feel every evening that it has been done : they are exempt from the whole class of nervous, listless ailments. But as a fact, with greater physical strength, they suffer more—they have more uneasiness, more aches and pains, more constant sensation. In towns this can be most easily tested on women and children ; for if children are the most delicate test, young women are the next. We are not disposed to attribute this inequality at all mainly to the particular labour of manufactories, constant care is taken with the ventilation of a creditable mill—there is continual change of air, too warm perhaps, but not impure. We believe it is far healthier for the women of the class we speak of, to work in a manufactory than to be employed in any other occupation except domestic service. Sitting day after day in a small, ill-aired room, is in the long run death to the average of constitutions, as returning from work to the close house and stifling bedroom causes constant suffering to the more delicate members of each family, which no one will realize enough to take any effectual steps to prevent. And perhaps the mill is at fault here in tendering the skin, and so exciting a prejudice against open windows. Take a party of these young people for an evening into your drawing-room, and you will find them chilled and shivering in an air abundantly warm to the usual occupants.

Another and perhaps less acknowledged requirement for the preservation of health, on which Miss Nightingale insists, and which the district visitor, as well as all who are in any way concerned with the dwellings of the poor, would do well to enforce, is the necessity of light to health and vigour. She would flood houses, schools, hospitals, workhouses, with light and sunshine. Both are indispensable to health, growth, and vigour, both are craved after in sickness, and are amongst her best remedies. On this point, Miss Nightingale grounds her opinion on her own observation, and is not afraid to trust herself in opposition to some fashionable members of the faculty.

'Now let us see how light is treated by some popular physicians and ignorant nurses. In nine cases out of ten, a physician will draw down the window-blinds, and half shut the shutters, while an ignorant nurse will probably shut the remainder of the shutters—especially if it be a bright day—and draw the bed-curtains. We have the positive testimony of a

well-known London physician, given in his report to the Netley committee, that whenever he enters a sick-room, he takes care that the bed shall be so placed that the patient shall be turned away from the light. After this, we cannot blame army medical officers for not knowing much about the matter. An acquaintance of ours one day passing a barrack, saw the windows on the sunny side boarded up in a fashion peculiar to prisons and penitentiaries. He said to a friend who accompanied him, "I was not aware that you had a penitentiary in this neighbourhood." "Oh!" said he, "it is not a penitentiary—it is a military hospital. There is a great horror of light on the part of certain army medical men. I suppose," he added, "the medical officers are afraid the light will alter the shape of the men." Not a few civil surgeons, also, treat light as if it were an enemy.

'In the teeth of all these popular fallacies, we assert that every sick ward should be capable of being flooded by sunlight; and consequently, that the windows should bear a large proportion to the wall-space in all hospitals. Experience appears to prove that window-space should not be in a much less proportion to wall-space of an hospital than one to two.'—*Notes on Hospitals*, p. 100.

In defiance of nurses and doctors, she says:—

'It is the unqualified result of all my experience with the sick, that second only to their need of fresh air is their need of light; that, after a close room, what hurts them most is a dark room. And that it is not only light, but direct sun-light they want. I had rather have the power of carrying my patient about after the sun, according to the aspect of the rooms, if circumstances permit, than let him linger in a room when the sun is off. People think the effect is upon the spirits only. This is by no means the case. The sun is not only a painter, but a sculptor. You admit that he does the photograph. Without going into any scientific exposition, we must admit that light has quite as real and tangible effects upon the human body. But this is not all. Who has not observed the purifying effect of light, and especially of direct sun-light, upon the air of a room? Here is an observation within everybody's experience. Go into a room where the shutters are always shut (in a sick-room or a bed-room there should never be shutters shut), and though the room be uninhabited, though the air has never been polluted by the breathing of human beings, you will observe a close, musty smell of corrupt air, of air, *i. e.* unpurified by the effect of the sun's rays. The mustiness of dark rooms and corners, indeed, is proverbial. The cheerfulness of a room, the usefulness of light in treating disease, is all-important.'—*Notes on Nursing*, pp. 47, 48.

It is her observation that patients turn to the light. We believe that experiences would differ in this respect; at least individual invalids do; but here is hers:—

'It is a curious thing to observe how almost all patients lie with their faces turned to the light, exactly as plants always make their way towards the light; a patient will even complain that it gives him pain "lying on that side." "Then why do you lie on that side?" He does not know,—but we do. It is because it is the side towards the window. A fashionable physician has recently published in a Government report that he always turns his patients' faces from the light. Yes, but Nature is stronger than fashionable physicians, and depend upon it she turns the faces back and towards such light as she can get. Walk through the wards of a hospital, remember the bedsides of private patients you have seen, and count how many sick you ever saw lying with their faces towards the wall.'—*Ibid.* p. 49.

Miss Nightingale, though a reformer, not to say a discoverer, in

her own branch of science, is no contemner of the wisdom of our ancestors. The epithets *good* and *old-fashioned* not unseldom meet together. She has an antipathy to modern warming expedients, nothing but open fireplaces satisfy her notions of pure air and a refreshing atmosphere.

'Our grandfathers' lofty fireplaces are the greatest loss in modern house architecture. The little low fireplaces of this date bring the best current of air below the stratum in which we are breathing. With our system, to breathe the best air we must not be more than six years old, or we must lie down.'—*Notes on Hospitals*, p. 64.

Then our grandmothers and great-grandmothers were not so afraid of a current of air, and, she says, set the front and back doors of their country houses open winter and summer to secure this essential. We have allusions in more modern times to the good 'old-fashioned hospital sister' as securing the utmost perfection of surgical nursing; and it is clear that the housemaid of our own day has not her confidence, though this is to be attributed to the neglect of modern fine ladies to the duty of vigilant supervision of every hole and corner of their houses. Until they do this, until the more active of her sex fulfil, with a minuteness which modern habits do not encourage, the old-fashioned expectations from them, she is not disposed to find employment for what she has seen described as 'woman's particular worth and general missionariness.'

She even suspects that the faculty of observing, without which a nurse is nothing, is on the decline, and evidently considers that the enthusiasm of our own time is a poor equivalent for the education in this faculty, which has hitherto been deemed essential.

'It seems a commonly received idea among men and even among women themselves that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust or incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse.

'This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was "past keeping the pigs."

'Apply the above receipt for making a good nurse to making a good servant. And the receipt will be found to fail.

'Yet popular novelists of recent days have invented ladies disappointed in love or fresh out of the drawing-room turning into the war-hospitals to find their wounded lovers, and when found, forthwith abandoning their sick-ward for their lover, as might be expected. Yet in the estimation of the authors, these ladies were none the worse for that, but on the contrary were heroines of nursing.

'What cruel mistakes are sometimes made by benevolent men and women in matters of business about which they can know nothing and think they know a great deal.

'The everyday management of a large ward, let alone of a hospital—the knowing what are the laws of life and death for men, and what the laws of health for wards—(and wards are healthy or unhealthy, mainly according to the knowledge or ignorance of the nurse)—are not these matters of

sufficient importance and difficulty to require learning by experience and careful inquiry, just as much as any other art? They do not come by inspiration to the lady disappointed in love, nor to the poor workhouse drudge hard up for a livelihood.

'And terrible is the injury which has followed to the sick from such wild notions!'—*Notes on Nursing*, p. 75.

It is this faculty of observation on which, after a fitting training, she rests all a nurse's value. After having learnt the theory of ventilation, and warming, and the art of invalid cookery, which with Miss Nightingale is a most important one, there follows the demand for a constant watchfulness in their application, a sleepless vigilance, in securing the patient from any remission of care, so that every want should be anticipated, every change noted. Such a nurse as Miss Nightingale pictures is a sort of minor and second providence—so strong, so compassionate, so quick-sighted, so far-seeing. We suppose that no office or duty that man finds to do, but in its definition implies every natural and Christian grace; but after reading these 'Notes' we are quite ready to acquiesce in Miss Nightingale's dictum, that the loss of a well-trained nurse is a greater loss to the nation than that of a good soldier. Money 'cannot replace' either, but a good nurse is more difficult to find than a good 'soldier.' We learn that a good nurse implies heart and head at the full stretch of their powers, an exact balance of reason and feeling, unselfishness without reckless self-sacrifice. It implies warm tempered sympathy, cool discretion, senses always alive and at work, and yet content to forego their natural indulgence,—working, that is, in the service of others, not of self;—a vigorous intellect taxing its powers for the benefit of its charge, yet without a chance of display, and submitting to mean and uncongenial employments; a sense of individual responsibility, with an entire freedom from jealousy; a perpetual exercise of authority, with habits of implicit obedience and acquiescence in a subordinate place; moral courage to stand out against the world, regulated by a temperate common sense, content to occupy itself on what seem trifles. Miss Nightingale never says so, and uniformly shows profound respect for the medical faculty; but we cannot read her book without being persuaded that good nursing involves at least three parts out of four of the art of healing. Her requirements are so high that we cannot help sometimes thinking her a little severe on those who fall short of them; but it is well to have a high standard, and every woman reading these principles and instructions, must feel that the one undisputed sphere for her energies, the scene where all the world allows her to be paramount and important, gains in dignity and elevation under such handling—that here is an employment, which, whenever it falls



to her lot, will leave none of her gifts unemployed, but will quicken and invigorate them all. The portrait of the professional nurse embodies the indispensable qualities needed for her calling.

‘And remember, every nurse should be one who is to be depended upon, in other words, capable of being a “confidential” nurse. She does not know how soon she may find herself placed in such a situation; she must be no gossip, no vain talker; she should never answer questions about her sick except to those who have a right to ask them; she must, I need not say, be strictly sober and honest; but more than this, she must be a religious and devoted woman; she must have a respect for her own calling, because God’s precious gift of life is often literally placed in her hands; she must be a sound, and close, and quick observer; and she must be a woman of delicate and decent feeling.’—*Ibid.* pp. 70, 71.

We are glad to find one testimony to human nature in the midst of all Miss Nightingale’s strictures on human folly; she gives it as her opinion, which is backed by our own, that ‘wilful unkindness to the sick is rare;’ this is something after the nurses which the pages of fiction have given us, though carelessness and stupidity may effect all the mischief of unkindness. Here again her remarks are calculated to affect the general tone of feeling towards the sick. As we have already said, all people either have known sickness or may expect to know it. If, therefore, we are scolded when we are well, it is some comfort that we find ourselves understood, justified, defended, when we are ill. Here is a reconciliation of our fancies and ‘nervous whims,’ with the needs of our physical nature under abnormal conditions. It is proved that pleasant things are often necessary things. We have an advocate not only with the world but with ourselves. We have it explained to us why tiresome, ignorant people irritate us—it is because they are literally destroying us; why blundering kindness excites no gratitude—it is because it not only enhances our present sufferings more than we were aware, but retards our return to health. She pleads for the sick with a sort of concentrated charity; so stern to the rest of the world, her indulgence here is unbounded: she wonders at their forbearance, at their patience, at their submission; it is the tenderness of the mother for her child, and for much the same reasons, for sickness reduces us to the condition of infancy, and we are as dependent on our nurse as the infant on its mother. The real patient towards whom her heart yearns is precisely in that helpless stage, needing an interpreter and defender; too prostrate to look after his own interests, and letting all go by default, too languid to observe, too shy to talk of his ailments. Even when he is fretful, we are not allowed to judge him.

‘I think it is a very common error among the well to think that “with a little more self-control” the sick might, if they choose “dismiss painful

thoughts" which "aggravate their disease," &c. Believe me, almost any sick person, who behaves decently well, exercises more self-control every moment of his day than you will ever know till you are sick yourself. Almost every step that crosses his room is painful to him; almost every thought that crosses his brain is painful to him; and if he can speak without being savage, and look without being unpleasant, he is exercising self-control.—*Ibid.* p. 35.

If he is fastidious and fanciful, he has good grounds; ten to one his attendants creak, and rustle, and fidget, and wear crinoline.

'All doctrines about mysterious affinities and aversions will be found to resolve themselves very much, if not entirely, into presence or absence of care in these things.

'A nurse who rustles (I am speaking of nurses professional and unprofessional) is the horror of a patient, though perhaps he does not know why.

'The fidget of silk and of crinoline, the rattling of keys, the creaking of stays and of shoes, will do a patient more harm than all the medicines in the world will do him good.'—*Ibid.* p. 27.

And then follows this general remark on modern female costume:—

'The noiseless step of woman, the noiseless drapery of woman, are mere figures of speech in this day. Her skirts (and well if they do not throw down some piece of furniture) will at least brush against every article in the room as she moves.'—*Ibid.* p. 27.

If invalids are charged, as they often are, with making the worst of themselves to excite a sensation, or unmerited compassion, she accounts for suspicious appearances, and turns these into a charge against their accusers; for if people will be so inconsiderate as to tax excessive languor when it most needs consideration, of course the patient will from instinct, and in perfect innocence, do things on the sly. Her sympathy with her patients on the question of noise will excite the gratitude of many an irritable though supposed healthy subject. What noises are tolerable and what intolerable are detailed with a sensitive consciousness, and we perceive that the intolerable noises all resolve themselves into want of tact or consideration; they proceed in almost every instance from causes which a wise nurse, who knows what it is to be in charge, could and would have prevented.

'Why you should let your patient ever be surprised, except by thieves, I do not know.' The nurse is a sentry at her post, guarding the poor patient's 'flurry and nervousness' from needless shocks. What is she for but to spare him every necessity for thought, every avoidable effort, to protect him from every source of irritation? The noise that hurts him, we are told, is that which creates expectation. Whispering in his presence or outside his door, or an ostentatious stealthiness of movement, will do him more harm than building operations next door that

in no degree concern himself. We have observed ourselves, that people often act as if sickness changed the nature and all the mind's habits. When people are well we never carry on a conversation about them in their presence; when they are ill, and probably full of vague fears about themselves, it is common to carry on a whispered talk in their presence, too low to be heard, too high to escape notice. There is a common delusion that sickness restores men to the unconscious state of infants, who, so long as we do not assault the senses, are indifferent to our treatment of them.

Bearing on this subject is rather a remarkable warning against 'interruptions.' Acute sympathy, and probably a natural delicacy of organization, has given this form of disturbance a substance and body to our authoress. Here is the pathology of interruption:—

'This brings us to another caution. Never speak to an invalid from behind, nor from the door, nor from any distance from him, nor when he is doing anything.

'The official politeness of servants in these things is so grateful to invalids, that many prefer, without knowing why, having none but servants about them.

'These things are not fancy. If we consider that, withsick as with well, every thought decomposes some nervous matter,—that decomposition as well as re-composition of nervous matter is always going on, and more quickly with the sick than with the well,—that, to obtrude abruptly another thought upon the brain while it is in the act of destroying nervous matter by thinking, is calling upon it to make a new exertion,—if we consider these things, which are facts, not fancies, we shall remember that we are doing positive injury by interrupting, by "startling a fanciful" person, as it is called. Alas! it is no fancy.'—*Ibid.* p. 28.

And further we find—

'This rule, indeed, applies to the well quite as much as to the sick. I have never known persons who exposed themselves for years to constant interruption who did not muddle away their intellects by it at last. The process with them may be accomplished without pain. With the sick, pain gives warning of the injury.'—*Ibid.* p. 29.

It becomes important to know what it is that constitutes 'interruption' of this dangerous nature, which we are all liable to as much as the sick. Most of us are subject to sudden breaks upon our train of thought; sudden compulsory changes of ideas, compulsory detention of the mind from its habitual mode of working. Collisions with uncongenial minds are of this character. The 'bore' is the acknowledged inflictor of this torture; he takes possession of our mind, and compels it to a writhing and unwilling attention. An impatience under the infliction meets here with a moral justification. The dull plodding talker, intent upon his own views, his own experiences, his own good deeds, who fascinates us with his eye, and forbids the mind to creep

back to the desired reverie; the restless spirit that surrounds itself with a whirl, and draws us against our will into the vortex, so that we are afflicted with a nostalgia for rest and quietness, some breathing-place for repose of spirit—these, it seems, are inflicting a positive injury—they would kill us if they had their will on us. They are destroying our nervous matter; we can't make fresh fast enough for the enormous, cruel demand. People who are patient under these trials, who listen, who endure, who excite our admiration, perhaps our gratitude, by bearing our burden, are surely making a mistake. Are they muddling away their intellect? We think the question demands careful handling, or selfishness may find its profit in the doctrine. Nevertheless there are people who justify the theory, who suffer in a visible bodily way from these aggressions, and they often the most earnest thinkers, persons capable of devoting their lives to one pursuit, possessing extraordinary powers of maintaining one train of thought, and victims in a corresponding degree to any sudden or violent detention from it. Miss Nightingale speaks no doubt what she has felt, as well as what she has observed.

Her rules would reform society in many similar points. 'To possess yourself entirely will ensure you from either failing—either loitering or hurrying.' 'People who think outside their heads, the whole process of whose thoughts appears, like Homer's, in the act of secretion, who tell everything that led them towards this conclusion and away from that, ought never to be with the sick.'

But nowhere, we think, do 'the well'—humanity in careless, reckless vigour—receive such a snub as in the chapter on chattering hopes and fears. Every person in strong health, full of business and engagements, whose duty or feeling leads him to visit the sick, must know the difficulty of the task; the difficulty, the too frequently unavailing effort, it costs him to place himself at once in a state of sympathy with the sufferer. Passing from the noise of streets, the stir of interests, the tumult of pleasure and business, into the silence, the monotony, the anchorite seclusion of the sick-room, the change is too great, the circumstances too unfamiliar for him to adapt himself to them on the spot. We often feel for the young curate, who perhaps scarcely knows what pain is, who never stood by the bed of sickness or looked on death, when he first finds himself face to face with these terrors, and is expected to do something to alleviate them. All people who visit the poor in illness are in the same position, till either a sympathy is created which dictates the right course of action, or habit supplies a formula; but till then how hard to know what to say, how hard to put themselves in the patient's situation, how impossible to know what

is the aspect of things to him. We are ashamed of the contrast of our sunshine and his gloom; the first blundering impulse with many is to ignore the vast difference of position, and treat it lightly; we are abashed at our prosperity in face of his long pain and blank prospects, we try to think things are better than they seem, we give him the benefit of our wildest hopes and all the extremes of our ignorance, and ten to one we talk nonsense and untruth. This the discerning, watchful nurse, following every thought; whose nerves wince and whose pulse beats with her patient, indignant when his feelings are misunderstood, has noted often and often, and now tells the world of its sins.

"Chattering Hopes" may seem an odd heading. But I really believe there is scarcely a greater worry which invalids have to endure than the incurable hopes of their friends. There is no one practice against which I can speak more strongly from actual personal experience, wide and long, of its effects during sickness observed both upon others and upon myself. I would appeal most seriously to all friends, visitors, and attendants of the sick to leave off this practice of attempting to "cheer" the sick by making light of their danger and by exaggerating their probabilities of recovery.—*Ibid.* p. 54.

No doubt on the near approach of death it must seem frivolous to the sick man to hear his friends talk of recovery; but in less imminent states we cannot quite believe that sickness so alters the whole man that those who enjoyed a little triviality in health are reformed to the extent of desiring only reason and good sense when their constitution is disordered.

It is impossible, however, not to feel a twinge of consciousness at some of her examples of impertinent thoughtlessness in the guise of cheerful encouragement; though the following appeals more to the experience than the conscience of the sober reader. This is really the way some people 'chatter.'

'I have heard a doctor condemned whose patient did not, alas! recover, because another doctor's patient of a *different* sex, of a *different* age, recovered from a *different* disease, in a *different* place. Yes, this is really true. If people who make these comparisons did but know (only they do not care to know) the care and preciseness with which such comparisons require to be made (and are made), in order to be of any value whatever, they would spare their tongues.'—*Ibid.* p. 55.

It is all the result of a wilful ignorance of the true state of things, that will not allow there is danger because it is an embarrassing subject to enter upon. Miss Nightingale's experience is that the sick know their own danger oftener than their friends suppose, who overwhelm them with a false strain of hope and consolation. Many people are said to die unexpectedly, when it is only that those nearest do not observe; 'there was every reason to expect he would die, and he knew it; but he

'found it useless to insist upon his own knowledge to his friends.'

Her experience has led Miss Nightingale to take a low view of the veracity of mankind. No person can take less for granted anything that she hears or reads. Witness her estimate of the popular science of biography, which she deliberately classes amongst 'fictions.' In speaking of the degree in which persons attacked with acute disease think of death—

'In these remarks I am alluding neither to acute cases which terminate rapidly nor to "nervous" cases.

'By the first much interest in their own danger is very rarely felt. In writings of fiction, whether novels or biographies, these death-beds are generally depicted as almost seraphic in lucidity of intelligence. Sadly large has been my experience in death-beds, and I can only say that I have seldom or never seen such. Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state.'—*Ibid.* p. 56.

No doubt there is a tendency not alone to exaggerate, but also to report only the favourable side in biography: but the class whose lives are written are assumed to be superior in mind and character to others. Their case is exceptional, and their conduct exceptional; and Miss Nightingale's public experience may not have led her to such cases. In long chronic cases of suffering she speaks feelingly of the calm preparation for death, while her soul revolts at the frivolities to which these elect spirits are subject—

'To me these commonplaces, leaving their smear upon the cheerful, single-hearted, constant devotion to duty, which is so often seen in the decline of such sufferers, recall the slimy trail left by the snail on the sunny southern garden-wall loaded with fruit.'—*Ibid.* p. 57.

Perhaps disgust indulges in too forcible a simile in designating inane consolations as a smear. A nervous or timid person, after reading these pungent comments in the ordinary tone of visitors to the sick, will be slow to open his mouth in the presence of his sick friend. We accept the rule, however, not to talk to an invalid of his complaints unless we can relieve them. Miss Nightingale's opinion is that the really ill do not talk of themselves. Perhaps our own small means of observation hardly support this. After telling us what we are not to say—what subjects are to be avoided—it is important to learn what are suitable topics; and a large didactic sphere lies open, free so far from the ban, into which people might enter in sheer desperation. But, somehow, Miss Nightingale does not advise 'preaching' as the resource of the whole world under the difficulty. She does not say to the chance visitor, Try to do him good, but, Try to amuse him, to divert his mind from that wearisome subject—self. Regular practice in each profession is in



accordance with the order of her nature; as every caller is not to constitute himself physician, neither need he intrude on the chaplain's office. But tell the patient something pleasant that is going on in the world from which he is shut out; tell him something that will make the heart glow; tell him of love and courtship if likely to prosper; tell him the good people are doing; 'tell him of one benevolent act which has really succeeded 'practically—it is like a day's health to him.'

'Do observe these things with the sick. Do remember how their life is to them disappointed and incomplete. You see them lying there with miserable disappointments, from which they can have no escape but death, and you can't remember to tell them of what would give them so much pleasure, or at least an hour's variety.

'They don't want you to be lachrymose and whining with them, they like you to be fresh and active and interested, but they cannot bear absence of mind, and they are so tired of the advice and preaching they receive from everybody, no matter who it is, they see.'—*Ibid.* p. 58.

Perhaps one boon to the sick, out of the many in this little work, is the removal of the taboo from their near neighbourhood. You may indeed do *them* harm by injudicious treatment, but the sick, well cared for, are safe. With a waving current of fresh air even our children get no harm. The baby is often the best companion for the invalid; or, if you think 'the air of the sick room bad for the baby, why it is bad for the invalid too, and, 'therefore, you will of course correct it for both.' Indulgent to the sick of all classes, full of the tenderest compassion to poor and helpless suffering, whether the patient in the ward or the soldier in the barrack hospital; loving to children and to dumb animals; all this sympathy changes to keen satire whenever our authoress turns to the healthy who do not need her aid and who frustrate her plans. With 'the well,' we think there is a want of sympathy. She expects from people in general a degree of knowledge, a quickness of perception, an accuracy of language which is really out of the question, and which if adopted would certainly not guarantee a corresponding accuracy of thought. A certain latitude of phraseology we maintain to be necessary to freedom of intercourse. We really take our stand in defence of the ordinary inquirer, when it is gravely stated 'that there is 'no more silly question asked concerning the sick than the universal one, "Is he better?"' Universal instincts, universal forms of expression, are not silly, they are the best suited to our nature. How in the world are we to know what we want to know? How is the unavoidably ignorant to inquire of the better informed, except by a vague and general formula?

'What you want are facts, not opinions—for who can have any opinion of any value as to whether the patient is better or worse, excepting the constant medical attendant, or the really observing nurse?'—*Ibid.* p. 59.

Now, to this we demur. We do not want, primarily, facts from which, perhaps, being ignorant of medicine, we could infer nothing; but we do want the opinion of the person we address, or, through him, of some other person. Whenever we meet with this desire for bare facts, it argues mistrust, often undue mistrust, of others. It is our experience that those who betray this jealousy for facts, and facts only, stupefy those who come in close direct contact with them. We cannot be our most rational with persons who despise our reasoning powers—they, in a manner, reduce sensitive minds to the level at which they fix them. They never, therefore, see people at their best. Passages like this incline us now and then to sympathise with the assumed imbecility so keenly exposed in these pages. There may now and then have been wanting the power to elicit the best sense of others. The nurse questioned in a new way may have lost her presence of mind and not shown herself to advantage. When the poor woman is an oracle, amid respectful, deferential listeners, her 'opinions' may be worth hearing, that is, she may be guided by facts in the formation of them without having the grounds of them in her fingers' ends. The nurse who habitually replied to our inane question, 'Is he better?' in the form dictated here as the only sensible one in the present state of knowledge about sickness—

"How can I know? I cannot tell how he was when I was not with him,"

would be an unpopular character, and justly so; her reason would have too entirely the reins; her intellect generally would not have its proper exercise. We want *impressions*—while fully aware that they may be fallacious. We desire to know the influence of a state of things on the mind most open to them. We learn to make the necessary allowances. We cannot but think that if on Miss Nightingale's system we get truth of *form*, truth of tone and colour, half that makes truth valuable is lost. With these general remarks, which perhaps bear more on a particular turn of mind in others than on its effect on her own peculiar ground, we must say that there is much force and accuracy of observation in her statement of the difficulty of getting at the exact truth. Her experience is no doubt large and various, and it has taught her, as we see, never to believe anything but facts in their baldest form. She has had to do not with deliberate falsehood, but with lies told in good faith, which are the fruit of want of observation—a want which she attributes, indiscriminately, to all classes, and which she classifies with the following subtle distinction:—

'It is a much more difficult thing to speak the truth than people com-

monly imagine. There is the want of observation *simple*, and the want of observation *compound*, compounded, that is, with the imaginative faculty. Both may equally intend to speak the truth. The information of the first is simply defective. That of the second is much more dangerous. The first gives, in answer to a question asked about a thing that has been before his eyes perhaps for years, information exceedingly imperfect, or says, he does not know. He has never observed. And people simply think him stupid.

'The second has observed just as little, but imagination immediately steps in, and he describes the whole thing from imagination merely, being perfectly convinced all the while that he has seen or heard it; or he will repeat a whole conversation, as if it were information which had been addressed to him; whereas it is merely what he has himself said to somebody else. This is the commonest of all. These people do not even observe that they have *not* observed, nor remember that they have forgotten. \* \* \* I have heard thirteen persons "concur" in declaring that a fourteenth, who had never left his bed, went to a distant chapel every morning at seven o'clock.

'I have heard persons in perfect good faith declare, that a man came to dine every day at the house where they lived, who had never dined there once; that a person had never taken the sacrament, by whose side they had twice at least knelt at Communion; that but one meal a day came out of a hospital kitchen, which for six weeks they had seen provide from three to five and six meals a day. Such instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum* if necessary.'—*Ibid.* p. 60.

To counteract this universal tendency to fill up by fancy what the eyes have failed to see, she gives rules. 'Lies intentional or unintentional are much seldomer told in answer to precise than to leading questions.' And as an instance of the precise form, she quotes with approbation the practice of a very clever physician of her acquaintance, who invariably began his examination of patients with 'Put your finger where you be bad.'

'That man would never waste his time with collecting inaccurate information from nurse or patient. Leading questions always collect inaccurate information. \* \* \*

'I had rather not say how many instances I have known, where, owing to this system of leading questions, the patient has died, and the attendants have been actually unaware of the principal feature of the case.'—*Ibid.* pp. 61, 62.

Again strengthening her argument on the vital importance of close observation by enumerating the four neglects in the matter of food alone,

'any one of which will produce the same result, viz. the patient slowly starving to death from want of nutrition.'—*Ibid.* p. 62.

We cannot wonder, with such instances before her, that her advice to the woman who cannot by any means acquire observation, is that she had best give up being a nurse altogether; it is not her calling. But we are glad to find that she considers it a thing to *be* acquired; even those to whom it comes least naturally sometimes excel the most. In fact, it would seem a moral quality resulting from a due sense of responsibility.

The singular acuteness of this quality in Miss Nightingale herself, which has given her judgment a national importance, makes the results of her own experience of paramount value. After having studied the science and practised the art of nursing wherever they are to be learnt,<sup>1</sup> her conclusion is, that the Anglo-Saxon woman is capable of being made the best and most observant nurse in the world, though in her untaught state peculiarly deficient in the quality; *i.e.* 'English women have great capacity of, but little practice in, close observation.' The French or Irish woman is too quick of perception to be so sound an observer. The Teuton is too slow to be so ready an observer as the English woman might be; and again, she

'honestly believes that it is impossible to learn it from any book, and, that it can only be thoroughly learnt in the wards of a hospital; and she also honestly believes that the perfection of surgical nursing may be seen practised by the old-fashioned "Sister" of a London hospital, as it can be seen nowhere else in Europe.'—*Ibid.* p. 72.

And in answer to questions by the Royal Commission, relating to points of cleanliness—

'Can you state why the homes of the poor in the country are kept comparatively clean and healthy, on very moderate means?

'I think that the woman is superior in skill to the man in all points of sanitary domestic economy, and more particularly in cleanliness and tidiness. I think great sanitary civil reformers will always tell us that they look to the woman to carry out practically their hygienic reforms. She has a superior aptitude in nursing the well quite as much as in nursing the sick. At the same time, I am bound to say that nothing can be more perfect, at least to outward appearance, than the cleanliness of a ship. But the sailor is a race *à part*.

'Is it the peculiar skill and industry of the English labourer's wife to which this is referable in the one case, and to the incompetency of men on the other to conduct the domestic economy of a home or an hospital?

'I think so. I think the Anglo-Saxon would be very sorry to turn women out of his own house, or out of civil hospitals, hotels, institutions of all kinds, and substitute men-housekeepers, and men-matrons. The contrast between even naval hospitals, where there are female nurses, and military hospitals, where there are none, is most striking in point of order and cleanliness.<sup>2</sup>'

<sup>1</sup> In reply to the opening questions addressed to her by the Royal Commissioner, we read—"Have you, for several years, devoted attention to the organization of civil and military hospitals?"—"Yes, for thirteen years." "What British and foreign hospitals have you visited?"—"I have visited all the hospitals in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, many county hospitals, some of the naval and military hospitals in England; all the hospitals in Paris, and studied with the *sœurs de charité*; the Institution of protestant deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, where I was twice in training as a nurse; the hospitals at Berlin, and many others in Germany, at Lyons, Rome, Alexandria, Constantinople, Brussels; also the war hospitals of the French and Sardinians."

<sup>2</sup> 'I should perhaps state that there is a great difference, generally speaking, among the women of Great Britain and Ireland in this respect.

'I would put the Anglo-Saxon race in the southern and north-western counties

At the same time she speaks with bitter strength of the feminine practice of tampering with medicines whose properties they do not understand, against which, till wiser times, she would seem to think homœopathy the only safeguard.

'One eminent physician told me that he had known more calomel given, both at a pinch and for a continuance, by mothers, governesses, and nurses, to children than he had ever heard of a physician prescribing in all his experience. \* \* \* There is nothing ever seen in any professional practice, like the reckless physicking by amateur females.'—*Notes on Nursing*, p. 73.

But this she attributes to that same want of observation which lies at the root of all bad nursing, and therefore holds in the long run to be a curable infirmity.

Of the real question of nursing, of those rules which conduce to health and to the alleviation of disease, full of practical sense as they are, this has not been the place to treat, and for the same reason we have not touched on the main points of '*Notes on Hospitals*,' though affording so many conclusive and important facts on hospital construction. The mental aspect of sickness, and the intellectual and moral qualities we ought to bring to its relief, have been our main object of inquiry. Every good book shows the mind of its author; and from these few, but weighty pages, treating of the most matter-of-fact details, with the most rigid adherence to the question in hand, we may gather a distinct perception of the qualities of a very remarkable mind, subjected to a training exceptional from the concentration of all its powers to one great cause. Most self-devotion has some enthusiasm on the face of it, some mental exaltation, colouring the ruling idea, with hues unborrowed from the sun. The motive which has led Miss Nightingale to devote her life and the fulness of her powers to the benefit of her fellow-creatures, amid scenes the most repulsive and dispiriting to common feeling, must be akin to enthusiasm, but it bears none of its characteristics. There are no even implied professions. She evades in her writings, as in her public course of action, every expression calculated to evoke comment on herself, or enthusiasm on her own behalf. Her plan is to treat nursing as a science.

It would seem natural to couple her books with those of some of the other many ladies devoting themselves to good works in our time; but they will not bear such companionship. One or other must suffer in the conjunction. The ordinary feminine style sounds, we must own, flighty in the contrast;

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first in point of domestic management; far below these come the Danish race in the eastern counties, and the mixed race in the manufacturing counties; and last, the Irish and Highland Celt.'—*Notes on Hospitals*, pp. 14, 55.

while the reader not alive to this effect, might consider the cool, pointed, not seldom caustic vein of the heroine of the *Crimea* deficient in unction, and so retire from the perusal of her pages with a sense of rebuff, however much he may reverence the force of that motive to good and great action which needs no stimulus from excited feeling or public sympathy.

Mr. Barwell, in his useful and interesting Lectures to the pupils of the Working Women's College on the Care of the Sick, containing, as they do, much valuable practical teaching, has, we observe in contrast, felt himself obliged to gild his subject with a little sentiment. He raises attractive images, and invests the duty of nursing with tender romance.

'The happiest face, I think, I ever saw, the heart most filled with gratitude and joy, was once, when a young wife had nursed her husband through a fever, and was first assured of his safety. May you never have occasion for such a nursing!—if you have, may your reward be as great!'

—*Care of the Sick*, p. 124.

All this is quite fair because it is true, but perhaps the comparison between the women of our own time, and those of some fifty or a hundred years ago, is hardly as just or reasonable.

'The heroines of Fielding, Richardson, Miss Burney, even of Walter Scott and of Miss Austen, do not appear to have had many ideas beyond needlework and love-making, nor much purpose on earth, but to paint deceptively and to win at cards. Now, on the contrary, Englishwomen are working and seeking work in every direction; there rises from among them a cry for useful employment, for a wider field of activity. The tenderly nurtured lady is now hardly content elegantly to dance, like a dust-mote, through the sunbeam of her life, but strives to increase its brightness; she is desirous to make her time of value, and to be, without losing her influence and station, one of the "working-women" of the world.'

—*Ibid.* p. v.

Because these writers did not think nursing and other similar occupations themes for the pen of fiction (though Scott's 'Rebecca' is a flat contradiction of the charge, as far as he is concerned), it argues nothing of what the women of the times they treat of did and thought on such a subject. Women in no period of the world, and especially in Christian times, have been blind to their duty towards the sick. It is the one sphere that has always been appropriated to them; and to assume that the women of our own day are the first that are alive to their responsibilities is a dangerous fallacy. Our despised grandmothers are the very people that Miss Nightingale regrets in the unobtrusive sphere of home. They realized what it was to be in charge. They were true mistresses of their households, guiding and teaching their servants, nursing their children as far as their light went, vigilant, energetic, and conscious of what went on about them. But these qualities were so much assumed as a matter of course,



that neither they themselves, nor those that write about them, considered this the romantic side of their character the point for the novelist to enlarge on. It was their deportment in the drawing-room, their conduct in society, the charm they threw over it, and the 'love-making' consequent upon it, which was to be delineated. Nobody was indifferent or blind to the other—it was simply assumed. We may seem hypercritical, but we perceive that the most experienced opinion on this question is jealous of fiction taking up nursing as an element of the picturesque, and clearly thinks it bad for romance-writers to keep to those old established grounds of exciting interest, at the risk of our descendants taking for granted the ladies of the nineteenth century trifled their lives away instead of being a distinct race from all the ages that had gone before.

But because the science of health is better understood, women may undoubtedly become better nurses than they have ever been before. The old fallacy that medicine is to do everything, and that with its aid men may be healed anywhere, is being exploded. The doctor ceases to be a magical personage. We can do more for ourselves, and for each other, by a careful study and vigilant following of nature's laws, than all his art can effect without our own intelligent co-operation. We are taught, too, new truths—or old, in a new and impressive way—on the effect of mind upon mind in this paramount question of health: and in learning how the state of our mind and intellect affects the physical well-being of those around us, we acquire a new lesson in self-discipline, a new motive to the full development of our best faculties and powers; while in the mutual relations of the suffering and the healthy, we see fresh examples of the mysterious influence for good or for evil, which we exercise over one another, influences which pass from body to mind, and last through time to eternity.

ART. VI.—1. *L'Église et l'Empire Romain au Quatrième Siècle.*

Par M. ALBERT DE BROGLIE. Première Partie. (2 vols.)

Paris. 1856.—Deuxième Partie. (2 vols.) Paris. 1859.

2. *Études Morales et Littéraires.* Par M. ALBERT DE BROGLIE.  
Paris. 1853.

EVENTS which have occurred within the limits of the three kingdoms, revivalism in Ireland, and the Eucharistic controversy in Scotland, have delayed our notice of the remarkable volumes now before us. We hasten to repair the omission, feeling half ashamed to think that the *Edinburgh Reviewers* should have anticipated us in introducing to the British public a work which they justly characterise as one which must 'take rank in the common literature of Christendom.'

So long as history is confined to the bare statement of events, we feel little interest respecting the writer. It is true that such barren expositions are very rare. As a brilliant Italian, Cesare Balbo, has observed, opinions make themselves evident behind the very dates and commas. Nevertheless, such books do exist. In the case of some mediæval chronicles, we are content to know that the author's view was that of the monastic mind of his age, and we give ourselves but little more trouble respecting his personality. In a compilation like that of the Chronological Tables, published by the late Mr. Talboys, of Oxford, we see that the editor has simply taken on trust the opinion of the most famous historian of each epoch, a Heeren, a Hume, a Gibbon; and, while we are most grateful for the care and research displayed, we are not particularly anxious to know anything more respecting the compiler.

It is far otherwise when the writer impresses himself, so to speak, upon his narrative. Without going so far as a living author, who has said, if we recollect aright, that the first aim of an historian should be to produce a work which will make his readers love him,<sup>1</sup> we may fairly admit the interest which we feel in the life and character of such men as Herodotus, Froissart, Thucydides, Tacitus, Clarendon. We are glad to learn, if possible, something more about them than is supplied by the volumes they have bequeathed to posterity. We wish to know who they were, and what cause impelled them to write.

It is highly probable that these questions may suggest them—

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<sup>1</sup>The expression is, we think, that of Cesare Cantù, in his *Storia di Cent' Anni*.

selves to some of our readers, in connexion with the work now under review. We propose to give such reply as we are able, in the hope that it may enhance the interest of M. de Broglie's history.

If any care to maintain, as it may be plausibly maintained, that the deepest impress upon society is made by men from the two extremes of social condition, by the very humbly or the very highly born, the author before us may, perhaps, be placed in one of their two lists. That list will be not the one which contains most of our greatest inventors, and men of science, and physicians—most of our first advocates and judges (at least in Britain); not the one which numbers on its bead-roll such names as those of Cicero, Hildebrand, Wolsey, Adrian IV., Giotto, Luther, Möhler, Shakspeare, Canning, Napoleon, and other self-made men. But the name of Prince Albert de Broglie may, possibly, some day, be ranged in that counter-catalogue, which includes many a great captain by land and sea, many a statesman, many a one whose influence on the course of thought has been no less potent than that of the most famous self-won names; the monarchs who inherited command, the Alfreds and Charlemagnes, and S. Louis's, with Columba, Aquinas, Cimabue, Dante, Dominic, Wesley, Loyola, and others, who, though more or less great by birth, have likewise achieved greatness for themselves.

The family of De Broglie is of Italian origin.<sup>1</sup> But two of the branches, which trace to a common ancestor, Simon de Broglia, who died about A.D. 1394, have long been settled in France. They have had among them bishops and archbishops, and no less than three have borne the much-coveted *bâton* of a marshal of France. For the last three centuries the name has been thoroughly entwined with French history. A De Broglie defended Malta, in 1565, against the attack of the Turkish Sultan, Soliman; another, a general, has his name inscribed on the bronze tablets at Versailles; and even those readers who are content to take their views of the French Revolution from the imperfect, though brilliant, sketches of Mr. Carlyle, may remember that one of his chapters bears the title of 'Broglie, the War-god.'

Few, however, if any, of the family have achieved the amount of distinction gained by the father of our author, the Duc de Broglie. Left fatherless at the age of nine, through the dread stroke of the guillotine, he was in time protected by a step-

<sup>1</sup> A philologist might suspect this from the *gl*, a sound represented in purely French names, by *ll*, as in Bouillon. The older forms of Broglie, or Broglia, are now so Gallicised by the family that the final *ie* is scarcely sounded.

father, and subsequently by the famous M. de Talleyrand. His studies were eminently calculated to form the future statesman, and, as soon as he was of age, he became a debater in the House of Peers. He took an eager part in the attempt to rescue Ney from death, and was conspicuous in discussions on the freedom of the press. Having supported the revolution of July, 1830, he was appointed by Louis Philippe to the offices of Minister of Public Instruction, and President of the Council of State. A difference with his colleagues induced him to resign within a few months, but, in 1832, he was summoned to the higher post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, an office which, under the constitutional monarchy, was equivalent to the Premiership among ourselves. As minister, he succeeded, *inter alia*, in bringing about a convention between France and Great Britain, on the subject of the slave-trade, thus carrying out in action denunciations against that unhallowed traffic which he had uttered twelve years before. He was, likewise, instrumental in procuring the recognition of the kingdom of Greece; and he proved himself, whether in or out of office (of which he was singularly careless) a firm supporter of civil and religious liberty. His premiership lasted less than two years, but his influence continued to be very great, and was thoroughly recognised abroad,<sup>1</sup> as well as at home. Under the Republic, in 1849, the House of Peers being abolished, he sat as one of the representatives for the department of the Eure.

About this time, if we mistake not, first appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and other periodicals, certain articles from the pen of the son and heir of the Duc de Broglie, which arrested immediate attention. The minister had, indeed, displayed great ability in the use of his pen, in contributions to the *Revue Française*, on political economy and general philosophy; and his friends may have thought that (as a speaker in Plato's *Timæus* says of Solon) his literary triumphs might have been of the highest rank, if politics had allowed sufficient leisure. But the son had enjoyed an *à priori* claim to the chance of literary distinction, by inheritance on the maternal, as well as the paternal, side. The *Duchesse de Broglie*, who died in 1838, was a daughter of the celebrated Madame de Staël. It is no derogation to the sire to admit the still greater success of the son, so far, at least, as written composition is concerned; and if

<sup>1</sup> The great authority with English tourists, Mr. Murray's red book, thus speaks of the village of Broglie, in Normandy:—'The large and plain *chateau* is the family residence of the Duc de Broglie, ex-minister, and one of the most virtuous, enlightened, and eminent statesmen in France.'—*Handbook for France*, p. 70. Ed. 1844.

the election of the senior to the famous Academy be adduced against us, we must point to the success of M. Berryer with the Forty, as proof that the learned body in question has of late had an eye to politics as much as letters.

Whether the profound thought on political questions embodied in many of these articles would have found expression in the Chamber of Deputies, and have raised the son to the political eminence of the father, must, for the present, remain matter of conjecture. On the labours of the rising statesman comes the famous *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, 1851.

‘And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.’

From that time both father and son have retired into private life.

It is not necessary for us at present to discuss the question, whether a constitutional monarchy was, or was not, fitted for the French nation. It has been touched upon in this review, though in a brief and cursory manner, on a former occasion.<sup>1</sup> Our allusion to the subject is only intended to throw light upon the antecedents of M. Albert de Broglie, that his position as an historian may be the better understood. It will readily be seen that he has, among other qualifications for his task, one that Dr. Arnold and Sir F. Palgrave agree in insisting upon, we mean a vivid and intelligent interest in the events of his own day.

In 1853 appeared the small collection of *Études*, being, with a single exception, reprints from the *Revue des deux Mondes*. We have given them the second place in our heading, because they are not now our main theme. But they come first under our consideration, as they do in order of publication.

An English reader may form some faint idea of this collection by imagining a similar gathering together, in one volume, of Mr. Gladstone's published orations on Foreign Policy, and on

<sup>1</sup> *Christian Remembrancer*, for October, 1856, Art. ‘Imperialism,’ pp. 306—310. Mr. John Stuart Mill has, from a republican point of view, framed a heavy indictment against the July Monarchy, in his attempted apology for the Provisional Government of 1848. It is given in his recent volumes of reprints.

It is some satisfaction to think that nothing that we ventured to say in 1856, with reference to marks of unfitness for constitutionalism exhibited by our neighbours, can possibly be stronger than the candid and melancholy confessions of M. Albert de Broglie:—‘From 1814 to 1848, France tried, for thirty-four years, the experiment of representative government. Three unfavourable tendencies have chiefly contributed to make this attempt twice prove a failure—a general and systematic spirit of opposition to authority, excessive pretensions [to place, &c.], and the keenness of personal enmities. These three features of the national character, common to nearly all our politicians, have rendered government all but impossible with institutions whose freedom encourages resistance, excites ambition, and gives full play to resentment.’—*Études*, p. 305.

the Budget, with his Letters to Lord Aberdeen on the Neapolitan question, to the late Bishop of London on the Royal Supremacy, and to the Scottish Bishops on the position of the Laity in Church Synods; and the addition of one or two literary critiques from the *Quarterly Review*. The essays now before us are similarly varied as regards their themes, though more elaborate in their character. We give a few extracts, which will, if we mistake not, interest our readers, as well as display the lofty powers of the writer with whom our critique is concerned.

It may be remembered that among the strange spectacles which accompanied the French Revolution of 1848, was that of socialist mobs, paying a kind of respect to the emblems and images of the Redeemer of the world, not as their Saviour, but as their instructor in politics; as, in fact, the first great teacher of socialism. Some good men, on both sides of the Channel, regarded this homage as a hopeful sign, as a proof that the masses, unlike their ancestors of 1789, were now imbued with the spirit of Christianity. Far more just, in our opinion, is the following judgment of M. de Broglie:—

‘Hunted thus, from refuge to refuge, socialism shelters itself behind religion. It invokes the great Gospel principles; the touching reminiscences of the early Christians. Is not Christian society, it exclaims, founded upon other motives than those of interest and fear; upon the mutual love and fraternal regard of men? Has it not drawn from these motives prodigies which have renovated the world? And can we not appeal to the same sentiments, and expect the same results? This pious language is very much in vogue in all socialist schools. We might almost take them for the faithful continuation of Christianity, and the society that they imagine for the perfect expression of Christian society. In their noisy orations, they mingle the name of Christ with those of their sanguinary precursors; the name of the victim of Calvary, with those of the assassins of the temple and the abbey. *Such minglings are disgusting, and make us regret the open revolutionary impiety of another epoch. For my part, I prefer the cross thrown down, to the cross borne with sacrilegious respect in the processions of pillage and revolt.* However, subduing the indignation that such a scene excites, let us remind socialism in three words, that between Christians and itself there is nothing in common; that the Gospel and socialism are the very opposite of each other, so much so, that if the one be true the other must be false, and that if socialism were not the grossest of illusions, the Gospel would be the most impudent of lies.’—*Etudes, &c.*

Some remarks upon classic education admit of an easy separation from their context:—

‘Folly alone can impertinently inquire, of what use are philosophy and literature? They are of use, amongst other benefits, in giving to the mind that activity which produces great scientific discoveries, and, consequently, the material advancement of human happiness. Of what use are the towers which rise above our cities? To defend and measure the very soil whereon



you grovel. To come to the point most closely connected with education, the study of languages, and especially of those learned languages, the relics of an unequalled civilisation, does not appear to us to be, as it is so frequently termed, an ungrateful and useless labour. The living stamp of thought it is, man whole and entire, that we find in studying them. It is the entire faculties of man which are strengthened by this analysis. In their natural metaphors, imagination has depicted all her colours: in their learned syntax, logic has displayed all its resources. It is, then, with good cause that the study of Latin and Greek forms the basis of the education of every man who hopes to move in the higher class of society, and the day when it shall be otherwise will point to a decay in the intelligence of a nation whose reaction would be quickly felt in its manners.—*Ibid.* pp. 135, 6.

The following passage is a fitting pendant to the above:—

‘I understand by high education, as the foregoing article has endeavoured to show, that which seizes on the mind of a youth when he already possesses precise information, but cold and lifeless, when historical facts are ranged in order in his memory, when he holds the threads of the intricacies of the old languages, when he knows the management of that delicate instrument, style, and which sheds upon all those confused elements the brilliant lights of criticism and philosophy. I understand, further, by high education, that which raises the understanding to that common centre, whence we see all the sciences take their rise, and civilization be harmoniously developed by their aid, as the result of their equally balanced powers. I call that high education which illumines the history of a people by their literature, and explains their institutions by their history; that which connects the physical properties of bodies on their chemical affinities with the eternal and philosophic laws of matter; in short, that which, penetrating to the interior of the human creature, separates the spiritual from the animal feeling, and thus at once instructs the physician on the phenomena of health, and the moralist on the passions of the soul. High education, thus understood, which has for its object to establish a common link amongst all the sciences, and to fertilise the one by the other—we have seen it—it does not exist at present in France, and what is sadder still to confess, is, that it is only in France, in our day, that it does not exist. The Universities of England and Germany, even that of the little city of Geneva, are more advanced than we in this respect, and the Sorbonne, under the *ancien régime*, could teach much on this point to the Academy of Paris under the new.’—*Ibid.* pp. 188, 9.

It is well known that the success in public life of men who had been journalists or University professors in Paris, has tended to create a feverish state of mind among both these classes, ever since 1830. But it is not, perhaps, only in France that the following warning is needed. (In this and in all our extracts *we* are responsible for the italics.)

‘With the exception of Paris,<sup>1</sup> which early showed its encroaching tendencies, none of the celebrated University towns, neither Salamanca, or

<sup>1</sup> It would strengthen M. de Broglie's case, if we bear in mind : 1. That at the probable date of the foundation of the University of Paris, that city had by no means attained to its subsequent supremacy over the other cities of France. 2. That the University enjoyed for some centuries noble grounds of its own on the south bank of the Seine, which it was at length compelled, with sorrow, to let out

Bologna, or Louvain, were capitals of a great State: they were elected cities, where studies were the grand object, and students the chief population. Even in the midst of the wonders of the great century, the dry, but powerful, school of Port Royal created for itself, voluntarily, an imitation of the desert even at the gates of Versailles. To this day, on the other side of the Channel, where all that was healthful of ancient institutions has been preserved, the English Universities present the same features. After beholding those English Students, with graceful limbs and healthy faces, wandering in the smiling plains of Eton, or walking, with their books under their arms and clothed in academic robe, along the gothic and quiet streets of Oxford, it is impossible to avoid a sigh, as the mind reverts to our feeble youths who play for eight years in the college play-grounds, and are then thrown into I know not what seething and impure sewer of the Faubourg S. Jacques. We are the only nation which has dreamed of ensuring tranquillity of study by heaping all Students in the metropolis, and the tranquillity of our capital by covering its pavement with five or six thousand young men without households (or homes). It would almost seem as if we had wished to provide such of our professors as might desire it, with the power of transforming their professorial chairs into tribunals of clubs, and our Students with the entertainment of barricades on all great days. But if this so much preferred life in Paris is fatal to those who study, what is it not for those who teach! After the Court Prelates and Abbés, who have been so long the objects of our ridicule, conceive, if it be possible, anything more strange, than persons who by their profession have devoted their lives to learning, and who make this mental restriction, that they will nevertheless pass it wholly in the midst of all the distractions of a great centre! I know well what it is they desire to seek there, it is the facility of making themselves a name, it is a stepping-stone to high political positions. But we must be allowed to say, despite so many illustrious examples which have encouraged it, that ambition (which assuredly is not banished thence) ought not, nevertheless, to be the sole motive of a teaching corporation. Devotedness, on the contrary, should be its soul. If with a view whose greatness is undeniable, the genius who founded the University was anxious to make it a corporation and not merely a branch of hierarchical administration, it was precisely because, in a great body, the collective feeling of honour takes the place of and moderates individual ambition. *He who speaks of the instruction of youth, speaks of a sort of priesthood, and he who speaks of a priesthood, speaks of sacrifice.*—*Ibid.* pp. 160, 1.

If we refuse ourselves the pleasure of selecting any passages of the masterly critique on Chateaubriand contained in this volume, the omission does not arise from any lack of sympathy with its tone, or of appreciation of its excellence in a literary as well as a moral and religious point of view. It does indeed strike us as just possible that M. Albert de Broglie, living in a different generation, and well acquainted with such a book as M. Nicolas' most weighty and powerful *Etudes Philosophiques*,

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for building in consequence of a debt.—The foundation of this University is sometimes placed as late as 1206: Sismondi evidently inclines to believe 1000 to be nearer the truth.—See his *Histoire des Français*, Tom. iv. 33, 4. vi. 195; and compare Newman, 'Office and Work of Universities' (pp. 36—38) and on the lateness of the supremacy of Paris, Palgrave, 'Normandy and England,' Vol. I.

may hardly make allowance enough for the time in which M. de Chateaubriand composed his *Génie et Beautés du Christianisme*. Weak as this latter work may be, when considered as a defence of Christianity, it may well be doubted whether the generation to whom it was addressed was ripe for anything much more profound. It was something that a man of genius should, in such a day, be found among the supporters, and not the opponents and contemners, of revealed truth. But, considered as a whole, this scourging exposure of the intense vanity, egotism, and bad faith of Chateaubriand is perhaps the most varied and acute of all these papers, and one which would alone repay the remarkably moderate cost of the volume.

We turn to our author's review of M. Nicolas. The passage we are about to give has indeed once before appeared in an English dress; but it will be new to many of our readers, and tends to exemplify a leading feature of M. de Broglie's style, namely,—his remarkable power of lofty sarcasm, employed upon fitting objects.

'Alliance is not confusion, and difficult as it is to trace a radical separation between reason and faith, it is as chimerical to endeavour after complete assimilation. We mistrust all attempts which profess to give reason a full explanation of the mysteries of faith, from whatever source it proceeds, whether from an ambitious philosophy, or from a speculative religion. We know that there is a certain kind of metaphysical science which has never hesitated to offer an explanation of anything, excepting of its own explanations; we know that when men set out from certain heights, from the identity of being and thought, for instance, or of the *ego*, which proposes and determines itself, the most profound scholastic theology is no longer more than child's play. S. Thomas (Aquinas) or S. Anselm, speak the vulgar tongue beside Fichte or Hegel, commented upon by a pupil of the normal school. There is not a philosophy which has any respect for itself on the east side of the Rhine, that has not two or three Trinities to choose from, and for which the incarnation of the Divine word in nature is not an every-day fact and even the permanent spring of creation. Pantheism has its arms extended over the universe; in the vast folds of its robe, all the mysteries of religion, the sacramental transmutation of substances, the responsibility of the human race, disport themselves as it were at their ease. There is also in the background of these systems, a kind of intermediate region between dreams and history, peopled with beings half-fantastic, half-real, where under the equivocal title of myths, all miraculous facts can honourably take their places. It is on these heights, and in this twilight, that metaphysics have often endeavoured to effect a marriage between faith and reason; but there are two great difficulties in the way of these arrangements, the one on the side of reason, that it is impossible to comprehend them, and the other on the side of faith, that it is impossible to believe in them. These pretended compromises between philosophy and religion, fail in the very foundations of each, namely,—good sense, and good faith. All that is gained by these artifices of logic is, to transform known mysteries, painted long since in vivid colours on the popular imagination, into veritable algebraic problems, whose abstract terms, losing all correspondence with the reality of the

facts, escape in their rapid transformations all control of the bystanders. Ignorance can thus conceal itself longer under the apparent precision of formulæ; we like her better, to say the truth, when she modestly confesses herself to exist. The Gospel was announced to the poor, and even to the poor in spirit. If the agreement between reason and faith is to be serious, it must be the agreement of a simple faith with a common reason, and not of the faith of illuminati, with a transcendental logic. The agreement ought to exist in germ in the mind of a good Christian, who follows faithfully the law of his church, and practically, in the daily governing of his life and his family.'—*Ibid.*

The last in the collection is mainly dedicated to a refutation of the Abbé Gaume's attack upon classic education, the celebrated *Ver Rongeur*. M. Gaume's line of argument had been, to a considerable extent, anticipated in this country by an eminent quasi-republican writer of the Baptist persuasion, Mr. Forster. The opposite side of the case had found an able champion in Mr. Isaac Williams, as may be seen by a reference to his very beautiful volume, *The Christian Scholar*. But it has been left to writers of M. Gaume's own communion to afford the most complete replies to his proposals. In speaking thus we are far from denying that there is much in the *Ver Rongeur*, and in the remarks of some who think with it (as for instance Mr. Ruskin), deserving of serious attention. Far be it from us to desire that pagan atmosphere of thought which brooded over Florence under the Medici, over Paris in the days of the Republic of 1793. But if we are summoned to defend classical literature against those who would all but totally proscribe it, we shall be thankful to borrow weapons from the rejoinders which M. Gaume has elicited from Dr. Newman in his *Lectures on University Subjects*, and from M. de Broglie in the volume now before us.

We may again make some slight references to this volume of Essays before we conclude. But for the present we quit it with one or two general observations. On the versatility of their author, and on his loftiness of tone, it is unnecessary to dwell, as these merits must be obvious at a glance. Of the style we would only say, that we trust that its terseness and vigour have not wholly evaporated in the alembic of translation. But we should like, in parting, to call attention to two characteristics which cannot be gathered from the mere perusal of extracts. We allude, in the first place, to the unfeigned modesty which, notwithstanding the writer's earnest denunciation of evil, runs through the entire volume. He has a perfect right to satirise M. de Chateaubriand as '*un gentilhomme français, qui ne nous laisse rien ignorer de sa noblesse, et qui savait ses parchemins assez bien par cœur*;' for there is not, we believe, a line in any of his writings

which could suggest the possibility of the satire being retorted. Nor do we see any signs of the pride of ability, any more than of the pride of birth. The very re-publication of these Essays in one volume was not, we have been assured on high continental authority, M. de Broglie's own idea, but a suggestion of the bookseller's. And, *secondly*, despite the serious differences which must divide an earnest member of the Gallican Church from ourselves, it is with pleasure that we perceive how capable is the Essayist of appreciating many of the best features of English institutions, English literature, and English character. On questions connected with primogeniture and constitutional government, M. de Broglie may be suspected, from his social and political position, of being a partial witness. But he is likewise favourably impressed on points where his admiration is less open to suspicion. He observes for instance, with a sigh, on the affection felt for their *Alma Mater* by the great men educated at Oxford or Cambridge, an affection all but unknown by the students of Paris. The creations of Shakspeare and Defoe are evidently familiar to him, and when he would fain reprove the unhealthy exercise of the imagination as exhibited by Chateaubriand, he contrasts it with those delightful figures (*ces types délicieux*), such as Evandale or Flora Mac Ivor, that gem the pages of the author of Waverley. In his very latest contributions to periodical literature, the valuable account of Algeria in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for January, 1860, he paints in vivid colours the manly independence of English colonists, in opposition to the weak tendencies of his own countrymen to look for help from the Government in all their undertakings abroad, as well as at home. Such sentiments demand our grateful recognition. While reserving to ourselves all our rights of free criticism, we sincerely trust that no word of ours may give occasion to our author's friends to say that he has not received, on this side of the Channel, the courtesy and good-will which he has displayed.

It was not likely that a mind thus richly endowed should sink into utter inactivity, because the new form of government was not one which it could conscientiously serve. Our present Lord Chancellor looked around him for a theme during a season of enforced leisure, and produced biographies of his predecessors in the high offices to which he has since attained: a task which, apart from all question of literary merit, must certainly have added to his fitness for his present duties. Prince Albert de Broglie has in like manner looked around him for a subject

whereon to exercise his powers. He has found one eminently calculated to suit the taste and abilities of a thinker who feels interest alike in those questions which concern the Church and in those which concern the State. He has found one, it must be added, which is capable of some application to the present condition of France. This fondness for writing of the distant past with a view to the living present has been justly pronounced by Sir F. Palgrave to be pre-eminently French. But our historian's defence of the practice holds good, even in cases where the success of the attempted parallel may be somewhat questionable. 'These feelings from within give him a motive the more. No writer can narrate impressively unless he feels forcibly; and there is no influence which will impel any one who really deserves the name of an historian, so energetically, as the earnest desire of propagating opinions which he believes it to be his duty to teach or proclaim.'<sup>1</sup>

All history and all science must start from certain assumptions. Even Euclid has to demand our assent to certain definitions, postulates and axioms, before he can build up the structure of his propositions. It may be well to state a few of M. de Broglie's assumptions, and to see how far we can agree with them.

With him then—as against Strauss and his precursors or followers—we assume, as a foundation for Church history, the truth and genuineness of the four-fold records of *the* Life which was manifested upon earth, of the birth and acts and death and resurrection of the Incarnate Lord. With him we assume the inspiration and authority of all the other canonical books of the New Testament. With him we assume—as against Neander and all of his school—the existence of a three-fold Christian ministry as an Apostolic institution, and no mere human invention, made for convenience, and liable to change. With him we assume the truth of that glorious confession of Nicæa which was accepted by 'the Holy Church throughout the world,' and which still in England, as in other lands, forms a part of the Eucharistic service.

Nor are we much disposed to quarrel with M. de Broglie respecting the important question of authorities. The staple sources for the history of the period of which he treats are so settled, that their overthrow would involve the destruction of the histories of Gibbon and Milman and Neander, quite as thoroughly as of those of Baronius or M. Rohrbacher. If any man chooses to refuse the testimony of Eusebius, Socrates,

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<sup>1</sup> *History of Normandy and England*, Vol. i. p. 265.



Sozomen, Theodoret; of the pagan writers, Zosimus and Ammianus Marcellinus; and the aid of Lactantius and S. Athanasius, he must simply be content to go without history at all for the latter half of the fourth and the first half of the fifth century. He must remain almost without information respecting an epoch for which we have that kind of witness which Mr. Grote so desiderates for the early times of Greece, and Sir G. C. Lewis for that of Rome anterior to the war with Pyrrhus—*contemporary written evidence*.

Some ten years since an able and learned writer, Mr. Shepherd, the Rector of Luddesdown, published a *History of the Church of Rome* in which this line was actually adopted. The author proved, to his own perfect satisfaction, that the letters of S. Cyprian were an entire forgery intended to support the Roman claims. Considering the use which Mr. Poole and other accomplished Anglicans have made of these letters *against* Rome, they must be pronounced to be one of the clumsiest forgeries ever attempted. Mr. Shepherd dealt out the same measure to a vast number of other writings. His arguments reminded us somewhat, we must own, of those by which Archbishop Whately disproves the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte. Within three years after the appearance of Mr. Shepherd's volume came out the *History of Latin Christianity*, by an author not given to credulity, the Dean of S. Paul's; and lo! the rejected documents all took their places as before, and the assailant was dismissed in a single brief, but decisive, note.

A fresh reason for want of confidence in the Church historians of the period has, however, been suggested in the critique of that famous northern Review to which we referred at the commencement of this article. The writer suggests the possibility of these annalists having been overawed by the ruling spirit of the age, the great Bishop of Alexandria, insomuch that their accounts of events may after all, perhaps, be only echoes of his voice. Now we would not willingly go out of our way to do battle with a contemporary, especially when we recognise, and gladly recognise, so many gleams of earnestness as shine forth in the notice of M. de Broglie's volumes. But this is a subject more germane perhaps to our pages than those even of the *Edinburgh Review*, and our readers have a right to know whether we think that the doubt thus implied has any adequate foundation. If it has such foundation, our trust in the history of the period must be very considerably diminished.

We answer that the doubt thus implied is wholly baseless, and that it is hard to believe that it could have been suggested by an author deeply versed in these studies. The earliest

Church historian, Eusebius, is so far from being under the influence of S. Athanasius, that he betrays decided indications of an Arianizing temper. Of Socrates it is truly observed by the highest authority on these subjects, Valesius, that he has displayed remarkable diligence and judgment, and composed his history from researches into the best sources of testimony on all sides (*conquisitis undique optimis monumentis*), as letters of bishops, acts of synods, and works of other historians. A friend who calls our attention to these words of Valesius has pursued the subject into some details which are far too valuable to be omitted, but which we venture to relegate to a foot-note as the recognised place for such discussions, at the same time earnestly commending them to the attention of the studious.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Soc. i. 1. In i. 10 he quotes as his authority an eye-witness. In i. 13 he gives names of bishops, provinces, cities, date of Nicene Council, from personal investigation. I cannot but think that a mere copyist of S. Athanasius would have spoken less favourably than Socrates does of Constantine's 'liberal' letter to S. Alexander and Arius, i. 8, and also of Eusebius of Cæsarea, ii. 21, whom S. Athanasius sets down as a mere heretic (de Syn. 17). Again, I don't think such a copyist would have called the Arian controversy a *νυκτομαχία*, i. 23, or have said that Constantine when he commanded Ath. to admit Arius into the Church was actuated by a desire *τοῦ λυσιτελοῦντος*, and by a fear of disunion (i. 27). In ii. 1 he refers to letters of eminent men as well as to S. Athanasius' writings. In ii. 11 he mistakes the time of Syrianus' irruption into S. Athanasius' Church, and differs from S. Athanasius' own account of the scene. In fact he goes quite astray about Gregory and George, ii. 14. In ii. 15, 17, he judges between Athanasius' account and that of the Macedonian Sabinus, whom he censures on the ground of *suppressio veri*. In i. 36 and ii. 18 he pronounces Marcellus to be a heretic, which S. Athanasius refrained from doing, at least expressly. In ii. 20 he says that the Council of Sardica reinstated Paul of Constantinople in his throne, which S. Athanasius does not say. In ii. 22 he gives a letter of Constans, which S. Athanasius does not give. In ii. 23 he gives a passage in praise of S. Athanasius in Julius' letter to the Alexandrians, which S. Athanasius' version of that letter does not give. As to the death of Paul, Socrates and Athanasius differ. Soc. ii. 16 makes Philip the Prefect decoy him from Constantinople before A. D. 347, and says nothing about Philip's having anything to do with his final expulsion and murder at Cucusus, A. D. 350, ii. 26. But S. Athanasius (*Hist. An.* 7) connects Philip with this last tragedy. Similarly, Athanasius makes Constantine banish Paul the first time; Socrates ascribes this first ejection to Constantius, ii. 7. Soc. ii. 30, is wrong as to Mark of Arethusa having written the creed of the 27 Anathemas. He does not get this from Athanasius, but seems to have mistaken a passage in S. Hilary, fragm. 15, or at any rate to have made a confusion between a meeting at Sirmium in 351, and another at Sirmium in 359. Mark really wrote the creed of May 27, 359, or third Sirmian, which Socrates gives, ii. 37. In ii. 38 Socrates is wrong about Liberius, saying that he was banished for not receiving the creed of Ariminum. He could not have got this from Athanasius, for Athanasius in his Apology to Constantine, written in 356, speaks as having just then heard of the exile of Liberius. Again, in the same chapter, he says that Felix, who succeeded Liberius, or rather was put in after his exile, was an Arian, but that others say he was not, etc. Now this shows that he weighed different statements: for Athanasius (*Hist. An.* 75) unhesitatingly condemns Felix. In ii. 41 Socrates says that the 'council of the dedication' at Antioch promulgated two creeds, and see ii. 10. But Athanasius gives four (de Syn. 22, seq.). In ii. 46 Socrates sets down Apollinaris as an heresiarch. Athanasius did not. He seems to have been willing to think that the dogma of the Word being instead of a

The same critic who questions the independence of the historians just referred to, has accused M. de Broglie of placing all his authorities on an equal level, and admitting into his text apocryphal anecdotes from untrustworthy sources. Now we are ourselves by no means disposed to accept unhesitatingly all the illustrations of this sort which occur in the history before us. If, however, we did so accept them, it would be our own fault, and not that of the historian. His censor must surely have entirely overlooked three very important pages (109—112) in the third volume, where M. de Broglie discusses the value of the narratives respecting the Fathers of the desert, and distinctly declines to yield to them the same kind of credence as to the grave works of a purely historic or controversial character. '*Il serait également téméraire et de croire et de rejeter indistinctement ces pieuses narrations.*' He proceeds to assert that many of the prodigies they relate are commonly external representations, under a living and sensible form, of the struggle of the Christian soul against sin and passion. He even traces points in common between these accounts and the 'Pilgrim's Progress' of John Bunyan; and cites Möhler, in a note, as supporting his views, and as avowing that many of the details inserted by S. Athanasius, in his 'Life of S. Antony,' seem written rather with a view to edify his readers, than with a scrupulous adherence to precise fact.<sup>1</sup>

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mind to Christ, was not really taught by his old friend. In iii. 7 Socrates greatly mistakes what was done at the Alexandrian Council of 362. Athanasius clearly sets forth in the Synodal Letter that explanations were mutually given as to the two senses of *Hypostasis*. Socrates says, absurdly enough, that *Ousia* and *Hypostasis* were both proscribed by the Synod!

So much for Socrates. I suppose one need not go much further, for if Socrates is not a mere copyist of Athanasius, Sozomen and Theodoret will not be. One may however mention the declaration of Sozomen, i. 1, that he has consulted for the remoter period embraced in his History (*i.e.* for the Athanasian trials)—1. Imperial laws; 2. Acts of Synods, Catholic and Arian; 3. Letters. He is very explicit in saying that he thinks it right to give due consideration to heterodox as well as orthodox accounts, because the historian must care for truth above all things. (One diversity between Sozomen and Athanasius may be named: Sozomen, in ii. 24, says that Constantine banished Athanasius to Treves because of the affair of Ischyras and the chalice. Athanasius (*Apol. c. Ari.* 87) says not a word was said about this matter by those who procured his exile.) Of Theodoret, Valerius says, that as Sozomen wrote after Socrates (in *his* view) so Theodoret after Sozomen, and that Theodoret corrected several mistakes which they had fallen into as to Athanasius and Paul, yet with much good feeling did not name them as having made such mistakes.

I have said little of Ruffinus, but I suppose it might be said, not that he simply copied Athanasius (for he tells us things which Athanasius does not say), but that he gave ear to ill-supported stories.

<sup>1</sup> Archdeacon Churton, in a letter to the late Joshua Watson, Esq. (London, Rivingtons, 1848), gives reasons for questioning the justice of attributing to S. Athanasius *this* life of S. Antony, though S. Athanasius probably did write a

It is among our author's many merits that he is conscious of the difference between *data* and inferences. Such consciousness is more rare than might at first sight be supposed. We have heard a very distinguished judge assert his conviction that Irishmen were often supposed to be guilty of deliberate falsehood, in cases where they were simply giving their own hasty, and often untenable, inferences as facts. In order that he may show that his assumptions have not been made lightly, M. de Broglie has added some important *Appendices* to his volumes. The first of these, the one which refers to the proper course to follow in order to ascertain the truth of the Gospel facts, is particularly valuable. He exposes with much force the absurdity of those who first assume the impossibility of *any* miracles, and then proceed to discuss the authority for individual miracles recorded by the Evangelists. 'The Gospel is the supernatural 'itself. The Gospel is the birth of a Virgin's Son. The 'Gospel is the resurrection of One dead. It begins and ends in 'miracle. If therefore all facts are false, from the simple fact 'that they are miraculous, the Gospel is false: that is a thing 'decided. There is no need to learn Greek or Hebrew to 'prove that, or to verify dates, or to collate manuscripts.' It is then shown that the principles on which Strauss proceeds would just as easily prove that the Emperor Constantine was not the son of Helena, that he never reigned, never existed at all, and that the Council of Nice never took place. As, however, we must hasten on to our main subject, we merely call attention to this important *éclaircissement*. It might be read as a good introduction to that profound, though alas! unfinished reply to Strauss, which was given us by our own great deceased theologian, Dr. Mill.

The mention of assumptions in which we perfectly agree with our author, may almost seem to imply the existence of other assumptions with which we do not agree. This of course must be expected, when we are called upon to review the work of a conscientious and earnest Roman Catholic; and the only ground of surprise is not that these grounds of difference exist, but that they should not be more marked and frequent. This arises mainly from the circumstance, that M. de Broglie is

biography. The Archdeacon maintains:—1. That internal evidence is against it, the author of the life not supposing himself to be Athanasius. 2. That S. Chrysostom, Hom. viii. in S. Matth. does not appear to allude to the Life we now have. 3. That it does not answer to the description in Nazianzen's Oration on S. Athanasius. We do not pretend to have examined the point sufficiently to form a definite opinion; but we may own, that there would be a satisfaction in seeing adjudged away from S. Athanasius a work which needs such an interpretation as that of Möhler's.

treating of a period whereon, happily, the dissensions between our respective communions have comparatively little room for display. On the estimate of the leading actors of the age there is scarcely any controversy between us. We too, as well as he, have been brought up to regard Julian as an apostate. Even Bishop Warburton has shown us how overwhelming is the evidence of that signal and miraculous stoppage of his plans for the rebuilding of Jerusalem. We too with him, regard with suspicious glances the somewhat courtly tone of the historian Eusebius of Cæsarea. We too think with awe upon the life and death of that 'subtle-witted, and marvellous fair-spoken man,' the arch-heretic Arius. And if in these volumes full justice is done to the ever-glorious memory of S. Athanasius, it may yet well be questioned, whether even the great powers of composition undoubtedly possessed by M. de Broglie, have produced an eulogy of that great saint and doctor, so free, so rapturous, so majestic, as that of our own Hooker.

With the exception of some remarks on the authority for the celibacy of the clergy, there is, we believe, only one subject treated in the present volumes, on which an Anglican divine would find room for serious controversy with M. de Broglie. That one subject is the position of the see of Rome during the epoch before us. We do not suppose that the whole amount of writing on this subject amounts to ten pages out of some 2,000. The book is not intended as a treatise on the question, nor have we the slightest intention of making this paper a counter-treatise. But the real delight which we have experienced in turning from the pages, where the *esprit malin et moqueur* of Gibbon sullies the glory of his genius, to those of a writer who approaches the subject in so Christian a temper, must not be suffered to blind us as to points of difference, and we consequently pause to make a few passing remarks.

It is obvious that critics bred up and nurtured in our own communion, may be charged with viewing the evidence on this subject through a mist of prejudice. But it is equally obvious that the charge may be just as easily retorted. A man brought up from infancy to regard Gregory the Sixteenth or Pius the Ninth as an *Episcopus episcoporum* is, to say the very least, quite as liable to read the Gospels, and acts of councils, and events of past history, through coloured glasses as we can be. To our eyes the testimonies adduced by M. de Broglie, prove at most a Primacy, not a Supremacy. We do not know whether it is his moderation on this point which has

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<sup>1</sup> Hooker, E. P., V. 13, § 2.

caused the dislike of his work expressed by the most extreme of his co-religionists: <sup>1</sup> but it would be most unjust not to recognise amidst our differences the earnest desire to be fair. Let us look at one or two points more in detail.

It is now generally allowed that the president of the great council of Nice was Hosius, (or as M. de Broglie, with many good authors, calls him, Osius,<sup>2</sup>) Bishop of Corduba. In the Latin copies of the *Acta* of the council, his name stands as the first. Hereupon the question arises—how came he to preside?

Now if we were to assert that he presided because of the weight of his character, and because he enjoyed the especial favour of Constantine, it would immediately be replied, and not without reason—*firstly*, that this was a pure theory; and *secondly*, that we were probably biassed, however unconsciously, by a disposition to think too highly of the power and influence of the *regale*.<sup>3</sup> Precisely similar is the reply which we in our turn must make to those who, allowing the fact of Hosius's presidency, proceed to assert that he *must* have sat in the character of legate from the Bishop of Rome. *They* are putting forth a pure theory, they are biassed by preconceived ideas respecting the supposed Roman supremacy.

The account in the Roman Breviary, written in an uncritical age, quietly ignores the very existence of Hosius, and simply asserts that the Roman pontiff presided by his legates. This is mere assertion without the shadow of proof. Cardinal Baronius mentions, as co-ordinate facts, first, that Hosius presided; secondly, that he was the legate of the Pope of Rome. M. de Broglie most fairly separates the all but certain *fact* of the Bishop of Corduba's presidency, from the *hypothesis*, that he did so as the representative of the Roman Bishop Julius. As a Roman Catholic he accepts the hypothesis, and even tries to support it by some arguments, inferences drawn from what took place at the subsequent (non-œcumenical)<sup>4</sup> council of Sardica.

<sup>1</sup> The *Dublin Review*, though not enthusiastic, treated M. de Broglie's volumes, if we remember rightly, with courtesy and respect; but we understand that the ultramontane press in France is in arms against them.

<sup>2</sup> We rather prefer to retain the aspirate. The bishop was either a Spaniard or an Egyptian by birth. But this does not militate against those who would derive his name from the Greek word "*Osius*, *Holy*." Remembering, however, the forms Hosea and Osee, Habakkuk and Ambakoum, Hannibal and Annibal, we will not presume to dogmatise. But Spaniards, unlike Frenchmen and Italians, are given to retain initial aspirates. Consequently we claim the right to call a Spanish prelate Hosius.

<sup>3</sup> Since writing the above we observe that Dean Milman (*Lat. Chr. I. p. 60*) asserts, that if Hosius presided it was as the Court divine. There are arguments, no doubt, for such a view, but it still seems to us no more than an hypothesis. Mr. Neale (*Eastern Church*, vol. i. p. 139) contends that S. Eustathius of Antioch presided.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Allies, in his somewhat rhapsodical reply to his own book on the Supre-



There Hosius most probably presided again, and Sozomen speaks of the orthodox bishops as his followers, *οἱ ἀμφὶ τὸν Ὅσιον*. The Italian prelates (three in number, according to Dean Milman), representing the Roman pontiff, signed immediately after him. But as this council, held within the Roman Patriarchate, undeniably showed marked respect to the Roman See, and allowed of appeals to Rome,<sup>1</sup> therefore, says M. de Broglie, *it is evident that Hosius could only have been allowed the precedence in virtue of his representing the Bishop of Rome*. We must leave it to impartial judges, if such can by any possibility be found, to say which of us is the most prejudiced; M. de Broglie, in thus unhesitatingly adopting a conclusion, or we, in not being able to perceive that it is evident. Why might not an historian, who believed that estimable prelate to have presided through his own merits and the imperial favour at Nice, assume, with just as much appearance of probability, that the defenders of the orthodox faith proclaimed at that council, were only too thankful to range themselves once again under the chairmanship of the same justly honoured prelate.

With one more observation we quit this subject, though we shall have occasion to allude, *en passant*, to the real and lofty merits of many of the Roman bishops of that epoch. If we were discussing this question as our main subject, instead of incidentally, it would be necessary to compare the language employed by the fathers, with respect to S. Peter, with that applied to S. Paul and other Apostles; to compare the titles given to the Roman pontiff, with those applied to other Patriarchs and to temporal rulers; to take into account, not only the appeals made to Rome, but likewise those made to the Archbishops of Constantinople and Carthage; and lastly, to place in juxtaposition the very strongest claims made in early ages with those put forward by Bellarmine.

Of the question of celibacy, it is enough to remark for the present, 1, that it is allowed on all hands to be one of discipline and not of doctrine; 2, that it cannot be discussed without any reference to the Pauline *dictum* in 1 Timothy iii. 2;<sup>2</sup>

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macy, states, as if it were a matter generally acknowledged, and quite undisputed, that the council of Sardica was an œcumenical one. M. de Broglie, not being a convert, and not writing in a state of wild excitement, speaks very differently. 'The council of Sardica, despite its venerable (*respectable*) authority, is not reckoned among the œcumenical councils. *The great majority of canonists have decided against its claim.*'—Partie II, Tome i. p. 81.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Pusey (Councils of the Church, p. 144) observes, that the ninth Canon of the (œcumenical) Council of Chalcedon confers greater powers on the see of Constantinople.

<sup>2</sup> One of the ablest Roman Catholic commentators, Estius, maintains that the

and 3, that we must thank M. de Broglie for so far using his independent judgment, as not to reject the speech in favour of allowing the married clergy to retain their wives, reported by Socrates and Sozomen to have been made at Nice, by S. Paphnutius (himself an aged celibate), bishop of the Thebaid, in Egypt.

But, after all, it is not (as we have already implied) as a polemical work against other Christian communities, that these volumes come before the public. They are a new reading of old authorities, addressed for a special purpose to a special audience. We say *old* authorities, for the bulk of the evidence is not greatly altered since the days of Gibbon. The catacombs, unknown to that great investigator and exhaustor of evidence, have indeed been laid open; Cardinal Mai, and Mr. Cureton have recovered some letters of S. Athanasius; Dom Pitra has exhumed some buried fragments of much worth; but though additional light has consequently been thrown upon particular points, it may safely be asserted that the history of the times has not been revolutionised. The leading characters of the times stand much as they did. Constantine and Constantius, Athanasius and Arius, Julian and Libanius,—the verdicts to be delivered respecting their respective characters depend, not upon the evidence, so to speak, before the court, but upon the ability of the counsel who plead, and the temper and education of those who judge.

For even M. Albert de Broglie, though earnestly, and we think upon the whole most successfully, endeavouring to be fair, is yet in some sense the advocate of a cause. In his mind's eye, he sees before him, while he writes, the audience whom he addresses—the intellect of educated Europe, but principally and nearest to his desk, the intellect of educated France. What, though here and there he may catch sight of a Lutheran of the school of Neander, of a pious Huguenot such as he has known in childhood, of Anglicans like ourselves; they, though each in turn may have a word which is intended for their special benefit, are not *the* persons whose attention he primarily demands. Two classes among his countrymen are first in his thoughts; the one, that knot of eager and extreme spirits, such as the Abbé Gaume and the Abbé Ventura, who would

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permission hereby granted, was not meant to be permanent—surely a very rationalising mode of interpretation! With this reservation, he says, 'Fatendum quidem est apostolum permittere ut in episcopum eligatur qui uxorem habeat.'

fain deal with the nineteenth century as if it were the thirteenth; the other, that France which, in his own words, has 'everywhere eradicated from her institutions and from her 'monuments the insignia and, as it were, the forms (*étiquette*) of 'Christianity;' which 'has rendered itself, so far as it is possible, 'a nation purely philosophical.' To the first of these classes he virtually exclaims: 'Do not mistake the times, and treat as 'wholly Christian a generation not brought up to believe in 'Christ; read the lessons of history; see how tenderly, with 'what caution, what wisdom and moderation, the early Church 'employed its victories, how it sought to sanctify, not to annihilate, the arts, the literature, the laws of paganism.' To the members of the other class, whom he bears in mind even more assiduously throughout his work, his prayer is, that they would not believe Christianity to be the narrow, anti-social, anti-civilizing influence that they have been taught to suppose it; that they would study its records, as it rose into being, as it came into union with the state, and mark how (despite all the hindrances of human perversity) it achieved a work which even for man's lower destiny was grand, beneficent, and enduring.

There never yet was speaker or writer wholly uninfluenced by the character of the audience whom he addressed. He may be warmed by the consciousness of an assured sympathy, rendered cautious by the fear of its absence, stung into defiance by the evidences of opposition, but wholly unmoved he will hardly, by any possibility, remain. One form of such influence was once alluded to by the celebrated Daniel O'Connell. Explaining to an Irish assembly his reasons for refusing a proffered judgeship, he said, 'I was afraid of being partial to my friends, 'or else of being guilty of that worst of all partiality, injustice 'to my friends for fear of seeming partial.' Whether this be the worst of all partiality may well be questioned, for it is at any rate the fault of a sensitive and generous mind. M. de Broglie is a person of such a mind, and we are not sure that he has wholly escaped the influence of this temptation. He seems to have gazed in thought upon the hearers whom he most wished to attract, and—if we may without presumption or discourtesy attempt to detect an under-current of thought in another's brain—to have reasoned with himself somewhat as follows:—'You, denizens of that France which claims to itself as 'of sole right the title of *philosophic*,—you think that you know 'beforehand the course of my narrative and the tenor of my 'judgments. You expect, as a matter of course, the most 'unqualified condemnation of the persecuting heathen emperors, 'the canonization of Constantine as a faultless sovereign, and

‘the denunciation of Julian as an unredeemed prodigy of wickedness. Read and judge for yourselves; whatever else you find, most assuredly you *shall not* find this.’

No! they will not find this, but will they not meet with almost too much allowance, an allowance beyond the bounds of strict justice, in the direction of their own tendencies of thought? With sincere diffidence be it said, we incline to think that they will. Far be it from us to wish that any should imitate the silence of the somewhat courtly biographer of Constantine, respecting the great tragedy in his household. Far from us be that blind enmity, which is unable to recognise, in such an one as Julian, those endowments which extorted the eulogy of the ‘great and grave’ Christian poet, Prudentius. Not in these pages shall the theory be upheld, which would represent every pagan emperor who abstained from persecution as thereby of necessity proven to be better than any of those who adopted it. But still we *do* think that for Constantine, a word more might be said than is uttered in these volumes, not (*μὴ γένοιτο*) in palliation of crime, but with respect to his own condition and the general tone of society around him: the image of the apostate casts before our (very possibly over-prejudiced) eyes, a still darker shadow than that which is limned in the page now open before us; and as for some of the language employed with reference to the early persecutions, M. de Broglie’s French critic, M. Ampère, will support us in saying, that it needs all our knowledge of the sincerity of the author’s convictions, to enable us to give his phrases a favourable interpretation.

We have other general remarks to make, but they shall be interposed as we proceed, or postponed to the conclusion. For the present, we turn to the task, more pleasant for ourselves, and doubtless more interesting to the reader, of giving a rapid and broken epitome of the four extant volumes of *The Church and Roman Empire in the Fourth Century*.

A preliminary survey occupies considerably more than a third part of the first volume. M. de Broglie begins by comparing the unity of the nascent Church with the unity of the rapidly declining Empire. The one he likens to the majestic but artificial unity of a building raised by man, which is ever tending to relapse into the dust; the other, to that of a plant which aspires heavenward, and extends itself in space by its own organic force.

And, firstly, of the Empire. We are reminded of Augustus, uniting in his own person those offices of consul, tribune, præfect, and *pontifex maximus*, which used to be a check upon

each other, together with the command of an army of nearly 400,000 men; of the rapid degradation of a people no longer free, which tolerated and even admired such monsters as Caligula and Nero; of the lingering respect still paid to the authority of the senate, as exhibited in the very management of that body by crafty rulers like Tiberius, in the deference shown by the Flavians and Antonines. But the struggle between the senate and the army ended for a season in the victory of the soldiers, who chose their own favourites, until in A.D. 285 a more oriental cast was imparted to the monarchy by the abilities of Diocletian. During all this period, if the city had lost, the provinces had gained. Under the republic they had suffered from the struggles of contending factions and the avarice of magistrates, without enjoying the glories of the capital of the world. The Emperors placed them more on a level with the citizens at home, and eminent men from Gaul obtained entrance into the senate even in the days of Julius Cæsar. 'Piquant witticisms, that consolation of vanquished aristocracies,' did not spare the new *Patres Conscripti*, who did not 'know the way to the Senate-house, and who had changed their 'trowsers for the broad stripe on the toga,'—the badge of their new rank. Successive Emperors played, so to speak, the provinces against the city. Seneca and Lucan from Spain, Plutarch from Greece, Fronto from Africa, were intimate with Emperors; and the great lawyers of this epoch—Salvius, Papinian, Ulpian—were all of foreign extraction.

'It was they who paved the way for the famous edict by which, at last, Caracalla granted the *jus civitatis* to all free inhabitants of the Empire (A.D. 213). Dishonoured by the name of its author, and by the motives of fiscal interest which suggested it, this act does nevertheless mark a grave moment in the world's history. The providential destiny of Rome was accomplished on that day: her work of assimilation and conquest was consummated. From the rape of the Sabines to the edict of Caracalla nearly a thousand years had elapsed; no less a period of time could suffice to this great star to accomplish its entire orbit.'—Tom. i. p. 25.

We must pass onwards, at the risk of some omissions, and fix our eyes upon that gathering cloud of barbaric hosts, which, as our author truly remarks, bore down upon the empire, as with the invincible regularity of a physical law. Between A.D. 250 and 260, the Goths advance from the Borysthenes to the Euxine, through Bithynia to Greece and Italy. The Franks rush through Spain and cross to Africa. The king of Parthia reaches Antioch, and the captive Emperor, Valerian, is put to a

<sup>1</sup> The reader will see the passing allusion to the Faubourg St. Germain.

cruel and insulting death. It is one of the glories of the low-born Diocletian to have arrested for a time, on every side, the fury of the lowering storm.

And, meanwhile, the ancient creed which (at least in a political and external point of view) Augustus had sought to inspire with new life, was failing under the introduction of new gods and new rites from every land, allegorical personifications from Greece, magic mysteries from Egypt and the East.

‘Thus, in that eclecticism, in that confluence (if one may venture so to describe it) of all religions, the various dispositions of the soul were at ease. No restraint weighed upon action: no well-defined belief was inflexibly imposed on the mind. Amid the infinite number of traditions which varied from place to place, and from poet to poet, no one could succeed in believing them all, but no one was ill-mannered enough to deny them all: people took them or left them, prayed to their gods, or jested on them at will, according to the fancy or interest of the day. Enough of faith was left to support vacillating human reason a little in its hours of weakness, not enough to subdue it to a law and make it walk in a straight path; a situation marvellously adapted to an enervated race who possessed neither the energy of a living faith, nor the boldness of a systematised reasoning doubt.’—Tom. i. p. 49.

In the loftier order of minds there was a yearning for unity. Apuleius, perhaps Apollonius of Tyana, certainly Plutarch, try to interpret, to turn into moral lessons, to allegorize, the perishing fables of polytheism.

Rome had wished to be more practical than Greece, to discard the quasi-theological speculations contained in the metaphysics of Aristotle, in such dialogues of Plato as the *Timæus*, the *Phædo*, the *Parmenides*, and to confine her attention to the sort of questions discussed in Cicero’s *De Officiis*. The following remarks on this attempt deserve, we think, our deepest attention.

‘The result of this apparent simplification of philosophy, is one which has ever attended on every system of morality that professed to stand alone, devoid of all religious influences. It is a natural and frequent illusion to imagine that the separation of morality from the often obscure problems of religious metaphysics, renders it clearer and easier. It is really only rendered insupportable and inapplicable. Fulfilment of duty is only possible, and can only become dear to men, when it appears to them imposed by a divine hand, which holds out in prospect before them punishment or reward, when the powers of their soul are thus doubled by the combined incitements of hope, love, and fear. Left to itself, saying nothing to the imagination, attaching itself to no divine inspiration, leading to no prospective felicity, holding out but small hopes to repentance, stoic morality was without attraction as it was without support. It imposed sacrifices without compensation, it demanded efforts excited by no hope. Itself early recognised this; it proclaimed itself the belief of the minority, of the small number of the chosen *par excellence*, of the sage as distinguished from the simple men (*ἰδιώται*). It was a solitary religion. Mau



was bound to look into himself, himself alone, abstracting himself from every outward influence, to seek all his power in his own will, all his light in his own conscience.'—Tom. i. p. 59.

Stoicism perished on a throne with Marcus Aurelius. Epicureanism, in its most degraded form, survived it for a while. About A.D. 250 Plotinus succeeds in attracting crowds to listen to the new Platonic teaching. They come, impelled by a yearning to hear the answer to the question once put by Pilate; and even amidst the professed heathenism of the teacher there may be traced (it is no uncommon case) some influence of another form of doctrine which the philosopher was unconsciously swayed by, even while he vainly strove to thwart it. To the consideration of that other teaching M. de Broglie now summons our thoughts.

The first notice of Christianity in these pages is that it is at once a fact and a doctrine. Of its Divine founder we have his life and his addresses; of S. Paul, dogmatic epistles commented on by his toils and sufferings. Both these characteristics must be seized.

These remarks are perfectly just. Canon Stanley truly remarks of Neander, that his history is rather the history of opinions than of men. This is one extreme. There are those who would be inclined to say, on the contrary, that the starry writing of the learned Oxford Professor errs in attributing too much to individual men, too little to the influence of abstract but living and dominant ideas.

Assuming, as we have said, with our author, the authenticity of the Gospel records, we can afford also with him to admit the human elements which God's Providence has employed for the attainment of his designs. But it may be well before alluding to the earthen vessels which were entrusted with the treasure, to consider how vast was the gulf to be crossed by those professors of polytheism from whom we have just parted. Accustomed as we are from childhood to receive instruction in the loftiest problems concerning the Divine nature, inasmuch that (to illustrate M. de Broglie by the *Christian Year*) we see

'What sages would have died to learn  
Now taught by cottage dames,'

we can hardly imagine the difficulty which even the wisest heathen felt with respect to the worship of an infinite God. We pity believers in polytheism, feel indignant at the worshippers of the golden Calf, smile at the allegories of Plato, the puzzles of Cicero.

'Let us not, however, be so severe upon the first masters of religion and thought. The heart of man is not so changed by the lapse of time that a little introspection will not enable us to discover an explanation of its strangest weaknesses. For instance, it is certain that, even to us, the idea of God, when it comes to us from pure reason, only appears surrounded by inextricable problems which involve as their consequences threatening maledictions. Contradictory notions, difficulties insoluble but still unavoidable, which defy intellect, spring from prolonged reflection on the idea of God. Unable to stand on such heights in a just point of equilibrium, we form, alternately, ideas of the Divine Essence too elevated for ourselves, or too unworthy of it. Sometimes we lower it to our own standard whilst we strive to comprehend it: sometimes we cease to comprehend ourselves, whilst we endeavour to enlarge our thoughts in order to attain to it.'—Tom. i., p. 78.

The pages in the same strain, which follow this extract, are well worthy of the attention of the students who feel an interest in the problems discussed in Mr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures. Their main drift is to show how the God of whom reason told men was a freezing abstraction, while yet any departure from such ideas at once sunk down into the grossness of anthropomorphic polytheism with all its train of earthly passions. One fact—one doctrine—alone can save us from the cold abstraction of Pantheism, from the impure defilements of polytheism, the mystery of the Holy Incarnation.

Again are we tempted to cite, in illustration of these reflections (happily not new to English readers), the words of one of our own poets—

'The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?  
So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—  
So, through the thunder comes a human voice  
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!  
Face my hands fashioned, see it in myself.  
Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of mine,  
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,  
And thou must love Me who have died for thee!"  
The madman saith He said so: it is strange.'<sup>1</sup>

But an institution was founded, as well as a dogma taught. While as yet not a single book of the New Testament was in existence, Apostles were on all sides extending the faith. Of the three leading members of the College, S. Peter, S. Paul, and S. John, we are presented with sketches, which may recall some pages of Dr. Stanley's *Apostolic Age*, and of Dean Ramsay's *Diversities of Christian Characters*. M. de Broglie is perfectly justified in asserting that, left to themselves, S. Paul and S. John would have founded distinct and even hostile sects; that they worked for a common end is one of the many

<sup>1</sup> Robert Browning. *Men and Women*. Vol. i. pp. 105, 6.

thousand incidental proofs of the nature of Him who called them and sent them forth.

But in the course of time not only the poor, not only the believers in gross superstitions, not only pagan priests but too conscious of imposture, came to sit beneath the rising and spreading branches of the tree springing from the mustard-seed. Philosophy likewise sought a place there, sometimes indeed, with a Justin Martyr or a Clement, humble and docile, but sometimes, and more especially at Alexandria, tincturing the simplicity of the Gospel with disfigured Judaism—witness Cerinthus and Ebion; or with modified Magianism—witness Basilides and Valentinian.<sup>1</sup>

But we shall not dwell on Gnosticism (on which so much may be learnt from Gibbon and Neander) further than to observe, with our author, how completely it explained away the leading features of Christianity, and how signal was the victory obtained over it by the writers of the second age of the Church, such as S. Irenæus, by the twofold weapon of the tradition from the Apostles and of the four Gospels. Still the very fact of such a contest with such a foe affected, as must always happen, the character of the victorious body. 'It transformed Bishops into Doctors, and believers into *savans*' (p. 116). S. Clement and his disciple Origen exhibit the new phase of Christian teaching, making use of Greek philosophy, a use which proved of inestimable service to the Church, though not without accompanying dangers; dangers which the Latin Fathers always dreaded, and in the recoil rushed to the opposite extreme of strict, and sometimes harsh and narrow dogmatism.

M. de Broglie appears to have been much struck (as we, too, have always been) with the exhibition of these opposite tendencies in the two greatest geniuses of that epoch, Origen and Tertullian. It is a subject to which we may have occasion to recur, *Deo volente*, at a future day. At present we can only remark, in passing, the melancholy fact that neither the stern dogmatist Tertullian, nor the philosophic inquirer Origen, bears before his name the honoured title of *Saint*; and also that, just as Coleridge declares that all men are born Aristotelians or Platonists, so most divines may be said to have an inclination towards Origenism or Tertullianism.

Of the pre-eminence of Baptism and the Holy Eucharist over

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<sup>1</sup> At this point M. de Broglie recommends the study of M. Villemain's volume, *Essai sur l'Eloquence Chrétienne au Quatrième Siècle*. We have taken the advice, and found ourselves well repaid. Lady readers who care for Church history would find much to interest them in the patristic specimens of eloquence. The preliminary essay on polytheism need not be read as a condition of understanding what follows.

all other ordinances of a sacramental character M. de Broglie speaks in terms not very far removed from those of our English Homilies. Of the position of a Christian in that age our author writes:—

‘A Christian was a man who was tranquil amidst a society that was alternately frivolous and alarmed, plunged in pleasures or distresses. A Christian had his conscience free amidst a society alternately servile and rebellious. A Christian marched straight to his point in the midst of a society that was wandering it knew not whither. A Christian was full of hope amidst a society deeply discouraged at its own condition. When laws were perishing, when thirty competitors were disputing for the sovereignty, and a hundred barbarian tribes for the very soil of the Empire, a Christian knew where to find his government and his law. He alone made part of a compact organization with chiefs and ministers of its own; he alone felt himself protected, restrained, commanded; he alone, amidst the general deluge, did not expect to see the sky come down upon his head, the earth fail beneath his feet. This feeling of calmness in the midst of the quaking all around oftentimes burst forth with all the ecstasy of a triumphal song. “The Church,” cried the Christians, “is in the world like a ship on the high seas. She is swayed at the will of the waves, but does not sink, for she is guided by a skilful pilot, by Jesus Christ. She, too, bears on board her trophy; the one by which she has been snatched from death, the Cross of her Lord. . . . The wind is the spirit of heaven by which the faithful receive the seal of God.”’ —*Ibid.* tom. i. pp. 149, 150.

And, meanwhile, with what eyes did the Roman world gaze upon this spectacle? There are probably only three attitudes which the human mind can adopt towards truth for the first time placed before it; those, namely, of contemptuous indifference, deep hatred, or yearning affection. The Roman world began with the first-named of these sentiments, contempt; ‘certain questions of their own superstition, and of one Jesus, which was dead, whom Paul affirmed to be alive.’ ‘But, then, the Apostles were Jews, and the Jews were accused of a hatred of the human race; let these Jews, like their brethren, suffer the just retaliation. Worse than other Jews, they proselytise, they insult our temples and ceremonies, they come across our daily life at every turn.’ Thus thought, before long, the mass of the citizens of the Empire; but in the two extremes of social condition there were to be found most striking exceptions. Often, as it is here observed, has this phenomenon been witnessed in the history of Christianity: the poor who feel the bitterness of existence, and the rich who become conscious of the unsatisfying nature of its joys, are the most accessible to spiritual influences; while those of the middle classes seem more immersed in the cares of earth, more drawn downward by the lure of gain. Soon in the most miserable

<sup>1</sup> The quotation is from S. Hippolytus.

suburbs of great cities, and in the household of Cæsar, was known the name of Christ. But each day witnessed fresh collisions of thought and action. In the honour paid to celibacy, in the strictness and purity of Christian marriage, in the charity displayed towards the poor—what can be more annoying than good deeds that make us feel ashamed, especially if wrought by those whom we would fain despise? The Pagan saw with uneasiness a new code of ethics, a formidable source of rising power that could no longer be merely contemned or ignored. The notion, too, that an unenfranchised slave could, in any point of view, be considered equal to his master, could once in the week sit by him and join in the same worship on the same terms, was in direct opposition to the habits of a people which often indeed gave liberty, but had no conception of any possible exaltation of a slave while still remaining a slave.

And besides all this, the Roman state had ever felt the keenest jealousy and suspicion of any association that threatened to become an *imperium in imperio*. Trajan disliked the establishment even of a society formed to extinguish fires, and of any unusually large family reunion. What was likely to be the sentiment of such rulers towards a society which had its ramifications everywhere? The refusal to swear 'by the fortune of Cæsar,' and by similar forms of adjuration, the unwillingness to take part in any military ceremonies of an idolatrous character, were fresh insults to the state. Moreover the very persecutions, which compelled the Christians to celebrate divine worship in caverns and secret places, gave a handle to those who represented them as engaged in scandalous and even murderous mysteries.

The famous letters of Pliny to Trajan exhibit the perplexed state of mind among the more fair and reasonable Pagans. Yet Trajan is responsible for the martyrdom of S. Ignatius. We must not pause to recount how, in the succeeding age, the very love of Christians, not for their countrymen alone, but for Christians everywhere, induced fresh suspicions of sympathy on the part of believers with the barbarian invaders: nor how, under Decius, a fearful edict was fearfully carried into execution, revealing the numbers of those who bore the name, revealing, too (shall we who live at ease presume to judge it?) the weakness of some who, like S. Peter before the day of Pentecost, denied their Lord.

Diocletian, though at last seduced into persecution, was at the commencement of his reign surrounded by Christian chamberlains, who did not despair of succeeding with their imperial master as they did with many in his place. The following letter is new to us, and will probably be new to our readers. It

is addressed by S. Theonas, Bishop of Alexandria, to one of these chamberlains. As we might expect in an epistle from Alexandria, it breathes what we venture to term the Origenist, rather than the Tertullianist, spirit.

‘I do not think that you are in any danger of vain-glory from the happiness you enjoy of causing several in the prince’s palace to hear the truth through your means: rather that you return thanks to God, who has made of you a good instrument for a good work . . . . For since the prince, not being as yet engaged in our religion, has nevertheless confided the guardianship of his life and person to Christians as to the most faithful servants he could select, you ought to show yourselves the more vigilant and active in acquitting yourselves of this task, that the name of Christ may be glorified in you . . . . One of you, it is said, has received the private monies of the prince into his charge, another the imperial vestments and ornaments, another the precious vases, another the books. . . . This last ought to be the most diligent of all. . . . Let him not neglect to inform himself of secular literature, and to study the works of genius among the Gentiles, which may please the prince. Let him in his conversations with him, extol the poets for their grandeur of invention, for the interest of their fables: let him praise the orators for their propriety of expression and their great eloquence. Let him also admire the philosophers for their special merit: let him praise the historians who relate to us the series and connexion of events, the manners of our ancestors, and the origin of our laws. . . . Sometimes let him endeavour to introduce the praise of the Holy Scriptures, translated with so much care, and so much cost, into our language by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus: and occasionally let him cite the Gospels and the Apostles, depositaries of the Divine Oracles. The name of Christ may thus be insinuated into his discourse, and he may find some opportunity of showing that Deity resides in Him alone: with Christ’s help all these things may succeed.’—Tom. i. pp. 175, 6.<sup>1</sup>

Attempts were now made to parody, and (if we may so speak) to travestie Christianity. Eusebius (ix. 5)<sup>2</sup> relates how false accounts of the life and passion of Christ were taught in schools and committed to memory. Lives of would-be rivals, especially of that singular person, Apollonius of Tyana, were freely circulated. (For, as Paley has justly remarked, no early opponents of Christianity ever denied the historic truth of our Lord’s miracles: they admitted them, and ascribed them to magic. Celsus, for example, declares that Christ learnt the art of sorcery in Egypt.) Maximin went so far as to try to establish a kind of rival hierarchy among the heathen.

<sup>1</sup> M. de Broglie refers us to Galandi, *Bibliotheca veterum Patrum*, tom. iii., for the original.

<sup>2</sup> We may here mention, once for all, that we have verified a large number of M. de Broglie’s references to Tacitus, Suetonius, Eusebius, Socrates, S. Augustine and the *Spicilegium Solesmense*, as also to Gibbon, Neander, &c. We have been so much struck with the accuracy and fairness shown in the use of these authorities, that we feel the fullest confidence in those we have not yet examined. Whenever, as in this case, we give a reference in the text, it has been verified and the resultant statement is often as much ours as M. de Broglie’s.



The successor of Diocletian, Galerius, who had urged, we might almost say goaded, that great Emperor to the sanguinary task of persecution, was struck by a terrible disease, and published on his death-bed (A. D. 311) that singular edict of toleration which Eusebius and Lactantius have preserved for us, and which even Gibbon (chap. xvi.) has thought it well to reproduce. 'He seems,' says M. de Broglie, 'to feel that the hands of the God of the Christians has fallen upon him. It is a singular document, half insolent, half suppliant, beginning with insults to the Christians, and ending with a request for their prayers.' The following comments strike us as being amongst the very grandest, even in volumes so replete with noble thoughts as those before us.

'This cry of grief seems to have been wrung from the very heart of pagan society. Sick, like its aged tyrant, exhausted by a last convulsion of rage, extended on its bed of pain, it was about to call to its assistance a God long detested and still unknown. It was about to resort to that mysterious protection whose power whilst it cursed it, it still had felt, with its soul stained with murder and its members gnawed by leprosy. It gave itself wholly to this God with its riches, its goods, and its works. It was about to entrust to Him the skilful, but already decaying, labour of a brilliant and prosperous civilization, strong laws undermined by anarchy, treasures coveted by the cupidity of barbarians, arts corrupted by voluptuousness. Christianity advanced under the banner of Constantine to gather together all these wrecks, to imprint her mark upon them, and whilst preparing for the world a new life, to retain still for a few days on the lips of the imperial corpse the breath of life that was just about to quit it.'—Tom. i. pp. 182, 3.

From a state of persecution to one of toleration, from toleration to supremacy, is the natural course of truth. This preliminary survey has exhibited Christianity under the two first conditions; we have now to see it advancing to its triumph.

At the moment when Galerius put forth his memorable edict, there were no less than six Emperors. Diocletian, in his state of voluntary retirement, witnessed the frustration of the plan he had formed; that, namely, of having two Emperors (*Augusti*) with two heirs presumptive and associated in powers, known as *Cæsars*. Among the six, one was already conspicuously pre-eminent. Courage, ability, and (as a heathen panegyrist observes) the strictest purity of life distinguished Constantine, son of Constantius Chlorus, by heritage from his father, Emperor of the West.

That father had been associated in Empire by Diocletian, Through claiming some connexion with the Emperor Claudius, Constantius the First was indebted for his elevation far less to

his birth than to his services, as an able, though not a fortunate, general. Constantine was the son of his first wife<sup>1</sup> Helena, whom he repudiated that he might wed the daughter-in-law of Maximin. When Constantius and Galerius were elevated to the rank of *Augusti*, Galerius contrived to thwart the expected advancement of the young Constantine to the rank of Cæsar. The father, the son, and the army were all indignant at the introduction of such nobodies as Flavius Severus and Maximin Daia to this high position. But Constantius was busy in Gaul and could not help his son. Galerius kept Constantine by him, and though not daring to attempt his life, exposed him to the greatest perils; till at length Constantius Chlorus found his health declining, and desired that his son should join him in Gaul. Galerius gave consent, and then repented; but the repentance happily came too late, Constantine had already started.

Constantius, to his great honour, had eluded obedience to the commands of Diocletian in the matter of the persecution; partly from natural humanity, partly, it may be, from a half-unconscious inclination to the faith of the Cross. Gaul was already producing great Doctors of the Church and founding schools for instruction in theology. Constantine was most favourably received in Gaul. He found his father at Boulogne, just ready to start for Britain. But the fatigues of the expedition were too great for a frame enfeebled by age and illness, and Constantius Chlorus died at York, recommending his sole surviving son to the soldiers, who were already well inclined to the brave and popular prince.

We agree with the present Professor of Modern History at Oxford, 'that the succession to the Roman empire was practically hereditary, though the hereditary principle was modified 'by domestic intrigue, by domestic assassination, and by the 'childlessness which so often resulted from Roman morals.'<sup>2</sup> It was no novelty to the army which Constantius had led, to give effect to the dying wishes of their late commander. Constantine was immediately and unanimously proclaimed emperor. Galerius was furious on receiving the formal intimation of this election, but not daring to oppose it openly, consented to recognise Constantine as Cæsar, but not as Augustus, to which latter rank Severus was exalted. Constantine acquiesced; he could afford 'to bide his time.'

<sup>1</sup> We say *wife* advisedly; for though her marriage was something short of the highest known to Roman law, yet (as Gibbon forcibly remarks) no repudiation of a mere concubine would have been needed.

<sup>2</sup> Oxford Essays for 1856, p. 307.

We are not disposed to dwell upon the details of a period which, though narrated with much spirit in these volumes, is not one of their peculiar features. With one exception,<sup>1</sup> Gibbon has done justice to this portion of Constantine's career. The vigour and equity with which he administered the government of Gaul, the prudence of his political combinations with the rival rulers, the military talent he displayed, all tend to give us a very lofty idea of his natural powers. Those powers were about to be dedicated to a new service, which, humanly speaking, effected a revolution in the entire frame-work of society.

Maxentius, ruling tyrannically at Rome, has declared war against Constantine; and Constantine is meditating the chances of taking the initiative, and instead of waiting to be crushed, advancing boldly into Italy. It is a step (as Gibbon admits) full of hazard; he resolves to entreat a God to enlighten him; but the question arises—*what God?* Three of those who had shared with him the supreme power, Maximian, Severus, Galerius, have perished by terrible deaths. They were *all* worshippers of many gods. His own father, Constantius Chlorus, had so far caught the echoes of the truth that were circling round him, as to pray, in whatever ignorance, to *One supreme God*; and he died in peace, beloved by all who knew him, bequeathing the empire to his son. The two latest expeditions against Rome, believed to be under polytheistic patronage, had failed. Was it possible that in that Monotheism of his sire, the son might find the key to the difficulties that oppressed him?

From this date (A.D. 312) Constantine made solemn prayer and appeal to THE GOD of the Christians. We shall not pause to examine the evidence for some outward vision proving the turning-point amidst his perplexities. But if even the cautious and reticent Neander admits, that 'we ought not, without weighty reasons, to reject the legend altogether,' we may at once declare that we see no such weighty reasons, no sufficient grounds, for doubting Constantine's own account, as given by Eusebius. Edmund Burke and Dr. Arnold have avowed their belief in some of the miracles narrated by Venerable Bede; the reasons they give tend, *à fortiori*, to make us accept the marvel said to have been witnessed by the first Christian emperor.

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<sup>1</sup> The exception is the death of Maximian; Gibbon admits that 'he deserved his fate,' but thinks that Constantine should have spared his own father-in-law. Certainly, if that father-in-law had not first tried to assassinate him. Gibbon chooses to doubt the accounts of Maximian's prior treachery; the weight of evidence seems to us against him, even if Lactantius has been too favourable to Constantine.

True, indeed, it is that man has no right to presume on any *à priori* reasonings in such a case; to our earthly eyes neither the loss of an axe-head nor the deficiency of wine at a marriage feast would seem to call for any special interposition. Nevertheless, such is the constitution of the human mind that it cannot *wholly* free itself from such prepossessions; and surely, if ever a mighty change deserved to be heralded, and in some degree brought about, by marvels in the sky, this was one of them. We repeat, we see no ground for disbelieving that Constantine was permitted on a certain day to behold above the setting sun a cross of light, with the words *ἐν τούτῳ νίκα*.

Rapid and brilliant was the march into Italy. On the 28th of October, at *Saxa Rubra*, about nine miles from Rome, amidst noble scenery, the contending armies met. Both as general and as soldier, Constantine proved himself thoroughly deserving of the confidence of the gallant troops he led. The charge of cavalry which he headed in person, conspicuous by the splendour of arms, carried all before it. The Milvian bridge broke down under the weight of the retreating foe, and Maxentius was drowned in the Tiber. The pagan priests whom he had consulted had given him what proved a true, as indeed it was a safe reply, 'That the enemy of the Romans would perish—*illo die hostem Romanorum esse peritulum*.'

And if, on his entry into Rome, the conqueror did not openly profess, in the still pagan city, his gratitude to the God who had so wondrously shielded him in youth and led him on to the victory now won, let it be remembered how completely all the traditions of the capital, all the forms of government, all the signs of triumph, were entwined with the creed of paganism. It was much that no sacrifice to false gods, no visit to the Capitol, the essentials of a Roman ovation, falsified the new convictions of his heart. The inscription of this date on his statue was indeed a sign of the times.

'The statue was placed in an open and well-frequented situation. It held in its hand, Eusebius informs us, a lance in the form of a cross. Beneath it, this inscription was engraved: "By this salutary sign of true courage, I have delivered your city from the yoke of tyrannical rule. I set free the senate and the people of Rome, and I restored to them the splendour of their former dignity." The cross was not named, still less the Crucified. It is, however, impossible not to perceive there the timid homage of a sincere conscience anxious to do right before God, without too openly braving men.'—P. 237.

The new year (313) commenced with the famous edict of toleration published by Constantine and Licinius at Milan; an example unwillingly followed by Maximin.

Deep and fervent was the joy of the Christians. On all sides arose noble *basilicas*, instead of humble and often ruined chapels. That at Tyre was especially distinguished by its magnificence, and the solemnity of its dedication.

It is melancholy to think how soon this joy was in some degree overcast by the breaking out of the schism of the Donatists in Africa. That stern spirit of Tertullian breathed in the heart of many a one among his countrymen. Flight from persecution was deemed cowardice, even prudent reserve was frowned upon. A disposition, which has again and again proved the parent of schism, was being manifested; the wish, that is, to make the Church militant at once into the Church triumphant; to gather up the tares in this life instead of waiting for the harvest.<sup>1</sup> No wonder that Constantine was disappointed, though happily the influence of Hosius led him to lay the blame in the right quarter. A small council held in Rome, at Constantine's desire, under the presidency of its Bishop, Miltiades, condemned the Donatists and acquitted the Bishop accused by them, Cæcilian. By a curious conjunction, the famous heathen *ludi sæculares* were due this year, but the pagans did not venture to celebrate them.

Meanwhile, as Constantine in the West, so in the East Licinius had become sole master, by the overthrow of Maximin Daia. This was another addition to the violent deaths which overtook so many of the pagan persecutors of Christianity. A famous treatise, generally assigned to Lactantius, entitled *De morte persecutorum*, called the public attention to these facts. Can we marvel, if, after all that the Christians had undergone, the spirit of perfect charity should not always reign supreme amidst the vivid colouring of one who had before his conversion been by profession a rhetorician?

Whatever had been the deserts of Maximin, the victory of Licinius was most barbarously employed. And now the world was once more divided, as of yore between Antony and Augustus. It was destined that Licinius should be the Antony.<sup>2</sup> He seems to have brought his destruction on himself, as Gibbon grants, by his own perfidy. The first civil war between the two ended in a treaty of peace purchased by the Eastern Emperor at the price of vast cessions to Constantine, no less than the provinces of Pannonia, Dalmatia, Dacia, Macedonia and Greece. Harmony remained unbroken for eight years, from A. D. 315 to 323.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Dean Trench *On the Parables* for many excellent comments on the *Æoes* of Donatism.

<sup>2</sup> As Antony had married Octavia, the sister of Augustus, so had Licinius married Constantia, the sister of Constantine.

In the second civil war between the two, Constantine is made by Gibbon the aggressor. Without directly controverting Gibbon, M. de Broglie proves, we think, the existence of another element than any mere ambition on the part of Constantine. Licinius had joined, as we have seen, in the edict of toleration. But he was still a heathen, and soon began to vex and harass the Christians in his part of the empire. He forbade meetings of bishops; and, though himself a notorious libertine, affected to share the scruples of those who pretended to see in the freedom of Christian assemblies, in churches and for instruction, a danger to morality. Disobedience to his commands induced savage persecution. What degree of personal ambition may have been mingled with the complaints of Constantine is known to One alone; but his honour was at stake as well as his convictions. The joint edict would soon become a dead letter, if it was ignominiously set at nought in one half of the empire. In warding off some inroads of the Goths, Constantine was not over particular (was he called upon to be so?) in preserving, amidst marches and counter-marches, the exact limits of his own domains. Licinius sent half-imploring, half-insulting protests; — '*cum variâset*,' says an anonymous chronicler of the time, '*inter supplicantia ac superba mandata, iram Constantini meritò excitavit*.' Constantine recriminated, complaining bitterly of his colleague's bad faith towards his Christian subjects. The matter soon passed beyond words; the appeal lay to the God of battles. Licinius openly threw his lot with heathendom, his rival bore the Cross upon the diadem.

We have spoken of an interval of eight years between these two civil wars. During that time Constantine had not been idle. He had been called upon to allay religious dissensions in Africa, he had made his first appearance as a legislator. A word on each of these points may be fitly interposed before we return to the issue of the struggle with Licinius.

The Donatists were dissatisfied with the decision of the small council held at Rome. They affirmed that their case had been mistaken, that Cæcilian was not the person mainly in fault, but Felix, Bishop of Aptonga, who had ordained him. According to them, Felix had during the last persecution given up precious manuscripts to the magistrates, and such conduct, they maintained, rendered all his official acts null and void.

'The Emperor, anxious to end the conflict, allowed himself to be shaken by these complaints, and as the point in dispute was a matter of fact which might be proved by witnesses before a civil magistrate, he wrote to the successor of Anulinus, the proconsul Ælian, to proceed immediately, all other business being given up (*remotis necessitatibus publicis*), to an inquiry concerning the life of Felix of Aptonga.



'It was assuredly a very singular and very significant spectacle for the whole world, this examination of a bishop by a magistrate for a fact altogether religious, and of which the Church alone could judge, and which, but the day before, was not only permitted but commanded by the civil law. The question was whether, during the persecution, the Bishop Felix had done wrong and obeyed the Imperial edict, and in yielding to the threats of the magistrates. Submission was now imputed to him as a crime before the very tribunal where but a short time before it had been exacted with violence. Nothing could more clearly show the complete victory of the Church over the acknowledged impotence of the State. The civil power itself undertook to declare that resistance to itself had been right, and the *fusces* only raised themselves to bow before the Cross. That nothing might be wanting to this profound and striking contrast, officers of the public forces were cited and bore witness to the honour of Felix that he had had the courage to resist them.'—I. p. 277.

Felix was acquitted; but Constantine, so imperious in civil affairs, was really full of scruples, caution, and hesitation in all matters that concerned the Church. He convoked a new Council at Arles, and we regret that our space does not admit of a comparison between the letter written to Africa, which has reached us through Optatus, with that addressed on this same subject to Chrestus, Bishop of Syracuse, which is preserved by Eusebius. The similarity of tone and language between documents coming through such very different and independent channels is, as our author observes, a proof of the trustworthy character of our materials for the history of these times. The general purport of each is, that the Emperor bewails the division and the scandal given to bystanders by such differences. Though obliged to quit Gaul for Thrace at the time of the Council, he left behind him written arrangements extending to the minutest details of the externals of the gathering. The Bishops (both Catholic and Donatist) were each to be allowed the attendance of two priests and three servants, and to have their travelling expenses paid. This δημόσιον ὄχημα (Euseb. H. E. x. 5) became in after times a serious laic means of influencing the action of the Church. (It is on this occasion that Eusebius employs that remarkable expression respecting the second order of the ministry, δύο γέ τινας τῶν ἐκ δευτέρου θρόνου).

The Council, despite the authority of S. Cyprian (who had argued against the validity of heretical baptism), arrived at the important decision which is brought before English clergy in that Article which treats 'Of the Unworthiness of Ministers, which hinders not the effect of the Sacrament;' it pronounced, however, sentence of deposition from the ministry against those who gave up the Scriptures or the Church vessels, or who denounced their brethren to the heathen; and it ruled (a curious proof of the new union betwixt Church and State) that deserters from the army in time of peace should be excommunicated; and, moreover,

discussed (another sign of the change) the discipline of Bishops in regard to Christians elevated to public offices. The unwillingness of some of the Donatists to submit, put the Emperor into a thorough passion. It is, however, remarkable that his letters of this date present a more explicit declaration than he had yet published of his faith, not in bare Monotheism, but in Christianity. The following is an extract from one—

‘What fury!—what do these people want?—true instruments of Satan! They demand judgment from me—from me who await the judgment of Christ! They bring forward an appeal, as in civil causes. They leave heavenly things for things of this world; but I say it in truth, the judgment of priests ought to be received, as if God was seated on their tribunal to judge. For it is not permitted to them to think and judge otherwise than they have learnt by the teaching of Christ.’—I. p. 289.

On the third of July—perhaps the day of the month on which the reader may be glancing at these pages—in the year of grace 323, the battle of Adrianople proved the ruin of Licinius and of the cause of heathenism. It was followed by the reduction of Byzantium (soon about to change its name), and by another battle at Chalcedon, which placed the life of Licinius at the mercy of the conqueror. It is a deep blot upon the good faith of Constantine, that in about a year he had his rival strangled. True it is that (as a writer by no means favourable to Constantine remarks<sup>1</sup>) Licinius had ever manifested rancour to all who were in any way distinguished by intellectual acquirements; had been always totally indifferent to human life and suffering, and regardless of any principle of law or justice. Brave and skilful as a general, he was systematically treacherous and cruel, and the murders he had committed among the relatives even of his friends (to say nothing of his *foes*) ‘form a climax of ingratitude and cold-blooded ferocity to which few parallels can be found.’<sup>2</sup> He may *possibly* have attempted conspiracies in his prison; and the death of such a monster could be no loss to mankind. Nevertheless, we thoroughly coincide with the following observations of M. de Broglie on the circumstances of his death.

‘An event so common in the annals of the empire did, however, excite very powerfully the passions of all historians. Pagan authors, such as Zosimus and Victor, point triumphantly to this betrayal of his word in a Christian Emperor. Eusebius envelops this whole catastrophe in a cloud of confused and embarrassed rhetoric. Socrates, Zonaras, and Nicephorus, exhaust every effort to discover vain pretexts and impossible disguises. Alone, amongst the Christian writers, S. Jerome relates the fact in his Chronicle without excuse or circumlocution. This is the only language worthy of a sincere narrator. It must be freely confessed that Constantine,

<sup>1</sup> Smith's *Diet. of Greek and Roman Biography*, Art. Licinius.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

who fought with the faith of a Christian, who governed frequently according to the light of the Gospel, nevertheless did still avenge his own private wrongs with the rigour, and often with the cunning, of a Roman Emperor of the old religion. History is right to point out in him, with astonishment and severity, vices which were familiar to his predecessors. *This is another homage she pays to his character and to his faith.*<sup>1</sup>—I. p. 327.

At the age of forty-nine, at the close of the year 323, we behold Constantine sole master of the world, in so far as the empire deserves the name. His position in the two divisions was, however, by no means identical. In the Western Empire the ruling spirit of the age was essentially Roman; in the Eastern it was essentially Asiatic. From this time we see Constantine more in the East; and he is much under the influence of Eusebius of Cæsarea and Eusebius of Nicomedia. We share in our author's dislike of both these persons; but our want of affection must not induce us to forget the deep debt of gratitude we owe to the former. He is the very father of Church history; the blank that would have been caused by the loss of his works would be irreparable, and it may well be questioned whether Socrates and several other writers are not, in a literary sense, his descendants.

Niebuhr, and some other critics, seem astonished at Constantine's not managing to preserve, either as man or ruler, a perfectly clear and consistent course. We are profoundly astonished at their astonishment. If even a saintly monarch, such as Louis IX. of France, felt obliged to make some compromises with the spirit of feudalism; if statesmen the most sincere in their religious convictions find it impossible to leaven a modern cabinet with their principles; how was it to be expected that in the face of a paganism, in which he had been nurtured, and which had only just been defeated by force of arms, Constantine, yet unbaptized, should carry everything with a high hand? Ought it to surprise any one above the age of a school-boy to find the Emperor still granting a theoretic toleration to paganism, and yet unable to repress the ardour of his friends, when they claimed in the interests of morality to overthrow this and that pagan sanctuary? They were, though Christians, still men, and they had long arrears to repay.

<sup>1</sup> This reckoning once opened with paganism was not likely to be soon settled. In fact, there was hardly a pagan temple which did not conceal in its mysterious recesses some immodest or sanguinary disorder. In truth, paganism only offered everywhere one vast picture of systematic and consecrated immorality, in regard of which religious prestige alone had been able to lull to sleep the public conscience. From the moment when this prestige disappeared, the scandal remained alone. From the day when men no longer approached the altars of Venus, Priapus, or

Cybele with downcast eyes, it was no longer possible to gaze upon them without blushes and indignation. The Gospel, like a rising sun, pierced with its rays the veils of the temples and the recesses of the sacred woods, and laid bare to the open sky the unclean idols, and the obscure ceremonies, a complete school of crimes and debauchery, which a regulated society was astonished at having borne so long.'—I. p. 348.

It would detain us too much to show the difficulties and the indecision of the Emperor; and his partial and temporary use of the civil arm, though it was not solicited by the Church. This temporary use of force was against the Donatists in Africa.

'But it is the duty of history to acknowledge that the Church was altogether unconnected with this first invasion of her province by the secular power. The first appeal made to the Emperor in a religious cause proceeded from an heretical sect. The first interposition of civil authority came from the zeal of an Emperor who was not yet a catechumen.'—I. p. 295.

In turning to the action of Christianity upon Roman law, we may observe that in no portions of his work has M. de Broglie exhibited a more strict and conscientious study than in those which relate to this very curious subject. That the Gospel did affect the famous code known as the Theodosian, has indeed been truly asserted in other works;<sup>1</sup> but unless our ignorance misleads us, nowhere, before the appearance of these volumes, with equal minuteness of investigation.

This may appear to many a dry and repulsive subject. But before they hastily turn away from it, let them reflect for a moment on its importance. That importance seems to us, in the present state of the public mind, much greater than is usually suspected. There is a spirit abroad which, with more or less frankness, speaks on this wise—'Say what you will, after all, Christ is not the great and exclusive teacher that divines would fain represent Him to be. Greek philosophy, Roman legislation, these marvellous influences still train the human mind, as much as Evangelists and Apostles.' There is a sense in which this assertion is partly true; there is a sense in which it becomes all but entirely false.

Christianity never for a moment pretended to be *only* a new revelation of our relations to the Triune God. It is besides this (as Bishop Butler and other apologists have often said) *a republication of natural religion*. It never maintained that every work of fallen man was of necessity a mere mass of pollution, retaining no traces of that better nature which he erst received in Paradise. In the words of its Divine Founder, it

<sup>1</sup> *e. g.* In Mr. Sandars' Introduction to his edition of *The Institutes of Justinian*, and therefore probably in the works of some of the great foreign jurists to whom he acknowledges his obligations. Dean Milman treats only of a later time.

taught men 'to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;' it acknowledged, with S. Paul, 'the powers that be;' it made use of its rights of citizenship; it rebuked the lawlessness of the magistrates at Philippi; it gladly availed itself of the fair and noble maxims of that great nation, which demanded definite charges, and brought accused and accusers face to face. And when it had triumphed over pagan persecutions, and the Cross surmounted the Crown, it did not attempt the foolish and useless task of undoing all that existed before that epoch. No! whatsoever things were true, whatsoever things were honest, whatsoever things were just, whatsoever things were pure;—these, wherever it found them, it gathered under its sheltering wing. It recognised—to take the instance before us—the spirit of majesty and uprightness that breathed, in the main, throughout the Roman law. But it inserted by degrees into each new code both principles and details which could never have occurred to a heathen mind, and it weeded out many and many a blemish which, in the eyes of the Stoic philosophers and jurists, was deemed no demerit, perhaps a positive good.

In speaking thus we by no means intend to insinuate that Christian reformers *never* made mistakes in their alterations. They may have made many; Constantine himself was far from felicitous in some of his first legal reforms. But the mistakes of individuals no more prejudice the general beneficent action of Christianity on legislation than the venal temper of Felix the general spirit of Roman rule. If latitudinarian thinkers will urge that we may learn lessons of wisdom, justice, moderation, from the famous codes of imperial Rome, we do not for a moment deny the fact. In so far as Roman laws were good, they were from God; what was evil has been in great measure exorcised by the religion of the Cross. The stately basilica is not now the less a Christian church because its original founders may have dedicated it to Jupiter or Pallas.

The student who would examine this question in detail is referred to M. de Broglie's volumes. We can only make room for a few headings of the changes wrought by Constantine which will *not* be found in Gibbon, though he *has* exposed the Emperor's mistakes in this department of government. Abolition of branding on the brow, *because man is made in the image of God* (A.D. 318); *abolition of crucifixion and of breaking of the legs of criminals* (318); relief to be given to needy parents<sup>1</sup> in Africa, to restrain them from exposure of children (A.D. 315); appeal to Rome from provinces forbidden in case of extortion or rape, *whatever the rank of the culprit*; warnings to be mer-

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<sup>1</sup> Gibbon does mention this with some (rather faint) praise.

ciful to the accused, and to abstain from acts of torture, of imprisonment without light, &c.; abolition of penalties for celibacy or childlessness (319); encouragement to enfranchise slaves, especially with the aid and sanction of the Christian priests and bishops; liberty given (A.D. 321) to all Christian soldiers to be present at Divine service on Sundays; repression of all but necessary field-labour on that day, and of every civil act except the emancipation of a slave.

As we shall not be able to return to the subject, at least in the present article, we may just mention, that succeeding alterations in the same direction were *constantly* being made after the empire became Christian. The following is the most solid defence which we have anywhere seen of the wisdom of the Church in gradually effacing slavery instead of denouncing it wholesale from the first.

‘The sudden abolition of slavery would have caused a famine in ancient society, which only lived on the produce of servile labour. It would have thrown on to the soil whole populations, without guide, without resources, incapable of governing themselves, living beings equally devoid of animal instinct and human intelligence. More than a day was required to create and mature that respect for themselves and others, that esteem for labour, those sentiments of dignity and independence which render societies capable of subsisting by the efforts of *free* exertion. The Church, in that solemn moment, accepted from God and from Constantine the task of emancipating the world without overturning it. It is for modern nations to say whether she has kept her word.’—I. p. 306.

But a new enemy to the Church was now raising its head. ‘From a little spark,’ says Socrates (i. 6.), ‘is kindled a mighty fire. The evil began from the Church of Alexandria.’<sup>1</sup>

And here, as we wish to make no secret of our own prepossessions, we must own to feeling a peculiar awe and horror at the very name of Arius. For Apollinaris, for Eutyches, for Pelagius, we can feel compassion, while we condemn their errors. But Arius foisting earthly logic upon the relations between the Persons of the Godhead,—Arius publishing songs for the many, that he might instil into their minds his deadly heresy,—Arius, by turns insolent and courtly, coarse and subtle; to his own Master he standeth or falleth, to Him who knows the difficulties and temptations of each one of us,—but if there be such a thing as indignation which is righteous, as denunciation which is just, we know not in truth in what direction such sentiments and voices may be fitly turned, if it be not on the memory of that arch troubler of the fold for long ages and in many a clime.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ἀρχαίμενον τε τὸ κακὸν ἀπὸ τῆς Ἀλεξανδρίων ἐκκλησίας, κ.τ.λ. Our own copy of Socrates has a mark here referring to the counter statement in Newman's *Arians*, that the mischief began at Antioch. M. de Broglie follows Socrates, whose statement is certainly explicit enough.

<sup>2</sup> M. de Broglie (i. p. 378) gives the commencement of the poem published by



With the true, and all but infallible, instinct of impiety, Arius detected at an early period of his career the presence of that champion whom God in his mercy raised up to confront, and in his own good time to triumph over, the false teaching. He complained of the harshness of his Bishop, Alexander, but 'more particularly of a young secretary, a wrong-headed man 'of haughty temper, who carried away the good old prelate.' His epithets were false, but his recognition of his real opponent was perfectly correct. Even then shone forth the great and rising powers of that royal-hearted spirit whose genius in after years 'would have qualified him far better than the degenerate sons of Constantine, for the government of a great monarchy;'<sup>1</sup> whose very name bore with it an augury of hope, the master-mind of his era, Athanasius.

The first news of the dissension between Alexander and Arius caused, as was to be expected, much annoyance to the Emperor. Hastily snatching up his pen, he wrote that celebrated 'liberal letter,' of which M. de Broglie observes that it commingles, in a strange contrast, 'the haughtiness of the master, 'the submission of the believer, and the contempt of the states-'man.' He at first supposed that the disputants were contending about extremely small questions (*ὕπὲρ μικρῶν καὶ λίαν ἐλαχίστων*. Socr. i. 7), and recommended mutual charity and reconciliation. He sent Hosius to inquire; and that simple-minded and upright prelate at once saw through the novel subtleties of the Arian creed. But Alexandria was a turbulent city, and the heresiarch had now won many partisans. In an imprudent moment, when Constantine was annoyed at the disobedience that was rife, Arius boasted of his influence. Constantine, thoroughly roused, sent for Arius. The Emperor was no match for the clever dialectician, but still he was not satisfied. A truly imperial idea occurred to him. He would convoke the bishops of all the habitable globe.

The second volume of the work before us contains in its opening chapter an account of the great council at Nice. We do not know of any book which gives, in the same number of pages, an account equally clear and graphic and reverent of 'one of the most sublime epochs in human history.'<sup>2</sup> But as

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Arius under the title of the *Thalia*. 'In the company of the elect of God, of the holy children, of the orthodox, of those who have received the Holy Spirit, I learnt what follows. . . . I have walked in their footsteps, in harmony with them, I, Arius, the celebrated one, who have suffered for the glory of God.' What a revelation of himself lies in that one epithet, the *celebrated*!

<sup>1</sup> Gibbon.

<sup>2</sup> We have much pleasure in quoting these words from the *Edinburgh Review*. How different from its tone at its first origin, how different from the tone of its popular writers of the eighteenth century, who, as M. de Broglie observes, blamed

our limits will not allow us to follow M. de Broglie into many details, we shall venture to insert a few reflections gathered from our own humble studies upon the questions at issue. These reflections will not be uncoloured by our recent perusal of the work under review, and might be supported by many extracts from it; but M. de Broglie must not be considered as in anywise responsible for them.

Some of the leading truths taught by Doctors of the Church concerning the Nature of the Godhead may perhaps be stated thus. God is One; and forasmuch as He has existed from all eternity, and nothing else can exist without his good pleasure, matter cannot be co-eternal with Him; for this would destroy one of his primary attributes, namely, Omnipotence. Consequently, a time there was, when created things were not. For ages upon ages, endlessly reaching back, God was alone. Yet though alone, without worlds, or men, or angels, not in solitude—*solus, non solitarius*,—for that, from all eternity, there was intercommunion between the several Persons in the Godhead. In the perfect Unity of that Nature, there was yet a threefold Personality; a doctrine not more hard for the reason to conceive, than that an infinite absolute Being should be a Person at all. There never was a time when the eternal Father had not with Him, his image, the eternal Son; just as a twig growing by the water side is born with its own reflected image ever by it. There never was a time when there did not proceed, from the Father immediately, from the Son mediately, the Holy Ghost. And though without any incompleteness, yet is the generation of the Son in some sense eternal and unceasing, as in the past, so in the present; and likewise the procession of the Holy Ghost. *Natus est Filius, et nascitur Filius; processit Spiritus sanctus, procedit Spiritus sanctus*. The Father is the One God, the Son is the One God, the Holy Ghost is the One God; and yet the Father is not the Son, nor the Son the Holy Ghost, nor the Holy Ghost the Father. And though all three Persons be of one substance, power and eternity, yet is a certain priority of dignity conceived to reside in the Father; for that He is ministered to, but ministereth not; sendeth, but is not sent; is begotten of none, proceedeth from none, being the fountain and origin of Godhead.

We have already spoken of the manner in which the Incarnation of the Eternal Son satisfies the longings of the human heart. Whatsoever has been wrought by the God the Holy Trinity, for the salvation of mankind, has been effected through the Humanity of the Son. And either in the actual Godhead,

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with disdainful severity the way in which Constantine lowered himself, as sovereign and statesman, by meddling with such puerilities!

or in the Incarnate Lord, all earthly functions find the reality of which they are only the resemblance.<sup>1</sup> It is not that men are fathers, and He so called by analogy; He is the Eternal Father, and earthly paternity is the shadow. It is not that men who are kings bear a title which we may apply to his all ruling sovereignty, but that He is the King of kings, and they his faint and temporary representatives. Somewhat similarly may we speak of the priesthood of men as related to the Priesthood of Christ; and precisely in the same way of the Sonship of the second Person of the Holy Trinity as compared with earthly sonship.

It was the misery of Arius that he viewed these relations, so to speak, from the wrong end. His gross and earthly dialectic urged, 'if the Father begat the Son, the begotten has a beginning of existence; whence it is plain, that there was a time when the Son did not exist; and from this it necessarily follows that He is formed (or has his substance) from what once was not.'<sup>2</sup> His partisans are accused of having gone to public places and asked the passers-by, especially women, 'Had you a son before you gave him birth?' adding, when they received a negative reply, 'No more could the Almighty.'

We have ventured, at the risk of seeming to state what is trite and well known, to re-state these principles, because upon their importance or non-importance must turn our verdict upon the entire character and career of Athanasius. If the difference between him and Arius was only a verbal subtlety, a discussion on the mere outworks of the faith, then the long and unwearied labours, the flight, and sufferings of the Primate of Egypt (for such he became), must be regarded, at the very best, as so much needless obstinacy. The sneer of Gibbon is well known, that the distinction between the rival watchwords, *homoousios* and *homoiousios* turned upon a single letter. Well and wisely has it been replied by a great living divine of the English Church, that the word *Creatour* (spelt in the old way) differs but by a single letter from *creature*. In that seemingly slight difference lies the gulf that can never be passed; for man, though made in Christ a partaker of the Divine Nature, can never become of one substance with Him who created him. The Arian creed made our Lord a mere creature; the first, highest, best, purest, of all creatures, it is true; but a creature still, and therefore far less widely separated from us than from God. Has the Church Universal been suffered to fall for cen-

<sup>1</sup> This has been well put by Dean Trench, but we cannot at the moment refer to the passage.

<sup>2</sup> εἰ δὲ πατὴρ ἐγέννησε τὸν υἱόν, ἀρχὴν ὑπάρξεως ἔχει ἡ γεννηθείς· καὶ ἐκ τούτου ὁμολογῶν, ὅτι ἦν ὅτε οὐκ ἦν ὁ υἱός· ἀκολουθεῖ τε ἐξ ἀνάγκης, ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων ἔχειν αὐτὸν τὴν ὑπόστασιν. Socrates, I. 5.

turies into the worst and deepest idolatry, giving to One who is only somewhat higher than an archangel the homage due to God alone? The answer must be, 'Yes! it has,' if Arianism be the truth of God.

It is not in our power to give our author's vivid sketch of that wonderful meeting at Nice, where Paphnutius, Bishop of the Thebaid, came dragging his leg, its muscles having been severed whilst he worked in the mines, and turned on the spectators the orb of an eye of which heathen persecutors had quenched the light; where Paul, Bishop of Neo-Cæsarea on the Euphrates, gave his blessing with a hand mutilated by fire; where holy anchorites, like James of Nisibis, represented that unworldly element which was now so much needed as a counterpoise to the dangers of courtly religion. It is also highly remarkable, and we do not remember to have seen the feature brought out before in modern histories of the time, that several pagan philosophers were present. Naturally enough they inclined to think that Arius was the more logical; perhaps, if the *πρωτον ψεύδος* of his system, the application of earthly senses to Divine terms, be once admitted, he really was so. These by-standers did not enter into the spirit of a remark made by a father, *à propos* of these very discussions: 'Oh, my friend, we have already warned you once for all, that when divine mysteries are concerned, we must never ask the *why* and the *how*.'<sup>1</sup> Yet it has come down to us on the highest authority, that one eloquent and gifted pagan was utterly silenced and abashed by some simple questions of an aged, unlearned Christian, who had been a confessor during the days of peril; and overcome (as he himself proclaimed) by an irresistible impulse, muttered in reply the all important syllables, 'I believe.'

The question at Nice was—'What has the Church from the first held and taught?'<sup>2</sup> When Arius, standing before the council, threw aside those modifications which each Eusebius was (we fear) but too inclined to grant, and openly declared that our Lord was not God, but only a partaker of the Divinity in the sense in which all men are, according to Holy Scripture, his doctrines carried with them to the ears of all, but a mere fraction of the assembly, their own plain condemnation.

Eusebius, the historian, would have preferred a creed composed by himself, in which was simply applied to the Eternal Word the Pauline expression, *the first-born of every creature*, *πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως*.<sup>3</sup> But that master-mind, who, though

<sup>1</sup> Gelasius of Cyzicum, cit ap. de Broglie, ii. p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> We have again much satisfaction in adopting the words of the *Edinburgh Review*.

<sup>3</sup> M. de Broglie asks in his preface for corrections. Seldom indeed is it that

not yet upon an episcopal throne, was (at the age of twenty-seven) guiding the sense of the assembly, saw that such language, however true and divine, was not to the point, and that there needed some term not new in substance, though partially perhaps new in form. That word, as is well known, was *ὁμοούσιος*. It may be lamentable to have to coin new terms at all. But this was justified by the necessity of meeting the inventions of the heretics, who declared that our Lord was of a different substance or essence (*ἐξ ἑτέρας ὑποστάσεως ἢ οὐσίας*), that He was convertible or changeable (*τρέπτὸς, ἢ ἀλλοιωτὸς*); it was justified by the blessing shed upon it from on high, for it became a very touchstone of true belief, and never since has the Church Universal dared to discard, or in anywise to alter it. Like the word *Trinity*, though not in Holy Scripture, it expresses the sense of Holy Scripture.

The semi-Arian creed involved perhaps a more utter confusion of thought than the professions of Arius himself when most extreme. Among the semi-Arians were some who were able courtiers and politicians. But there were others of a far higher and holier stamp; men of a class which will always probably exist. Glad indeed should we be if we might, in all humility, suggest to any such minds that their course is not *always* free from danger.

There are among good men, as well as men of very questionable character, those who shrink from extremes of *any* kind. They are frequently admirable and useful persons; and in quiet times, and so long as their dread is confined to plans, as distinct from principles, they are very often in the right. But in days of trouble they cannot always be followed so implicitly; they accept and act upon that Aristotelian definition, which makes

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we have an opportunity of offering any, but he has here made what seems to us, in one so well acquainted with Holy Scripture, a strange oversight. He calls the expression proposed by Eusebius *ambiguous*; and so it was, just as any text would be which did not touch the real point at issue. But he has apparently quite forgotten that the phrase comes from the Epistle to the Colossians (i. 15), besides being almost anticipated by the author of Ecclesiasticus (xxiv. 9), in his sublime description of the uncreated Wisdom. The phrase was inconclusive, *because* the Arians maintained that, by implication, it taught that our Lord himself was a mere creature. Our English authorized version might possibly lend itself to such a view, as also the Vulgate, *Primogenitus omnis creatura*. 'Born before all creation,' and therefore *not* a part of creation, is the true and catholic interpretation of the Apostle's words.

We should not make so much ado about a single slip, were it not that a mistake in so accurate a writer is a serious affair. His French critic, M. Ampère, a pleasant and generally well-informed writer, thinking himself quite safe under such guidance, plunges headlong into an unconscious attack upon the orthodoxy of S. Paul! He says of the Eusebians, that in their creed 'parmi des expressions très orthodoxes, ils en glissèrent une qui ne l'était point du tout. . . . le premier né de la création.' (Rév. des deux Mondes, 1 Août, 1859.)

the being in a mean, part of the essence of virtue, instead of its accident. Forgetting the rule of a safer teacher than the Stagyrte, Bishop Butler, that 'truth or right is somewhat real 'in itself, and so not to be judged of by its lialeness to abuse, 'or by its supposed distance from, or nearness to, error,' they shift their standard according to the tone of those around them; they delight to think and say that they are not extreme men, even when they are holding firmly many things that they would have considered most extreme some twenty years earlier. And when such men, not being cast in an heroic mould, come across those who are heroic, those but for whom, humanly speaking, truth would be crushed out, they are but too apt to think them troublesome, unconciliatory, incautious, and the like. Such we cannot but think was the secret of much of the distrust of the great S. Athanasius, which was felt by some of his contemporaries. Are there not but too many whom that great doctor has been the earthly instrument, under God, of saving from fundamental error; who, if they had lived in his days, would, from timidity, caution, and fear of extremes, have been found among the semi-Arians?

It is no wonder that the popular imagination, impressed by the sublimity of the spectacle, invented some stories bearing on the great event; marvellous stories which will not bear any critical examination, but which serve to attest the vivid impression created on the mind of the Christendom of that day. Men told, for example, how the signatures of Chrysantius and Musonius, two bishops who died during the session of the council, were found appended to the creed, their names and seals being affixed by no mortal hand: or how amongst *the three hundred and eighteen*,<sup>1</sup> as they were familiarly called, another figure, adding one to the number, mysteriously took the form, now of one, now of another prelate, the Holy Spirit Himself thus deigning to aid in the establishment of the true faith.

'These pious anecdotes, devoid of all historical value, nevertheless bear testimony to the artless admiration of the people for the work of the Nicæan Fathers. In fact, the Holy Spirit had accomplished, through their means, a greater marvel than all the prodigies that were related. That Asia Minor, where the Christian Church had just held her grand assizes, had been for many centuries the birthplace of all superstitions, and of all systems. Philosophy and fable had alike their favoured abode there. The southern coast of that same land was strewn with the ruins of Troy, the brilliant country of the gods of Homer. There was not one of all the flourishing cities along the margin of the Ionian Sea, not one of the islands of her Archipelago, which could not at the same time boast of the protection of a god and the birth of a sage. Samos had

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<sup>1</sup> They are often compared by ancient writers to the three hundred and eighteen trained servants of Abraham (Genesis xiv. 14).



the temple of Neptune and the cradle of Pythagoras. The Apollo of Claros and the Diana of Ephesus were adored on the same shores where Thales and Anaximander had taught, and where Heraclitus first saw the light. But this long labour of the same people, to conceive the thought or image of God, had only produced, till that day, dreams, idols, and monsters. And in less than six weeks, three hundred men, unknown to one another, arriving from opposite ends of the world, speaking in different tongues, had been able to give a nervous and concise formula of the Divine Nature, destined to traverse all oceans and all ages! And at this day, after fifteen centuries have passed away, from one extremity of the civilized world to the other, in the lonely hamlets of the Alps, in unknown isles of ocean discovered by modern science, when the solemnity of the Sunday lifts towards heaven brows bent earthward by labour, is heard a concert of rustic voices repeating in one and the same tone, the hymn of the Divine Unity:

"I believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of all things visible and invisible: and in one Lord Jesus Christ the only begotten Son of God, Begotten of his Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of very God, Begotten not made, Being of one substance with the Father, By whom all things were made, Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, And was incarnate, and was made man. He suffered and rose again on the third day; and ascended into heaven, and shall come again to judge both the quick and the dead.

"And I believe in the Holy Ghost."<sup>1</sup>—Pp. 68, 69.

The work before us is divided into chapters, of which each one bears a single title. We will own to a slight sentiment of suspicion respecting the merits of this plan. In several instances it answers well enough; and it lends itself to that fondness for grouping and neat arrangement and drawing of *tableaux* which has so great, and sometimes so perilous, an attraction for French historians. But unless a book be a mere set of dissertations on history, instead of a history, we (perhaps from a spirit of John Bullism) prefer the kind of headings used by Gibbon. The chapter at which we are now arrived, the fifth, is full of interesting topics, such as (to name only a few) the legal abolition of gladiatorship—the persistence of the city of Rome in heathenism—the dislike felt there against the Emperor as in heart a Christian—the disapproval of the legend that he was baptized there<sup>2</sup>—the visit of Constantine's mother S. Helena to

<sup>1</sup> We follow M. de Broglie in giving the original Creed, as it emanated from the Fathers of Nice. The Latin form, in which he gives it, differs from that in Dr. Routh's *Opuscula* (tom. i. p. 368): 1. In the omission of the words *propter nos homines*; 2. In the insertion of the word *credo* in the final clause. As neither difference is of the slightest practical or essential importance, we have followed Dr. Routh in point 1, and M. de Broglie (for clearness' sake) in point 2.

The Greek form, in the Acts of the Council of Chalcedon, favours Dr. Routh in both respects.

<sup>2</sup> This story is now thoroughly given up. Even M. Rohrbacher, who usually follows Baronius, forsakes him here. So natural, however, is it to connect particular scenes and buildings with events, that the writer is himself conscious of a

Jerusalem (the subject so well discussed by Mr. G. Williams in his *Holy City*), her discoveries there, her buildings, and her death. But the title of this chapter, running along the top for no less than sixty pages, is the somewhat appalling one of *Murder of Crispus and Fausta*. At any rate, our author cannot be accused of following in the footsteps of Constantine's courtly biographer, Eusebius, and concealing the very existence of this deplorable domestic tragedy.

The secrets of that history must for ever remain unknown. That it was not, as it is often represented, a repetition of the legend of Hippolytus and Phædra, M. de Broglie has, we think, sufficiently disproved. Fausta was not of an age likely to involve any criminal attachment to her step-son. Nor can we think, with Gibbon, that Fausta escaped; though it may not be easy to fix the precise date when she followed the step-son, of whose death she had been partially the instrument. No doubt these events tend to prove, as M. de Broglie observes, that the heart of Constantine, hardened in youth by the scenes he had passed through, had not been thoroughly reformed by the profession, however sincere, of Christianity; and it is quite right to adduce the unfavourable judgments of S. Jerome and S. Chrysostom. But though, we must repeat, we do not wish to say one word in palliation of crime, yet the arguments of Niebuhr, assuredly no flatterer of Constantine, seem to us to deserve more attention than they have received, and we therefore give them in a foot-note.<sup>1</sup>

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shade of regret, when he thinks that the Baptistery shown to him and others in Rome is not really, as alleged, the place of Constantine's baptism. The people of Rome will of course cling to it.

<sup>1</sup> 'Every one knows the miserable death of Constantine's son, Crispus, who was sent into exile to Pola, and then put to death. If, however, people will make a tragedy of this event, I must confess that I do not see how it can be proved that Crispus was innocent. When I read of so many insurrections of sons against their fathers, I do not see why Crispus, who was Caesar, and demanded the rank of Augustus, which his father refused him, should not have thought—"Well, if I do not make anything of myself, my father will not, for he will certainly prefer the sons of Fausta to me, the son of a repudiated woman." Such a thought, if it did occur to Crispus, must have stung him to the quick. That a father should order his own son to be put to death is certainly repulsive to our feelings, but it is rash and inconsiderate to assert that Crispus was innocent. It is to me highly probable that Constantine himself was quite convinced of his son's guilt: I infer this from his conduct towards the three step-brothers of Crispus, whom he always treated with the highest respect, and his unity and harmony with his sons is truly exemplary. It is related that Fausta was suffocated, by Constantine's command, by the steam of a bath; but Gibbon has raised some weighty doubts about this incredible and unaccountable fact, and I cannot therefore attach any importance to the story.'

It must be owned that our inability to reject (with Gibbon and Niebuhr) the subsequent execution of Fausta, introduces a weak point into the above chain of reasoning. The death of that imperial beauty seems to have been caused by the conviction on the part of Constantine that Crispus had been innocent; and that

The next chapter is at least free from the objection which we feel to the selection of a single title. It is dedicated, with the exception of a page or two on the ecclesiology of that age, solely and exclusively to the subject of its heading, *The Foundation of Constantinople*. It is—shall we confess it?—the one and sole chapter in these volumes in which we have caught ourselves looking onward, to see when it would come to an end. But perhaps this was the fault of our own impatience; for, on a second reference, we must own it to be a very wonderful political study. It shows how much can, and how much cannot, be achieved by the efforts of one man in the attempt to create in two years a new capital of the world.

More than two thousand years have passed away since a Persian general, Megabazus, pronounced that the settlers who founded Chalcedon must have been blind, for they would never have chosen such a site, when a far finer one lay exactly opposite.<sup>1</sup> The verdict of after ages has ratified the judgment of the gallant soldier. Byzantium still remains the prize city of the world. On the raft at Tilsit, Napoleon and Alexander by mutual consent avoided all allusion to its very name, because each knew that the very mention of it would prevent the possibility of a peaceful settlement; and since then England and France, Sardinia and Turkey, have withstood the supposed designs of Russia on that wondrous capital.

Constantine, whose name, despite Turkish influence, still clings to it, founded it partly (as M. de Broglie remarks) as a follower in the steps of Diocletian, partly because he believed that he could never make Rome a Christian capital. The entire social system introduced by Constantine marks the epoch of a revolution. On the whole, this attempt to arrest the decline of the sinking Empire is generally pronounced to have been a failure.

The great Florentine, writing after the event, gives, in accordance with the spirit of his age, an astrological reason why the success of Constantine was less brilliant than that of Æneas. Æneas, he reminds us, in sailing from Troy to Italy, went *with* the course of the sun from east to west; but in this case with evil augury,—

Constantin l'Aquila volse

*Contra il corso del ciel.*<sup>2</sup>

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Fausta and her friends had misled him. But if Constantine was seduced by arful representations into believing Crispus really guilty, he may so far have been 'more sinned against than sinning.' The death of Fausta was, we fear, as M. de Broglie says, but too much like a pagan offering to the manes of his son. Only let us remember that Constantine was still unbaptized, and had been brought up amidst scenes of this kind.

<sup>1</sup> Herodotus, iv. 144.

<sup>2</sup> Dante, Paradiso, vi. 1.

M. de Broglie, who does not deny the partial failure of the attempt, attributes the evil to much more sublunary causes. He traces it, if we understand him aright, to the ignorance of the age respecting the true principles of political economy. He is probably right, though the admirers of the existing *régime* in France will now have an opportunity of twitting him with his allusion to events of the day, as being hardly prophetic or felicitous. To political economists and to statesmen we leave the question, whether the event of the commercial Treaty between France and England is, or is not, fatal to the assertion that the principles of Free Trade are among those, '*que les peuples libres seuls savent mettre en pratique, et que tout despote méconnaît tot ou tard.*'

But against the conclusion that Constantinople achieved *nothing*, our author protests with his usual force and dignity. 'That which endures has a place in the designs of the God,' and Constantinople has been the means of preserving for us that Roman Law, 'which was the fairest ideal of justice that human reason, before the Gospel came, had ever dreamt of.'

We find, too late, that we have undertaken somewhat more than we can accomplish in proposing to epitomise these four volumes within our present limits of time and space. The last of the four must be left untouched until, *Deo favente*, the appearance of M. de Broglie's concluding chapters shall give us an opportunity of returning to the subject. Already have we passed by many important topics of which he treats; we must omit many more in our account of what remains. But one thing we really trust that we shall have accomplished: we shall have given our readers an idea which, though still very incomplete, is fuller, and we hope fairer, than they can obtain elsewhere, of the amount of mental wealth which is enshrined in M. de Broglie's pages.

Passing by Constantine's victories over the Goths and the Sarmatians, we again turn our attention to Alexandria. There, in A.D. 328, Athanasius had been elected to the episcopal throne, vacated by the death of Alexander, and from that time he occupies a space in history greater than even that of the successive masters of the empire. The events consequent upon this election are told with much life and spirit in the work before us, and we agree with M. Ampère that the author's acquaintance with the discussions of actual life have tended to fit him

for entering into the debates and recriminations of parties.<sup>1</sup> But at present we are unable to enter upon the scenes at the Council of Tyre, the series of manœuvres by which Arius obtained the ear of Constantine, and the banishment of S. Athanasius to Trèves. Arius, as is well known, presented himself at Constantinople with ambiguous formularies, until the Emperor, externally satisfied, and yet not wholly free from suspicion, on a Saturday in A.D. 336, commanded the Bishop of Constantinople to administer to the heresiarch on the day following the Holy Communion. Throwing himself on the floor of a neighbouring church, Alexander, with tears, was heard to pray : ' O God, if Arius must to-morrow enter into thy sanctuary, take thy servant to thyself, and destroy not the just with the unjust. But if thou carest for thine heritage, stop Arius, that error enter not with him into thy Church.'

A few minutes after Arius came by, with every mark of triumph, surrounded by friends, to whom he was talking so loudly, that passers-by were attracted to the sight. As he crossed the forum, he was seized with sudden indisposition, and stepped aside to a place of retirement. A servant, wondering at the length of his delay, sought the cause. To Him who sent that sudden and unlooked-for death we leave the interpretation of its meaning; but the fact remains for ever branded, to our own infinite awe, upon the page of history. Arius, the great impugner of the Godhead of Him who died for us, perished in the very hour of his triumph, like the Apostle who betrayed that same Master with a kiss, ' he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out.'

' His very doctrine is difficult to define, and his name has only preserved the miserable celebrity of serving from age to age as the symbol to all those who, in a world renewed by Christianity, would rob humanity of its chief title to glory, and its sole hope of salvation.'—II. p. 362.

In the year following, A.D. 337, on Whitsunday, died the great Emperor whose life is such an epoch in Church history; having at his own request at length received the sacrament of baptism, which (strange as it seems) he had deferred till then.<sup>2</sup>

Until his reign, it had required almost heroic virtue to be a Christian, and it is hard for us even to imagine how very fearful must have been such a condition of things. That the *establishment* of the religion of the cross brought with it, according to the lot of all sublunary changes, very serious temptations

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dr. Arnold's encomium of Sir Walter Raleigh's historic powers, on similar grounds. (Lectures on Mod. Hist.)

<sup>2</sup> This delay was, however, by no means rare at that epoch, and had been approved even by Tertullian. The dread of lack of courage under persecution often suggested it.

of a different kind, is not for one moment to be questioned. But that without being established it could ever have leavened society, and accomplished what it really has with all drawbacks accomplished, we do not for a moment believe.

The gratitude of the East has spoken of Constantine as a saint. Other judgments on the contrary, at least equally hasty and prejudiced, have viewed all his acts, including his conversion, in the most unfavourable light, and attributed the change to mere motives of earthly policy. The verdict of Niebuhr, in this respect, which an English biographer pronounces to be 'perfectly just,' seems to us exceedingly unfair, and we can hardly believe that it could have been either formed or adopted by any writer who was as well acquainted with the Christian as with the pagan literature of the time. We think that we could show, if we had space, that many of Niebuhr's assumed facts are apocryphal, and his inferences untenable. But as nothing tends so much to free the mind from unworthy conclusions as the presence of those which are just and noble, we gladly turn to the best statement of the case that we have ever met. (As in other instances, we have ventured to italicise clauses that seem to us remarkable alike for the loftiness of the thought and the felicity of the expression.)

'It has been frequently asked whether, in his celebrated conversion, Constantine was influenced by a feeling of true faith or by a shrewd political calculation. Now all this depends upon the sense which persons attach to, and the conditions which they impose upon, sincerity and faith. If they recognise no other kind of faith than that penitent compunction which reforms the vices of the heart, detaches it from the prizes of earth, and purifies it from human passions; such a faith did not enter, until his death-bed sickness, the ambitious and often cruel soul of the son of Constantius. But if belief in the doctrines revealed by the Gospel, reverence for the supernatural power of Christ and the infallible authority of His Church, firm resolution to remain in submission to these, and even to brave for that obedience serious political embarrassments and dangers, the vivid and profound admiration for truth,—if all these sentiments, insufficient for the eternal salvation of a soul, nevertheless deserve in man's sight to be considered as the pledges of a conscientious conviction, it is quite impossible to doubt the sincerity of Constantine. No interested motive impelled him to alienate from himself, by the sudden profession of a new religion, more than half of his subjects, to break with all the reminiscences and all the traditions of his empire. Once settled in the Christian ranks, if he had only brought thither the sentiments of a sovereign jealous of absolute power, we should never have seen him take part in the internal discussions of the Church with a blind mixture of ardour and indecision; he would have issued commands without debating. In a monarch endued with great firmness of character, and master of an irresistible force, hesitation, which can only arise from scrupulousness, is the sure proof of good faith.

'The glory of men is for the most part increased by the importance of the events with which they are mixed up, and more than one famous name has thus owed its celebrity to a fortuitous combination. But the destiny



of Constantine has been precisely the reverse of this. In his case, on the contrary, it is the greatness of the work which dims the reputation of the workman. Between the results of his reign and his personal merit there is by no means the ordinary proportion between cause and effect. To be worthy of attaching his name to the conversion of the world, he needed to have joined to the genius of heroes the virtues of saints. Constantine was neither great enough nor pure enough for his task. The contrast, but too manifest to all eyes, has justly shocked posterity. *Nevertheless, history has seen so few sovereigns devote to the service of a noble cause their power, and even their ambition, that it has a right, when it meets with such, to demand for them the justice of men, and to hope for the mercy of God.*'—II. p. 330.

We have reached at length the second part of M. de Broglie's history. It opens with Athanasius at Rome. And here let us remark that it is a good sign of our own age and country, that its controversialists do not think it necessary to attribute the spiritual power obtained by the Rome of that day to nothing but unworthy arts and earthly ambition. 'Rome' (says the late Professor Hussey in his able little work *against* the Supremacy) 'at this time, and for some time afterwards, had earned the precedence in honour always allowed to the imperial See, not only by her martyred Bishops and her munificence to poorer Churches, but also by her orthodoxy, and by the courage and ability with which she undertook the championship of the truth against various shapes of error.' Or, as another writer of very different temperament puts it: 'The Bishop of Rome . . . had a special, most awful, most responsible stewardship entrusted to him, in the discharge of which it is mere arrogance, party spirit, and contempt of history to say he was not often in the main faithful.'

But if Julius showed the good side of the office, and nobly defended the cause of S. Athanasius, his successor Liberius as unfortunately failed, and signed a more or less Arianizing creed. Far be it from us to speak harshly of one so severely tried; but the reconciliation of this now unquestioned fact with the ultramontane view, so prevalent among modern Roman Catholics, is surely extremely difficult. De Maistre, followed by many others (and apparently by M. de Broglie himself), says that Liberius only acted as a private doctor; thereby, of course, implying that, had he acted officially, the Church universal would have been implicated in his fall. Now we by no means wish to represent the distinction between a man's public and private acts as mere hair-splitting; for it is one which is constantly being acted upon in official life. There is not anywhere an ambassador who does not every day perform actions, which are thoroughly understood to be his individual deeds, and in no wise to compromise

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Maurice in reply to Dr. Newman's Theory of Development, Preface to Lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews, p. xli.

his country. Some of our readers may recollect how, when Espartero, Duke of Vittoria, came as a refugee to England, the late Duke of Wellington (at that time in the Cabinet) took care to write upon his calling card '*Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo; Capitan-general,*' just to show that it was the visit of one Spanish grandee upon another, and was not to be regarded as in any way pledging the Government to any particular line of conduct. When, however, it is sought to apply this distinction to the sad fall of Liberius, we cannot help remarking, *firstly*, that it is not easy to understand how such an act as that of putting a signature to a creed can be considered to be of a *private* nature on the part of any Bishop, least of all a primatial Bishop; and *secondly*, that the supposition that the public act of a Primate, whether of Rome or Carthage, would in any way compromise the Church at large, never seems to have occurred to the great Christian teachers of that age. Controversy has elicited a passage bearing on this question from S. Augustine's tractate *De Unico Baptismo* (cap. xvi.), to which we have never seen any reply. 'Prorsus qualescumque fuerint Marcellinus, Marcellus, Silvester, Melchiades [Bishops of Rome], Mensurius, Cæcilianus [Bishops of Carthage], atque alii quibus objiciunt pro suâ dissensione quod volunt, nihil præjudicat Ecclesiæ Catholicæ toto terrarum orbe diffusæ: nullo modo eorum innocentia cor-  
'*namur, nullo modo eorum iniquitate damnamur.*'<sup>1</sup> There is surely here no hint of any distinction between private and public acts; let the Primate of Libya or the Primate of Italy do what he will, the Church universal is not to suffer thereby.

It is not in our power at present to follow, with our author, the fortunes of S. Athanasius. This is a great pity; for nowhere have we seen an account of that great confessor (and we are acquainted with a good many) which so happily combined extracts from his writings with the narrative of his sufferings under persecution. The impression left by M. de Broglie's picture will, no doubt, be different upon different minds, the primary and underlying question being, as we have already intimated, Was or was not the cause, for which Athanasius endured so much, worth the toil and turmoil of a long life? Assuming, as we have a right to assume, the answer to that question which arises on the lips and from the hearts of English Churchmen, we may remark that the present narrative entirely confirms in detail the summary given by Hooker. Others showed want of acuteness, or gave way under the influence of fear or flattery, or else in maintaining

<sup>1</sup> Tom. ix. pp. 542, 3. (Ed. Ben.) The treatise is one of S. Augustine's many anti-Donatist compositions.

the truth became embittered, harsh to their friends, almost disloyal to their Sovereign. 'Only in Athanasius there was 'nothing observed throughout the course of that long tragedy, 'other than such as very well became a wise man to do and a 'righteous to suffer. So that this was the plain condition of 'those times: the whole world against Athanasius, and Athanasius against it: half a hundred years spent in doubtful trial 'which of the two in the end would prevail, the side which had 'all, or else the part which had no friend but God and death, the 'one a defender of his innocency, the other a finisher of all his 'troubles.'

Gladly too would we dwell upon that most curious and novel phase of paganism after its overthrow by the arms and policy of Constantine. While Constantius the Second was reigning (for he soon became sole master), paganism made one more struggle to regain its lost ascendancy. It had its own schools of literature, in which it was now the fashion to *allegorize* all the mythology of ancient poets; <sup>1</sup> it had its own professors of magic; it had, in the worship of Mithra, a rising and marvellous system, bearing many points of external resemblance to Christianity; it had, in the Neo-Platonic school of Alexandria, a kind of quasi-theology of its own. Well, indeed, might S. Gregory Nazianzen speak of the need of science in religion at such a time, and say that 'the 'priesthood is likewise a philosophy, and that philosophy has 'need of a priesthood to inculcate it.'

This last effort of heathen sages was not fruitless: heathenism *was* permitted, in the mysterious wisdom of God's Providence, once more for a season to sit upon a throne, once more to persecute,<sup>2</sup> and then to sink it may be for ever. We must conclude for the present with one parting picture, rather formed from than actually given in these volumes, which will, we trust, so interpret itself as to form no unfitting termination now, and a starting point, should we be able at any future time to recur to the subject.

The scene is at Athens in the spring of A.D. 355; Athens, no longer, indeed, the home of statesmen of extended rule, no longer the mistress of the seas, but still the home of art, of philosophy, of poetry and eloquence, still the *Academia* of the world.

And there where Cicero had studied and sent his son; there where Horace had learnt such philosophy as he had; where Cleanthes the Stoic had indited that sublime hymn to the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Dr. Sewall *On the Dialogues of Plato*. (Last chapter. Rise of Alexandrian Platonism.)—Whatever be thought of Mr. Kingsley's pictures of S. Cyril and of the Church of his time, he has certainly caught extremely well, in his *Hypatia*, some of the characteristics of this phase of Heathenism.

<sup>2</sup> Cit. ap. de Broglie, III. p. 332.

Supreme Being, which S. Paul himself did not disdain to quote ; there where Aurelius Antoninus had gained the noblest lesson heathenism could ever impart ; there are now, amidst the crowd of learners from all parts of the civilized world, three students peculiarly conspicuous ; two of them are affectionately intimate, the third, though not their friend, yet knows them well. All three are eagerly engaged in the studies of the place ; grammar, history, poesy, astronomy, arithmetic, geometry, even medicine ; all three make great progress in mastery of thought and expression ; but how different is the use to be made of their gifts : the one will be known to posterity as the gentle S. Gregory of Nazianzum ; the other the lofty and eloquent S. Basil of Cappadocia ; the third will live to assume the purple, but he will return, alas ! to the errors of his pagan forefathers, and be known as—Julian the Apostate.

Certainly, if for him paganism had put on its most alluring forms, Christianity had shown whatever in those who professed it could make it least attractive. The Arian Constantius had cut off all the descendants of Constantius Chlorus by his second wife Theodora, excepting Julian and his brother Gallus. At a later period Gallus, a weak and foolish prince, had also been put to death. Thus Julian, who had met with able Alexandrian sophists, and secretly imbibed from them the love of paganism, learnt to associate the idea of Christianity with a cousin who, while as an Arian he persecuted the great S. Athanasius, likewise persecuted paganism, and kept Julian himself from day to day in doubt whether he should be cast into a dungeon, or have his rank acknowledged and power bestowed on him. Our consideration of the history of Julian's rise to that power, and the use he made of it, must be deferred to another opportunity, for it is high time to turn to those few general remarks which, as we promised, should be deferred to the conclusion.

It would require a deeper and wider range of learning than we possess, a loftier intellectual pedestal than we pretend to stand upon, to warrant us in presuming to pass judgment upon the mental stature evidenced in the volumes to which we have been endeavouring to draw attention. Yet it may be possible to indicate some points of comparison between M. de Broglie and other writers, rather in the way of suggestion than with anything like dogmatic assertion.

It was much to be desired that this portion of history should be closely examined by one who is not, like Gibbon, an unbeliever ; not, like Tillemont, a recluse ; not, like Neander, so immersed in the enquiry into systems of opinions as to forget

the living men; by one who has seen enough of political life to enter into the difficulties of statesmen, such as Constantine, and whose religious earnestness renders him at the same time capable of sympathising with an Antony and an Athanasius. But it is of course quite possible that one thus worthily endowed may be pronounced by those who are best qualified to judge, somewhat inferior in other gifts to several of his compeers.

With all his grievous faults of tone and temper, the English historian of the *Decline and Fall* must be admitted to have achieved a task which cannot be performed a second time. He first, out of materials the most confused, erected that lofty edifice, which may indeed be justly stigmatized as having no chapel or oratory attached to its walls, which may here and there be shown to be faulty in some minor detail, but which can hardly be overthrown until literature itself shall be no more. M. de Broglie may often be successful in his occasional attacks upon Gibbon; yet after all at the most, how comparatively few are the blemishes that can be detected, when we consider the enormous magnitude of the work. As an original inquirer, the author of *L'Eglise et L'Empire Romain*, must, we suppose, be ranked after one who has aided him even more perhaps than he is aware, without whom he might never have been cheered onward to the prosecution of his own admirable labours.

It is for Frenchmen to say where, in a land famous for leading the van in history and biography,—the land of Joinville, Froissart, S. Simon, Lacretelle, Sismondi, Tillemont, Fleury, Dupin, the Thierry, Michelet, Thiers, de Barante,—they will place, in respect of matter and of style, the new aspirant to a seat in the halls of Clio. One of their living thinkers, whom we have not mentioned, will perhaps, though below M. Albert de Broglie in vigour of narrative, be considered his superior in the previously untrodden character of the path where his investigations have lain. The son and heir of the Duc de Broglie will not be disposed to grudge any mark of respect to one who, if we are not mistaken, was his father's sometime colleague, M. Guizot. As regards style, the terseness and brilliancy which have been so justly eulogized in these volumes may possibly be pronounced in Paris to be somewhat less conjoined with the ease and richness which are conspicuous in such French as that of M. Amedée Thierry or M. Victor Cousin. But our author's language is characterised by marked individuality; like Lord Macaulay, he exhibits a bold disregard of tautology, never shrinking from a repetition of the same word, when the idea to be enforced is identical. From causes which we do not pretend to analyse, it appears to us, however, a style more difficult to render into English than that of most of the distinguished authors whom we have just named.

Occasional references to investigators on the east bank of the Rhine occur in the course of this work. In lucidity of arrangement, in power of compression, in picturesque description, in eloquence of narrative and reflection, the German historians and biographers must, we imagine, be ranked far below their Gallican compeers. Thus, for example, even the co-religionists and greatest admirers of Möhler are compelled to admit that his profound work on S. Athanasius is rendered irksome by constant interruptions of doctrinal dissertations, and analyses of writings to which he refers. But despite the tendency to become absorbed in abstract speculation, which is often injurious to the historian, there does appear to us to be a hardihood of speculation, a power of insight, in the kings of thought in Germany, such as Goethe, Kant, Möhler, we may perhaps add Dr. Döllinger, which if it too often leads some of them astray into those wild speculations so justly satirized by M. de Broglie, does yet in their best moments elevate them, in their respective lines of inquiry, above the thinkers of France or England. In comparing him with those of his own communion, M. de Broglie certainly seems to us a less hardy thinker than either Möhler or Döllinger.

But after all those comparisons, so proverbially invidious, have been made; after all points of difference between our views, or the views of others of different communions, have been stated; it will remain a work of admirable fairness, of deep and conscientious research, the result of high powers of industry, of thought, of skilful composition and of eloquence rightfully employed. It is not too much to say that many of the themes handled in the work before us have never yet by any modern pen been treated more fittingly, more worthily. Great indeed might be the service rendered to the sceptical and latitudinarian minds of France, if they could learn from such a book how compatible is faith in Christ with large views, equity towards opponents, and admission of the faults inherent, not in Christianity itself, but in that fallen human nature which accepts at best so imperfectly its Master's yoke. There is a spirit abroad which persuades, or at least tries to persuade itself, that though unbelieving in its present age and country, it *would* have believed in an earlier age. It sees the faults incidental to those who are religious men among the living, it recalls only the virtues of the dead. We could name at least two English authors of celebrity who appear to reason thus with themselves; but the saddest and most powerful representative of such a miserable state of mind is to be found in a French poet not long since deceased. M. Alfred de Musset avowedly mourned that he had been born in an age when Voltaire had destroyed all



faith.<sup>1</sup> Vain delusion! had he lived in that mediæval epoch which appears to attract his regards, he would have found enough and more than enough to disenchant him, and have sighed, we fear, for the days of S. Athanasius; as again in the days of Athanasius he would have looked back longingly to the Church of the Catacombs. But to minds not wholly led astray, such works as that under review may be permitted to render signal benefit. They may penetrate where works of direct controversy would not reach, and suggest how much of sanctity, how much of evil and difficulty has existed in almost every age of the Church.

To one of our own most popular writers the name on the title-page of these volumes seems to suggest no other idea than that of a very incarnation of material force.<sup>2</sup> It may have been so once; but the family is not one of those *qui n'ont rien oublié, n'ont rien appris*, and the present heir of the house stands somewhat in the same relation to his ancestors that one of our own most gifted and exemplary nobles does to the progenitors whose lives he has sketched so well and gracefully in the *Lives of the Lindsays*. Whether Prince Albert de Broglie, and his brother-in-law Count d'Haussonville, may live to take part in such a free government as they believe France to be fitted for, is hidden behind the veil of the future. In such a case the studies requisite to produce such volumes as M. de Broglie's can never be thrown away. But if such be not our author's destiny, we might venture, if it be not impertinent, to remind him of one or two among many just grounds of consolation. It is true that

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<sup>1</sup> ' Je ne crois pas, ô Christ ! à ta parole sainte ;  
Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux.  
D'un siècle sans espoir naît un siècle sans crainte  
Les comètes du nôtre ont dépeuple les cieux.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Dors-tu content, Voltaire, et ton hideux sourire  
Voltige-t-il encor sur tes os décharnés ?  
Ton siècle était, dit on, trop jeune pour te lire ;  
Le nôtre doit te plaire et tes hommes sont nés.  
Il est tombé sur nous, cet édifice immense  
Que de tes larges mains tu sapais nuit et jour.'

ROLLA I.—IV.

We cite these appalling verses, from an objectionable composition of a great poet, to show the sad possibility of a state of feeling that to many must seem simply incredible. A masterly review of De Musset's writings, by Mr. F. T. Palgrave, may be found in the *Oxford Essays* for 1855.

<sup>2</sup> See Mr. Carlyle's chapter (already referred to) on the attempt of the Maréchal de Broglie to put down the Revolution by the aid of the soldiery; and compare the *Chronological Summary* at the end of the later editions of the same work. '1789. June, July. Court terrors and plans: old Maréchal Broglie,—this is the Broglie who was young in the Seven-Years' War; son of a Marshal Broglie, and grandson of another who much filled the newspapers in their time.'

Englishmen who retire from the world of politics to that of literature do so knowing that they can at any time return, and as the French proverb has it, 'It is always easy to walk when one is leading a horse by the bridle.' Yet one of our most brilliant if not one of our most profound thinkers, who had known what office was under a constitutional government, declared of a politician who had betaken himself to literature—'We heartily congratulate him on having been driven by events to make an exchange which, advantageous as it is, few people make while they can avoid it. He has little reason, in our opinion, to envy any of those who are still engaged in a pursuit from which, at most, they can only expect that, by relinquishing liberal studies and social pleasures, by passing nights without sleep and summers without one glimpse of the beauty of nature, they may attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely watched slavery which is mocked with the name of power.'<sup>1</sup>

To influence a chamber of peers or deputies, to carry out schemes of government into action, and leave laws which continue to influence the career and character of a great people, has indeed a directness and open evidence of usefulness which strongly impresses the imagination. An author, for the most part, must be content to live without any such immediate proofs of the services he has rendered to his fellow-men. He does not see the hearts that feel gratitude to him for his toils. He does not know how noble sentiments have been awakened in other minds by volumes in which there breathes no thought that is mean or little. And yet, if we may speak so solemnly, it is a profound problem which no mortal eye can pierce, whether for his own soul and the souls of many besides it may not prove more salutary than any conceivable political achievement, to have shown how great and how beneficent are the changes which have been wrought in society by the operation of the faith of the Cross, to have inspired in other minds a larger and more charitable view of the characters of departed sovereigns and statesmen, and to have added one ray more to the brightness of the aureole that beams around the brows of saints.

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Macaulay, in reference to Mr. Peregrine Courtenay.—(Essays, Sir W. Temple, *ad init.*)

ART. VII.—1. *Evening Communion—a Tract.*2. *Guide to the Church Services in London and its Suburbs.*

London: Rivingtons. 1858.

How should we have felt and acted if we had lived during the Arian struggle in Alexandria, or at Constantinople when Nestorius was patriarch, or in Africa while Donatism was eating out the heart of the Church, or in Nuremberg or Augsburg during the second or third decade of the sixteenth century? Such questions the student of sacred history cannot but put to himself when the momentous character of the Church's past struggles rises importunately before him. But if he raises the question, he does not answer it. He feels that he reads the destinies of the successive champions and generations of the Catholic Church by a light which they never themselves enjoyed. It is not that he sees more clearly than they into the Revelation which was given in its entirety once for all. He is not foolish enough to suppose that theology can be improved upon Baconian principles, or, indeed, can ever be anything but a strictly deductive science, whose major-premises are the utterances of God. But he knows that no age ever comprehends itself; it must be seen in its results. We are accustomed, in this age of telegrams and newspapers, to the phrase contemporary history. Strictly speaking, the thing is an impossibility. We may, indeed, chronicle contemporary facts; but the combination, the judgment, the analysis of cause and effect, the philosophical treatment, in short, which constitutes history, may be exercised on any era of which we have sufficient records—except our own. History can deal only with the past. The press, indeed, perpetually endeavours to set aside this law, and to anticipate the verdict of another generation upon the events of the passing hour. This attempt belongs to its pseudo-prophetical claims; and it has, of course, and not unfrequently, to submit to rude disappointments. But just as we cannot at once enjoy life and anatomize the body which actually lives; so we cannot at once drink into the life of our day and map out its relation to the past and the future. Real prophecy is always a supernatural gift; it is not a happy quick-sightedness of the natural eye. Even in secular history, there is little chance of successful prediction. In the kingdom of grace, where there are so many forces at work which distance calculation, it is

certain that we cannot even philosophise upon the present. We cannot say how we of this day shall appear in the eyes of the next generation of Christians. We cannot calculate the influences, the tone, the moral and spiritual inheritance which we shall bequeath to them. We humbly trust that we shall leave to them entire the faith of the Catholic Church; but that is all. We may, indeed, feel that we live in a time which may hereafter be seen to have been pregnant with momentous results. Of this we cannot indulge anything beyond conjecture; but we *can* note the symptoms of our day—and we shall note them with the greater care as we learn how little we can do beyond. In Church history especially is it true that ages perpetually hang upon that which to the superficial eye is a triviality. It may be that many of the material efforts of this active age are destined to exercise the least possible influence upon the future of the Church. It may be, that upon some of the least observed changes in her practice and discipline, there depend results which will change the face of Western Christendom. We do not prophesy; but the possibilities of the present may be argued from the facts of the past.

With these reflections, we invite the attention of our readers to a practice which has only of late appeared among us, but which already threatens in some dioceses to become general. To an ancient Christian, Evening Communions would have looked, to say the least, very startling, and even shocking. The practice, in its modern dress, would have violated some of the deepest instincts of early Christianity. The intense and fervid conservatism, so loyal to that past in which confessors and martyrs had lived and died, and the deep inwrought reverence for Christ's Spiritual Presence traversing the length and breadth of the Church's organism, and centering in the Eucharist as its highest expression and channel, would have been equally set aside by it. That such a practice should have arisen upon the horizon of the Church, backed, too, by episcopal encouragement, would have seemed to the ancients antecedently impossible, or a sure mark of heretical depravity. Yet we, who breathe a religious atmosphere so different from that of the early ages, have lived to witness the upgrowth of this reversal of Catholic tradition, almost without protest or even recognition. In 1850, it was feeling its way, here and there, warily and stealthily; in 1860, it is the acknowledged practice of at least fifty churches in the metropolitan diocese. Nor is it advocated only by extreme Low Churchmen. Of course such a practice has particular recommendations for the spirit of Puritanism. Ever wayward and undisciplined, popular Protestantism rejoices to make lawlessness and disorder a prime condition of its activity.

When there is a tradition to be set aside, a time-honoured custom to be trampled on, Puritanism is at its post, stimulated to extraordinary exertions, clamorous, contemptuous, defiant,—we had almost said, but it would be scarcely true of Puritanism,—original. And in this matter of Evening Communions, it finds allies in quarters, alien enough from its characteristic temper, yet not unwilling to join it in an onset upon Ecclesiastical Toryism. Men who would shrink from Exeter Hall and its grotesque platitudes, and whose sense of decency would keep them out of the suburban theatres, have a great opinion, nevertheless, of the superior insight of our day into the needs of the Church, and are glad to have a hand in setting aside prescription, for the mere sake of doing so. And there are others,—to whom we would especially address ourselves,—who are profoundly impressed by the grave responsibilities which Providence has imposed upon the Church of England, and by the unsatisfactory and inadequate response to those responsibilities which our Church-system actually attempts. They are touched with compassion at the sight of the perishing masses; they contrast the select few who kneel before their altars with the multitudes who might be ‘compelled to come in.’ They do not wish to be neglectful of antiquity, but they are not altogether anxious to scan its real mind too narrowly. Is not apostolical antiquity in favour of Evening Communions? Does Church history yield no precedents? Is there not, further, in the best sense of the term, a practical and utilitarian basis for the practice, which might dispose us to make the most of weak evidence, and to strain a point if necessary? Now, it is to these persons, thus arguing, that the following remarks will be addressed. It is our conviction that Scripture not merely affords no real countenance, but implicitly condemns the practice in question; that the ultimate mind of Scripture is to be discovered in sub-apostolical antiquity; and that antiquity is as clearly condemnatory of the practice, as it is utterly at issue with the doctrinal tone which could permanently acquiesce in it.

I. It is of course unquestionable that our Lord and Saviour instituted the blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood after supper, and in the evening. Mr. Greswell and others descend to particulars, into which we will not follow them, as to the exact hour.<sup>1</sup> Now this general fact is continually appealed to, as forming a serious argument for the new practice. And it is insinuated that the early Church forgot the example of her Lord, in her zeal for the precepts and traditions of His first servants and disciples. Nothing can be less true. In contem-

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Greswell, *Disputations*, vol. iii. Diss. 41, pp. 170—172.

plating our Lord's life, the early Church saw plainly that while, in some respects, His actions were to be imitated closely, literally, and for ever, in others they were peculiar to, and a part of, His redemptive and incommunicable relation to the human race. To take an example. It is well known that there was in the fourth century a general disposition on the part of converts to Christianity to defer baptism, with a view to escaping the guilt and responsibility of post-baptismal sin. On the 7th of January, A.D. 381, S. Gregory of Nazianzum directed one of the greatest of his great orations against this tendency in the Metropolitan Church of Constantinople. We see in that discourse the many and ingenious arguments which were advanced by those who wished to delay baptism as long as possible. Among others, they urged the example of our blessed Lord. Now how does S. Gregory reply? Our Lord is not, he says, to be closely followed by Christians in every particular. We fast, as He did. But our Lenten fast differs from His, in its occasion and in its object. He then instances the Eucharist. 'Christ instituted it, in a supper-room, and after supper, and on the day before His Passion. We celebrate it in Christian temples, and before taking supper, and *after His resurrection*.'<sup>1</sup> He then enunciates this principle: οὔτε ἀπέρρηκται τῶν ἐκείνου τὰ ἡμέτερα, οὔτε συνέσκευται χρονικῶς· ἀλλ' ὅσον τύπος τις εἶναι τῶν ἡμετέρων παραδοθέντα, τὸ πάντη παραπλήσιον διαπέφυγεν.<sup>2</sup> His divinity and His redemptive relations to man would suggest the principle of the inevitable discrepancies between the model and the imitation. The Church alone could rule the details of such discrepancy: and the Holy Ghost sent down upon her for a purpose no less high than that of guiding her into all truth, would enable her to discharge these lower functions with confidence and accuracy.

This principle has, in fact, been admitted by all Christians; by none more completely than by those who would fiercely denounce it when stated in terms. If the Church 'has authority in controversies of faith,' much more has she power 'to decree rites and ceremonies.' But she did not at once determine the time of day at which the Eucharist was to be celebrated. SS. Cyprian and Augustine, as we shall see, give reasons for the determination actually and ultimately adopted, and these reasons would have been valid from the first. In point of fact, however, for some few years, the point was not ruled. If with S. Jerome and S. Augustine<sup>3</sup> we see an Eucharistic celebration

<sup>1</sup> This expression probably refers to the fact of the celebration being in the morning, after the hour at which our Lord rose from the grave.

<sup>2</sup> S. Greg. Naz. Orat. 40. Opp. Tom. i. p. 715, ed. Bened.

<sup>3</sup> Hieron. in Epitaph. Paulæ ad Eust. S. August. Libr. 3. de cons. Evang. c. 25.



at Emmaus, our Lord Himself celebrated in the afternoon of the first Easter day. There is no ground for supposing that the apostles consecrated the Eucharist previous to Pentecost. Our Lord's words to S. Mary Magdalene imply that only *after* the ascension, the closer intimacy of communion, the Eucharistic touch, would succeed to that not less awful but more distant reverence due throughout the great forty days to His risen humanity. Pass we on then to the Eucharistic passages in the Acts of the Apostles. These passages, it must be admitted, help us in no material degree towards a solution of the question. The first Christians, we know, assembled daily in the temple, and celebrated the Eucharist at home (*κατ' οἶκον*, Acts ii. 46.) This celebration was daily (*καθ' ἡμέραν*). But we have no grounds for saying, with Neander, that it was probably held in the evening, as we can as little conclude positively that it was in the morning. Again, we know nothing of the time of that solemn oblation of the Eucharist (*λειτουργούντων δὲ αὐτῶν*, Acts xiii. 2) in the Church of Antioch, at which the Divine will respecting SS. Paul and Barnabas was supernaturally disclosed, except that we are expressly told that those engaged in the Service were 'fasting' at the time. Again, the horology of the celebration at Troas is peculiarly embarrassed. It is very possible that the apostle's discourse was continued until midnight on Saturday: the *μὴ τῶν σαββάτων* having begun at six o'clock in the evening of that day. In this case the Eucharist was celebrated early on Sunday morning, like the *cætus antelucani* of Tertullian. But S. Luke's account admits of other constructions; and the celebration in question *may* have taken place before the sermon on Saturday or Sunday evening, or even—as some would say—after it on Monday morning.<sup>1</sup> Further, it seems too doubtful whether the action recorded of S. Paul during his shipwreck was properly sacramental to insist on it for purposes of argument. It, however, did certainly take place while the distressed crew were anxiously expecting daylight. (Compare ver. 33 and 39, Acts xxvii.) But there is one passage in the New Testament which seems to guide us towards that solution of the point which was ultimately accepted by the Catholic Church.

The Church of Corinth would seem in its Eucharistic observance to have adhered with more accuracy than the Churches of the Proconsular Asia to the literal reproduction of the order of events on the night of institution. First came the Agapè—the representative of the Paschal supper—the natural symbol, as the Eucharist was the supernatural aliment of the charity of

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<sup>1</sup> Acts xx. 7.

the faithful. S. Chrysostom, indeed, expresses his opinion that the Eucharist preceded the Agapè; and he is followed by writers like Cardinal Bona, who too eagerly assume an absolute correspondence between the earliest apostolical Church and the Western Christendom of later centuries.<sup>1</sup> But S. Augustine, in his letter to Januarius, intimates the opinion stated in the text, and he is followed by commentators like A. Lapide and Estius, whose aim was exegetical, and not liturgical. The uncritical and irreverent error which, in his commentary on this passage of the Corinthians, Dr. Stanley has subserviently borrowed from the rationalizing Lutherans of modern times, whereby the Agapè is actually identified with the Eucharistic oblation, has been already exposed in the pages of this Review.<sup>2</sup> It is certain that from the first they were entirely distinct; and it is observable that in no one of the celebrations recorded in the Acts of the Apostles is there any trace of the Agapè as linked to the Eucharistic service. The question of priority it is difficult to decide upon. If the actual traditions of the Catholic Church be held to settle the question, we must infer that the Eucharist preceded the Agapè. If, with Lightfoot and Schöttgen in our hands, we examine the question as illustrated by Jewish antecedents, and our Lord's actual form of procedure, we must rule that the Agapè preceded the Eucharist. And to this latter conclusion we decidedly incline. The selfishness and sensuality which S. Paul condemns, was exhibited at the Agapè; and it must have rendered communion most painfully sacrilegious, whether we suppose such conduct to have preceded or followed upon the reception of the sacramental species. But at the moment of writing, the apostle was anxious only to bring home to the conscience of the Corinthian Church the sum of its overwhelming guilt. The wealthier members prepared a banquet, which ministered to their appetites, and which they refused to share with their poorer brethren. They thus sacrificed the idea of the Agapè—the fraternity and equality of the brethren before God—to the present gratifications of sense. The 'hungry' poor looked on. The sated rich left the common table 'drunken,' and passed to the altar of their Lord and Saviour. S. Paul leaves them to the rising consciousness of their guilt. The natural appetites were not to be satisfied at the Agapè. If any were hungry he might eat at home. But this regulation was obviously insufficient to meet the evil. And accordingly, the chapter closes with the pregnant words, '*The rest will I set in order when I come.*'

τὰ λοιπὰ διατάξομαι. How much ground does that promise

<sup>1</sup> S. Chry. in loc. Bona de Reb. Liturg. vol. i. v. Ed. Turin.

<sup>2</sup> *Christian Remembrancer*, No. 92, April 1857, pp. 457, 458.

actually cover? We can only judge by the event. From the era of the apostles, if not before, the Agapè was dissevered from the Eucharist. It lived on indeed; it had its uses; it is described at length by Tertullian; its memory is still preserved in the 'pain béni' which is distributed at solemn masses in the Church of France. But another apostle speaks of the Agapè in words which echoed the judgment of S. Paul. The sensual professors of Christianity, whom S. Jude rebukes, are characterized as *ἐν ταῖς ἀγάπαις σπιλάδες, συνευχόμενοι ἀφόβως* (Jude 12). A second result of S. Paul's 'visitation' of the Church of Corinth, would seem to have been the ultimate prevalence of morning celebrations of the Holy Communion throughout the Church. Nothing less than the authority of apostles will adequately account for the universality of morning celebrations in all the widely-separated branches of the Church. Nothing less than the fearful scandals of the Corinthian practice—which combined the ordinary physical excitement of a late hour with the evils of indulgence at a previous meal—would most naturally account for the universal abandonment of a traditional usage, which at least might plead literal correspondence with the formal action of our Lord when instituting the sacrament. Is it too much to say, that we are asked by the partisans of the modern innovation to ignore the experience, and to reverse the decision, of the apostles themselves?

II. No independent witness to the existence and character of apostolic Christianity has attracted more notice than that afforded by the Epistle of Pliny to the Emperor Trajan. Familiar as we may be with it as quoted by Gibbon or by Paley, we probably are less than fully alive to the exceeding value of this document. Mr. Clinton places it in A.C. 104.<sup>1</sup> It was penned then at a date when as yet the voice of the Beloved Apostle had scarcely died away in the churches of the Lesser Asia. It exhibits the Bride of Christ as she had grown up under that Apostle's eye, and had received his parting blessing. The words are too precious to be forgotten: our readers will pardon us for quoting them at length. Pliny has been telling his master that he found particular difficulties in dealing with the Christians, who were at that time brought into the Courts of his Proconsulate. He declined the investigation of such cases whenever it was possible to do so. But he held that obstinate and inflexible adherence to opinion was of itself a punishable offence. Christians who were also Roman citizens were to be sent to Rome. With the others the proconsul dealt mainly by threats, and on the spot. He tells us that he put two deaconesses to the torture: he felt that

<sup>1</sup> *Fasti Romani*, vol. i. p. 91, ad ann. 104.

something must be done, as already the masses of the people were in particular districts of his province embracing the new religion, and the worship of the gods was generally neglected. Where conversions had been so general, the repressive measures of the Roman authorities, although not singularly severe, naturally produced several apostacies; and it is to the depositions of the unhappy apostates that we are indebted for one of our clearest insights into the practice of the sub-apostolic Church.

'Adfirmabant autem hanc fuisse summam vel culpæ suæ vel erroris, quod essent soliti *stato die ante lucem convenire* carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere secum invicem, seque *sacramento* non in scelus aliquod obstringere, sed ne furta, ne latrocinia, ne adulteria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, ne depositum appellati abnegarent: quibus peractis morem sibi discedendi fuisse, rursusque ad capiendum cibum, promiscuum tamen et innoxium,' &c.—*Plin. Epist. Lib. ad. Traj. ep. 96 p. 231, ed. Keil.*

Such was the statement. From motives and foes it has attracted an attention which has been denied to the gymnasium and theatre at Nicæa, or to the cost and construction of the aqueduct at Nicomedia, or to the rising importance of commercial Byzantium, or to the reports of the doings of the Parthian or other frontier-powers, which formed the staple of the correspondence to which it belongs. To us, this famous passage appears conclusive as to the separation of the Holy Eucharist, alluded to under the word 'sacramentum,' and celebrated 'ante lucem,' from the Agapè—the 'cibus promiscuus et innoxius'—which was held later in the day. Mosheim indeed, Neander, and others, think that 'probably' the<sup>1</sup> Lord's Supper (by which term they mean the Eucharist) was celebrated together with the 'social meal' in the evening.<sup>2</sup> The question turns partly upon the meaning of the word 'sacramentum.' Did the apostates use this word in the ordinary and classical, or in the ecclesiastical sense? We think the latter. What other word *could* they have employed in speaking of the Eucharist to a heathen Roman magistrate? Its spiritual, mystical value he would have been unable even to comprehend: he characterises the statements of the tortured deaconesses as 'superstitio prava immodica.' As a Roman he would be familiar with the idea of obligation, and that one aspect of the Eucharist accordingly it was which was intelligible to the Latin world, that thus early appropriated to it the name 'sacramentum.' Whatever else it might be, it was to the Christian Church what their oath of fidelity was to the legions of the empire. This conclusion is fortified by a

<sup>1</sup> The Coptic Canons certainly identify the 'supper' with the Agapè—a noticeable point for those who, like Baron Bunsen, imagine these canons to witness in favour of modern theories. (Cf. Apostolical Constitutions in Coptic, ed. by Archdeacon Tattam, pp. 68—70. London, 1848.)

<sup>2</sup> Church Hist. i. p. 443.

consideration to which Neander himself shall bear his testimony. For he observed that 'in Justin Martyr we find the celebration of the Supper entirely separated from those feasts of brotherly love, if, indeed, the latter still continued to exist in the churches which Justin had in view.'<sup>1</sup> Nothing is more certain. In S. Justin the Eucharist is spoken of in terms which show what was the real mind of the sub-apostolic Church. 'We do not receive it,' he says, 'as common bread, or common wine; . . . we have been taught that the Food, over which thanksgiving has been made by the prayer of the word which is from Him, . . . is the Flesh and Blood of Him, the Incarnate Jesus.' S. Justin, then, does not agree with Dr. Stanley and Neander in regarding the most awful service of the Church as part of an 'evening social meal.' With him it follows, upon reading 'the memoirs of the Apostles, and the writings of the Prophets,' and upon a sermon from 'him who presides,' and upon 'prayers and thanksgivings.' Our readers will remember that more might be quoted from S. Justin to the same effect. Neander, and such as he, are compelled to suppose a total revolution in the mind of the Church on the subject of the Eucharist between 100 A.D. and 133 A.D. For S. Justin was converted in A.D. 133, and martyred in A.D. 165. He tells us that he exactly repeated what he had been taught. In less than thirty years, then, according to Neander, the adjunct of an evening meal had been transformed into a separated, awful Mystery. It had become the highest and most emphatic act of Christian worship—so utterly dissociated from the Agapè, that the latter is never once alluded to in the pages of Justin. Is this conceivable? Conceivable, indeed, it is, if the more destructive rationalism of the Tübingen School be true; and the Divinity of our Saviour, together with the Gospel which so conspicuously enshrines it, was elaborated in the middle of the second century of our era. From this conclusion Neander would recoil; but his own method of dealing with the doctrine of the Eucharist is not less violent than that of those who apply the self-same principle to the doctrine of our Lord's Godhead.

The truth is that Pliny records the time, as S. Justin records the circumstances and rationale of the Eucharistic Oblation. While S. John yet lived and wrote, it would seem to have been the great morning service of the Church—and distinct from the later Agapè. Indirect testimony to the same effect might be inferred from what we know respecting the practice of the heretic Marcus, who, as described by S. Irenæus, appears to have parodied the practice and doctrine of the Catholic Church.

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<sup>1</sup> Church Hist. ut supr.

This is confirmed by testimonies taken from the close of the second century. According to Cave, Tertullian was converted in A.D. 185; the Oxford translators of his works are probably right in placing that event ten years later—in 196 A.D. Now there are at least three passages in his writings which go to prove that the practice of the Church was in his days what it had been in Pliny's. In his well-known allusion to the 'Stations'—a military term, by the bye, which, like 'sacramentum,' had passed into the metaphorical phraseology of the Church,<sup>1</sup>—he contends that the scruple—'quod statio solvenda sit accepto corpore Domini'—was unnecessary.<sup>2</sup> Of this more hereafter: suffice it to observe that, with Tertullian, a late Eucharist is an exceptional practice, and implies a long previous fast, if partaken of. In another treatise<sup>3</sup> he is discussing the practical daily difficulties of a Christian lady who is married to a heathen husband—as must have been in his day the case in thousands of families throughout the empire. He inquires whether the husband will not accuse his wife of magical practices when she crosses herself, or when she rises to pray at midnight. He adds,—'Non sciet maritus quid secretò antè omnem cibum gustes?'<sup>4</sup> Now Gieseler and Oehler quote *De Orat.* c. xiv. as proving the unquestioned practice of Eucharistic reservation, and *imply* that 'ante omnem cibum' must be taken in the sense of 'before every meal.' Is it conceivable that the Church would have allowed a lay member to carry home enough of the Consecrated Species for such very frequent reception? Is there any ancient authority which affords serious support to such a translation? We have observed other instances of the endeavour to represent the practice of the ancient Church as absolutely removed from possibility of imitation, when, in fact, it coincides with that of religious people among ourselves. Those who have found difficulty in attending an early celebration while staying at the house of unsympathising or irreligious acquaintances, will best understand and construe the phrase of Tertullian, who witnesses emphatically to the practice of the Church to receive the Eucharist fasting, and, as a general consequence, to receive it *early*. The words simply mean that she received the Eucharist 'before all other food'—it may be before leaving her chamber, when her husband would take note of the practice. Lastly, in his treatise *De Coronâ*, Tertullian is arguing very characteristically for the necessity and force of ecclesiastical tradition. After enlarging on the elements which it had contributed to the Baptismal Service of the Church of the second century, he adds,—'Eucharistiæ

<sup>1</sup> I. 13, 2, qu. by Dr. Pusey, R.P. p. 325.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Lactant. *Div. Inst.* vii. 27.

<sup>3</sup> *De Orat.* c. xix.

<sup>4</sup> *Ad. Ux.* c. 5.



'sacramentum, et in tempore victûs, et omnibus mandatum a domino *etiam antelucanis cœtibus*, nec de aliorum manu quam 'presidentium sumimus.'<sup>1</sup> What is the force of 'etiam' in this passage? Does it mean that the Eucharist was received '*horis etiam extra antelucanas*,' as in his note on the passage Oehler appears to intimate? or does it not, in accordance with the genius and direction of the entire argument, merely point to the apparent contrast between the practice of our Lord and that of the Church of the second century, without implying anything whatever as to celebrations of the Eucharist at other times? That this last is Tertullian's real meaning we shall show from S. Cyprian, just as we have already illustrated Pliny from S. Justin Martyr. S. Cyprian was converted in A.D. 246, consecrated Bishop of Carthage in A.D. 248, and martyred in 258. During his whole episcopate he seems to have been favoured with revelations of the Divine will; but he is not less remembered as the strenuous champion and assertor of ecclesiastical tradition. S. Cyprian may be fairly taken to represent the generation which inherited the traditions of the generation of Tertullian. Let us open his Epistle to Cœcilius. In that Epistle he is arguing against the Aquarii, who, as our readers will remember, and as the name implies, 'offered' only water, instead of the mixed chalice, at their celebration of the Eucharist. S. Cyprian insinuates that they dreaded discovery in the bitter persecution which, under Decius, desolated the Church of Africa. If a man communicated in the morning from a mixed chalice, it was possible that '*per saporem vini redoleat sanguinis Christi*.' What was this but to be ashamed of the Son of Man before men? How could they anticipate martyrdom, who shrunk from confessing themselves communicants? The Aquarii seem to have met these grave considerations by a very questionable expedient. If they used only water in the morning, they 'offered the mixed chalice after supper.' They pleaded our Lord's practice in justification of this custom.

In reply, S. Cyprian observed that there were obvious reasons for the time selected by our Lord, which do not generally apply. It was right, in His case, '*ut horâ ipsâ sacrificii ostenderet occasum et vesperam mundi*.' Even as the Paschal Lamb was slain in the evening, the Redeemer of the world was, in instituting the blessed Eucharist, to lift up His hands for an evening sacrifice. But His resurrection obliges His disciples to a different observance: they celebrate it in the early morning. The Aquarii, then, could not make the practice of the Church in respect of the time of the celebration, a valid pretext for mutilating the

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<sup>1</sup> De Cor. c. 3.

matter of the sacrament. The practice of the Church was justified by the difference between Christ and Christians. The Aquarii were breaking a positive and very plain command. S. Cyprian's language implies that their irregular manner of celebrating after supper was utterly unsupported by authority; and there are no traces of any such irregularity elsewhere. They probably proceeded upon some private interpretation of our Lord's words. Their evening celebrations were necessarily private. 'Cum cœnamus, ad convivium nostrum plebem convocare non possumus, ut Sacramenti veritatem, fraternitatem omni præsente celebremus.' What can be plainer from such language than *this*,—that the only public celebrations of the Eucharist in the Church of the Cyprianic age were in the morning? Not even the bitter persecution of the Decian era could induce her bishops to adopt an evening celebration, although it would have provided in no small degree for the security of her members. Morning celebrations were the rule, from which Catholic instinct and prescription alike forbade departure. And this surely proves that Tertullian's language is equally assertory of the self-same practice, unless, indeed, we are to resort to the violent, gratuitous, and utterly unproved hypothesis of a 'development'—in plain English, of a revolution in ecclesiastical practice—between the first and the forty-eighth year of the third century of the Christian era.

There remains the classical passage of S. Augustine, with which our readers will be more or less acquainted. About the year 400 A. D., Januarius—of whom we know little, except that he is not to be confounded with either the Catholic or Donatist prelates of that name, who are familiar to the student of S. Augustine—seems to have applied to the great Bishop of Hippo for a solution of several questions touching ecclesiastical usage. Januarius seems to have been distressed by the prevalence of different usages in different portions of the Catholic world—such as would be encountered by a Christian traveller who was loyally attached to the traditions of his native place. Before descending to particulars, S. Augustine lays down some principles as preliminaries, which would rule his decisions. He notes, on the one hand, the simplicity which characterizes the Sacramental Institutions of our Lord and Saviour; on the other, he contends that unwritten traditions, which are observed throughout the Catholic world, must be traced either to the Apostles or to Councils with plenary and world-wide authority (Ep. 54. c. 1). The varying customs of different Churches rest on a basis essentially different. At Rome they kept Saturday as a fast: S. Ambrose

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<sup>1</sup> S. Cyr. Opp., p. 109. Ed. Bened.

had to allay S. Monica's scruples on the score of the opposition of Milan. In some churches there was a practice of communicating daily; in others only on stated days. S. Augustine accepts, in a large sense, the principle of our article on Church Traditions, as not necessarily in all places one or utterly like; and holds that 'the grave and prudent Christian' will invariably accommodate himself 'to the usages of the church which he may happen to visit' (c. 2). Now it would seem that a particular practice of the African Churches must have shocked some of the ecclesiological travellers of the fourth century. On Maunday Thursday those churches received the Holy Communion only after eating food, and in the evening. S. Augustine remarks almost severely upon the traveller—perhaps Januarius himself—who should contrast this practice of his native church disparagingly with the different customs that prevailed elsewhere. It was at least an open question—the practice to be observed on that one day. Scripture had left it so. The Church had not then ruled against the African practice. And there was a literal correspondence between that practice and the scene in the Supper-room. 'Liquido apparet,' he says, 'quando primum *'acceperunt discipuli Corpus et Sanguinem Domini, non eos acceperunt jejunos.'*

It was, then, in no forgetfulness of what is urged upon us by those who discuss these subjects at the present day, that the great Bishop of Hippo guarded himself in the following terms against the supposition that, in pleading for the liberties of Africa, he forgot what was due, as a rule, to Catholic consent:—*'Numquid tamen propterea calumniandum est universæ Ecclesiæ quod a jejuniis semper accipitur? Ex hoc enim placuit Spiritui sancto, ut in honorem tanti Sacramenti, in os Christiani prius Dominicum Corpus intraret, quam cæteri cibi; nam ideo per universum orbem mos iste servatur.'*<sup>1</sup>

The startling exception proves the rule. The rational peculiarity of Africa on one single day is thrown out into the clearest relief by the otherwise invariable practice of the Church of Christ. Like S. Cyprian, S. Augustine contends that our Lord's practice was not in the matter of time to be imitated by His disciples. He left that point to be regulated by His apostles. He desired to impress upon them the lofty majesty of the mystery, by instituting it upon the very eve of His Passion. Had He said one word to imply that the evening was ever to be the hour of celebration, it is inconceivable that the Christian world should have, with one consent, set His injunction aside. *'Si hoc ille monuisset ut post cibos alios semper acciperetur, credo quod eum morem nemo variasset.'*

<sup>1</sup> S. Aug. Ep. 54 ad. Jan. vol. ii. p. 126. Ed. Bened.

The universal practice is probably to be traced to the unwritten regulations of S. Paul, who, after the scandal which arose from the union of the Agapè with the Eucharist in the Church of Corinth, 'set things in order,' by dissociating them, and by introducing the new order of things, which we have already seen to be that described by Pliny as prevalent in the year of grace 104.

Such is S. Augustine's remarkable statement. Let its full significance be well weighed. We have heard it remarked that S. Augustine is himself responsible for the practice of communicating fasting, and that that practice obtained chiefly through the deference so generally yielded to his great authority. Such a statement is obviously at issue with the facts of the case. Augustine does not recommend an observance: he records one, as already nothing less than œcumenical. And his own famous canon, so tellingly urged in his controversy with the Donatists, that, where there were so many causes calculated to produce diversity, the absolute agreement of the Catholic world in a doctrine or practice should be accepted as witnessing to its apostolicity, must here be borne carefully in mind. His words may be aptly illustrated by the terms of the twenty-ninth canon of the Third Council of Carthage, which had been passed three years before (in A.D. 397). At that council S. Augustine himself was present; he subscribed its decrees. His language to Januarius is an expansion and justification of the language of the Council. The latter runs thus:—

'Ut Sacramenta altaris non nisi a jejunis hominibus celebrantur, excepto uno die anniversario, quo cœna Domini celebratur' (Conc. Carth. III. can. 29. Labbè, vol. ii. p. 1171).

But this exceptional practice on Maunday Thursday had been already disallowed in the rest of Christendom. In the Council of Laodicea,<sup>1</sup> which was held in the Nicene period, probably about 341—though this is uncertain (cf. Conc. Laod. can. 20). And in A.D. 692, we find the Trullan Council referring expressly to the Carthaginian canon, and generally prohibiting that exception to Catholic rule, which was permitted on Maunday Thursday in Africa (Conc. Trull. can. 29, apud Labbè, tom. vi. p. 1155).

If then S. Ambrose, when expounding Psalm xix. alludes to evening celebrations of the Eucharist, he must be understood to refer either to the late celebrations on the days of the Stations, common in the Latin Churches, and alluded to in Tertullian; or, possibly, more remotely, to the African custom on Maunday Thursday. And from S. Chrysostom's first letter to Innocent, in which he describes the various outrages which

<sup>1</sup> S. Ambros. Opp. ed. Ben. i. 1073. in p. 118, Exposit.

preceded that second exile of his, from which he never returned, it would appear probable that at Constantinople—at least in A.D. 404—there was a late celebration on Easter Eve.<sup>1</sup> But S. Ambrose specially, and without making any exception, enjoins a strict fast upon the consciences of those who communicated late at Milan: just as the Eastern canons would have enforced it at Constantinople. The Constantinopolitan practice on Easter Eve, and that of the Latin Church on the Station days, cannot be quoted by those who have so far departed from the spirit and language even of our old Anglican writers as to scout the practice of communicating only when fasting as a superstitious form. *They* cannot quote the practice of the African Churches on one single day in the year; since this practice proves the general absoluteness of the rule which they are anxious so consistently to violate. *They* cannot altogether even appeal to the Egyptian Christians; for the historians who record their irregularity use language concerning it which sufficiently expresses the profound disgust which it excited in the Christian world. The Egyptians in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, and those in the Thebaid, celebrated the Eucharist on Saturday evening. ‘But they do not,’ observes Socrates, ‘partake of the ‘mysteries, as is the custom for Christians. For after feasting, and being filled with every description of eatable (*παντοίων ἐδεσμάτων ἐμφορηθῆναι*), when they come to even-tide they ‘partake of the mysteries.’<sup>2</sup> If the supposition be correct that Sozomen generally borrows his materials from Socrates, and quietly tones down expressions of opinion, without openly professing to criticise, it is observable that he here rivals Socrates in the strength of his condemnation of the Egyptian practice. He, like Socrates, alludes to it in a chapter which is a perfect repertorium of Church usages. The Egyptians, he says, *ἡριστήκοτες ἤδη, μυστηρίων μετέχουσι*. He does not enlarge upon the fulness of bread which Socrates so eagerly describes. Even if no such excess be presupposed, they acted *παρὰ τὸ κοινῇ πᾶσι νενομισμένον*<sup>3</sup>—contrary to the universal rule. That was enough.

It may be said that the dislike to Evening Communions is at bottom connected with the desire to restore the ancient practice of fasting before communion. If this were so, we should, after all, only be treading in the steps of Bishop Sparrow and many other great English names who might be quoted. But here, we will only ask, is nothing to be conceded to the practice and instinct of the ancient and universal Church of God? Are we to fashion our rule by exceptions which she barely tolerated or

<sup>1</sup> S. Chrysa. Opp. iii. p. 619, ed. Gaume. Ep. ad Inn. I.

<sup>2</sup> Socrates, Hist. Eccl. v. 22, ed. Hussey, vol. ii. p. 632.

<sup>3</sup> Sozom. Hist. Eccl. vii. 19, ed. Hussey, vol. ii. p. 744.

energetically repudiated? Are we English of the nineteenth century, so much wiser and more comprehensive, and deeper, and holier, and more jealous for God's glory and for His truth than they, that we may safely cast to the winds what was treasured up and has been handed down by the saints and doctors of antiquity—a portion of that body of faith and practice which is the heritage of Christendom—as if it were a foolish enactment suited to the stunted and cramped intelligence of a darkened age? The Bishop of London may think it consistent with his high position to speak contemptuously of these, the only authorities upon whom he can ultimately rely for a proof of the canon of Sacred Scripture. But the general sense of churchmen will recoil from such extremes, so condemnatory of the only great school of English divinity; so fatal, if viewed as a concession to the destructive rationalism of the day. And if the Ancient Church is to be taken into account, if we are to concede anything, we will not say to its authority, but to its sense of propriety, we shall hold our hand ere we be persuaded to abandon our own traditions for the practices of the Protestant Nonconformists, and to adopt or attend, as the case may be, Evening Communions.

III. It will of course be urged, that the real recommendations of the practice lie in its practical utility. This is a practical age. It wants men who feel its wants and can meet them. It can dispense with theorists, even with those whose theories are to them convictions. It will not be hampered by archæology,—no, not by Christian archæology. It is bent upon progress and improvement. Religion must be practical, like everything else, if it is to hold its own. If what savours of the past be merely ornamental, let it stand: at least, it does no harm. If it cramps or numbs the energies of the living present, it is a cobweb or a fungus: sweep it away. This is the temper of our day; the temper of not a few clergymen, for example, in the diocese of London. We describe what we have not time to criticise on moral ground, although something, we apprehend, might be said to it on that score. But a clergyman thus minded looks out into his parish. There is the small inner circle of a few communicants; there is the larger circle of church-goers, who do not communicate; there is the zone of dissent, which never enters the walls of the church, or only occasionally; there is the outer circle of all the irreligious, unpraying, unlistening multitude. Towards all of these he has duties. But his chief duty lies towards Church people,—his strength is the number of his communicants. This is true in a supernatural sense, which he may be slow to apprehend. But it is true in a moral and social sense, patent and obvious to



friend and foe. To increase his communicants—that is the question. It may be that, unhappily, he regards the Holy Sacrament from a Zwinglian or Calvinistic point of view. To the intelligent churchman, it is the channel of grace—the certain, awful point of contact with the Most Holy. Such a clergyman may view it as the symbol of a certain stratum of Christian attainment, rather than as the well-spring of Christian life. Still he will, if possible, increase his communicants; they represent his central strength, his actual reliable flock; they are the expression of his ministerial success; their inward sanctification, he may think, is a question for their Maker and for themselves; their number is his concern—pre-eminently his. He will, before all things else, increase that number. He finds that the people have habits and necessities which interfere with their submission to the actual tradition of the Church, as to the time at which the Holy Sacrament may be celebrated. Without hesitation, he will alter the time of celebration. Why should he not do so? He will probably have learnt to consider Scripture as at least doubtful on this point. Antiquity he holds to be purely irrelevant. So forthwith he gives notice that, on the second and fourth Sundays of every month, there will be afternoon or Evening Communions.

In this statistical age, the temptation to measure spiritual growth by the numbers who attend the ordinances of religion has, it is to be feared, greatly increased upon us. Men live in fear of educational Blue-books and Census-reports. Publication is inevitable; it must be met with the best figures at command. But this process is very deadening both to pastor and people, if unchecked by a keen perception of those supernatural truths and laws which alone afford any true criterion of the real conquests of our Lord in the wide waste of human hearts. Great risk there is of putting forward religious privileges in such a way as to lead to the impression that the great end is only their being accepted, no matter in what spirit. Put them forward, nay, press them on others by all means; but insist, at the same time, upon the abiding guilt of past sin, which is not really repented of; insist upon the necessity for personal strictness and austerity, or at least for a practical self-denying rule of conduct; do not fondle the luxuries and privileges of the religion of Christ, and forget its severities. Years ago this was felt by one (who, alas! has given his talents and his heart to another communion) so keenly, that, while to him beyond all others the Church of England owes her revived loyalty to sacramental truth, he hesitated to advise the immediate and general restora-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, by J. H. Newman. Sermon ix. pp. 133, 134. London: Rivingtons, 2d edition.

tion of weekly communions. Dr. Newman would doubtless admit that *early* celebrations are more or less free from the dangers he apprehends, since they impose an accompanying act of self-denial: they are out of the reach of mere habit or fashion, and, generally speaking, they attract only the earnest and the devout. But of the principle of his caution we have great and abiding need to be reminded. Evening Communions are a repudiation of that principle; they offer the highest religious privilege divested of any accompanying self-denial or inconvenience; they offer it to surfeited bodies and to wearied and jaded faculties; they offer it to the excitement of an evening meeting, where the activity of the sensuous organs is apt to be mistaken for spiritual keenness. They may, for a time, augment the number of communicants, at the altar of the Church of England. That they will save and sanctify more souls is a position of the truth of which we are absolutely incredulous.

If, then, a clergyman's object is indeed purely and solely to increase the number of his communicants, we are fairly unable to argue with him. He is out of our reach, and, sad as it is, must go on his way. But if he is careful for the separate souls committed to his charge, he will stay his hand, while we bid him consider whether Evening Communions do not oppose serious barriers to the sanctification of individual Christians, and even whether numbers might not be increased without such a serious departure from the tradition of the Church.

Now the experience of the Christian world is in favour of *early* devotion. 'O God, Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee.' This is familiar to the experimental Christian,—so familiar that we shall not insist upon it. The soul is clear, fresh, vigorous, and keen in the early morning, unsoiled as yet by the dust and toil, unbroken by the burden and heat of the coming day. The morning is the time which will be chosen for the strongest resolutions and the most persevering intercessions. There are physical reasons doubtless for this; such as recent sleep, and possibly atmospheric conditions which invigorate the powers of the mind through those of the body. There is a sensible sympathy with awakening nature, such as is recognized in the ancient hymnology of the Catholic Church. At any rate, memory, imagination, will, are all more active in the morning than at other times; and it is but reasonable, or—as vulgar writers would say—'common sense,' to devote these quickened powers to the one religious action which outweighs all others in importance and in effect.

It will be said that this may be admitted; and yet those who cannot attend an early communion must be provided for. The one class who seem to engage the sympathies of certain clergy-

men are the servant-maids. They, it is, whose care demands a reversal of the tradition of the Catholic Church. Now we have every sympathy with an unaffected charity towards the souls of this too-often neglected class. We are well aware that they are unprovided for in many a parish, otherwise well-administered. The clergyman cannot interfere with the household arrangements of his wealthier parishioner; and the lady of the house considers the religious training of her servants to be pre-eminently the work of the clergyman.

And there is too often a complete absence of Christian feeling as to the nobleness of service—of such, we mean, as is felt by those who learn their ethics at Bethlehem and on Calvary. Some of our readers may recollect a striking passage of Père Lacordaire, in which that great preacher contrasts the condition of the English household servant with that of the ‘*homme de la maison, le veillard qui nous avait autrefois tenu sur ses genoux*’—the honoured nurse who lived and died in the feudal chateau of the as yet unrevolutionized and most Christian kingdom.<sup>1</sup> There is an element of truth in this, though there is also an element of unhistorical exaggeration; but if we English are becoming more alive to the fact that ‘*Jésus Christ a été le premier domestique du monde*,’ and to its practical consequences, this is no reason for ‘*Evening Communion*.’ There are matters in which the Church may rightly defer to national and domestic habits. Wherever it is barely possible, she will naturally do so, that she may better economize her resources for the unequal struggle which she carries on against the dominant maxims, temper and mind of the world. But there are maxims which she *cannot* accept. There are matters in which she *must* mould the national habit at any cost. Now we are disposed to think that the English habit of lying in bed on Sunday morning is an evil with which the clergy ought to wage unceasing war, as being fatal to the growth of spiritual life. Religious dissenters feel the truth of this; and we know of English towns where there are prayer-meetings in more than one dissenting meeting-house at six and seven o’clock A. M., while the parish church is not open until eleven A. M. Do the dissenting maids-of-all-work never attend those meetings? Is that an impossibility in England, which is the rule in Belgium, in France, in Italy? Are English mistresses inveterately opposed to an arrangement which only seems inconvenient because it has never been tried? Are servants, who know what the Blessed Sacrament is, and what sort of preparation it demands, likely to grumble at the amount of exertion necessary to their consecration of three-quarters of

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<sup>1</sup> Lacordaire, *Conferences*, II. p. 23. Ed. Bruxelles.

an hour on Sunday morning? Or if they do so grumble, are they likely to receive Holy Communion in the evening with the true dispositions? We recollect discussing this subject with the vicar of a large town church in the West of England. On Christmas-day he celebrated an afternoon communion for 'the servant-maids.' Very few of that class attended the service. But other persons came, who would else have risen in time to come in the morning,—they came 'reeking from their Christmas dinners.' The vicar did not continue the experiment: and we cannot doubt that his experience has been confirmed in other town-parishes. On the other hand, there are many churches in London where the attendance at early communion is such as to justify large expectations on the score of a reformed practice in this matter throughout the country. And if the Church of England is to recover spiritual vigour in a wide sense, early communions must be the main cause and chief symbol of such recovery. They are the real remedy for many of our evils. We have had long experience of mid-day celebrations. Coming at the end of a long service, which succeeds to some hours, it may be, of previous distraction, they intercept and obviate countless spiritual blessings which early communions would secure. They approximate to the more offensive mischiefs of afternoon and evening celebrations. Let it be boldly confessed that the Church should mould the national habits to the true interests of souls, and that our present custom is a real corruption. We do not forget the many cases of age and of weakened health which will always demand such late celebrations. By all means. But for the young and the strong—for the great majority of communicants—there is no objection to early communions, save those of custom and indolence. The earlier and more earnest evangelicalism felt this strongly, and, in some cases which we could name, acted upon it. We have reason to know that there is at this moment a considerable movement among those engaged in trade at the East end of London to secure a privilege, which, in too many cases, their less-enlightened clergy are slow to concede.

And there are, thank God! churches in which the people have had opportunities for early communion, and have been encouraged to make the most of them. We have the highest authority for saying that at S. Barnabas, Pimlico, 'the number of poor persons and servants who communicate early is much larger than that of those who avail themselves of the mid-day celebrations,' when the communicants are more generally members of the upper classes. At S. Matthias, Stoke Newington, there were on Easter-day 130 communicants at 5.30 A.M., 38 communicants at 8 A.M., and 200 at half-past 10. On the same day

at S. Paul's, Brighton, there were, at a quarter-past five A.M. 54 communicants; at half-past six, 174; at eight o'clock, 140; and at eleven, 238; making a total of 606. Somewhat similar statistics might be shown by the clergy of All Saints, Margaret Street, and other well-known churches. Of course it will be said that such churches are abnormal,—that they represent, not the territorial area of their actual jurisdiction, but large portions of the metropolis, from which they gather the scattered elements of sympathising Churchmanship. Look then at Wantage, where you have the parochial principle hand-in-hand with the assertion of the Church system. In that old parish-church, one hundred communicants, gathered almost exclusively from the labouring classes, might have been seen kneeling at the altar to receive from their pastor the Bread of Life at half-past four in the morning of last Ascension-day. Early communions are the obvious choice of the devotional instinct. They will not, of course, be frequented when first adopted; but they must be put forward as a leading feature of the revived Church system. They embody its moral and its sacramental significance, they necessitate an act of self-denial, and they secure the freshest energies of the soul for the altar of God. It is said, sometimes, that they huddle away into a corner of the day its most momentous act. This is reasoning which might have objected to the manger at Bethlehem, on the score of its obscurity. When no word has yet been uttered except to God, when no nourishment has yet passed the lips, when the first self-dedication of the waking moment still echoes through the soul, there is the truest welcome, the most genuine adoration, the most tender and soul-constraining recognition of the King of kings, who sets up His throne in the heart, as in the world, without observation. Only let a soul have felt this experimentally, and a late communion will appear to be a disadvantage, an Evening Communion simply intolerable. For, as it seems to us, Evening Communions must involve two disastrous consequences. Of these, the first is, a lowering of the conventional standard of sacramental preparation. Even in cases where the Holy Sacrament is received, say once a month, and then only after a late morning service, there is a species of consecration of the preceding hours, in families which give weight to religious considerations. The family prayers contain, it may be, a sacramental allusion. The breakfast-table, if attended, is nevertheless left earlier than usual. There is a restraint in conversation—an eagerness to put serious topics forward. But this tension would not be kept up in such a family, if the communion were deferred until the evening. Nothing would be left to represent the relaxation and cheerfulness of the Lord's Day, if its most solemn act were

postponed until sunset, and the previous hours devoted to incessant preparation. Of course, exaggerated demands in religion, as in other matters, provoke exaggerated resistance. The consequence would be a large neglect of any sacramental preparation whatever. People would go to the Holy Sacrament, it may be, in great numbers, but just as they go to an Evening Service. They would carry with them minds which had been traversed by all the worldly associations which are inseparable from five or six o'clock of the evening of Sunday, do what you will. They would take faculties, of which the first and freshest efforts had been offered to others, or had evaporated through weariness, or had become impossible through repletion. Imagine a worthy squire rising from the wine after dinner to attend Holy Communion in his parish church. We forbear to dwell on the picture: but the case is not an impossibility; and it is certain to annihilate the lingering, indefinite, yet tenacious sense of what is due to their nearest act of approach to God, which still prevails so generally among our people.

And, secondly, Evening Communions will tend to lower the popular standard of Eucharistic belief even more than that of Eucharistic preparation. They are intimately allied, we believe, with a Zwinglian propaganda. Even a Calvinist, if intelligent, ought to be afraid of them; for he imagines the faith of the receiver to consecrate as well as to claim the Presence received. He must be therefore anxious that that faith should be lively. A Churchman knows that the promise of Christ standeth sure, resting on a basis happily distinct from his own weakness and vacillation and numbness of spirit, and effecting its behest through the invariable power of an apostolical priesthood. However anxious he may be to make the best use of the gift of Heaven, he is well assured that it is given independently of himself. Not so Calvin. With him faith makes what it touches, and it cannot create unless it be strong, and fresh, and unimpeded. Of course a mere external covenant-act—a symbolic commemoration, involving nothing supernatural, nothing beyond the natural action of the memory, and imagination, and affections, might be respectably gone through at any time of the day. The question becomes one of social convenience when we descend to this Zwinglian stratum of religious misbelief, and we forbear to follow it. But late communions, which ought to present difficulties to religious evangelicals, must seem fatally inconsistent with the belief in that Presence which serious churchmen seek and find at the altar. And we unhesitatingly predict, that when churchmen are so unhappy as to yield to the present current of popular pressure, their higher, better, fuller, truer belief in the



blessed Sacrament, will be subjected to a rude shock, and probably abandoned.

Again, there is a consideration of grave importance, which cannot but occur to thoughtful and religious Christians in a question of this kind. Is it not certain that the general adoption of Evening Communion by members of the Church of England would make the breach between ourselves and the great body of the Western Church practically wider, and the hope of reconciliation more distant than ever? The philosophical student of Church history knows well that with the masses a difference of religious habit or practice avails to separate much more surely than many a weightier difference of belief. For the outward, sensible, tangible differences of practice and of rite impress those to whom the largest diversity of inner conviction seems but as an airy unsubstantial subtlety. Here then we have what would be an outward and evident difference of practice between the Churches—widening the breach more markedly to the popular apprehension than do the Sacramental Articles or the Definitions of Trent. Of course, there are those among us to whom such a result would be a recommendation. They have forgotten the burden of our Lord's Prayer in S. John xvii. They have resolved His visible Church into a subjective and ideal conception. They have studied the Apocalypse under the auspices of Dr. Cumming. An insult to the religious mind of the Christendom of France, Italy, Spain, and Austria, is, in their eyes, a religious grace—nothing more or less. We are not writing for them; we repudiate their first principles as they ours. But intelligent and earnest Churchmen must admit that something, nay, that much, is due to our separated brethren of the West. We inherit a separated position; we did not make it. We are thankful for the undoubted blessings which it assures to us; we are sensible of the greater weakness which it as certainly entails—the paralysis of a divided Christendom, the doubts or scoffs of an unconverted world. In God's name, let this generation beware of deepening the chasm by wanton abandonment of usages and traditions which we hold in common with the Catholic world, and which, once abandoned, will be abandoned for ever. Rome has already, by her definition of the Immaculate Conception, in 1854, rendered the hope of a united church beyond measure more hopeless than it was before. We cannot afford to imitate her policy and share her guilt. But an imperceptible lapse to uncatholic practice may speedily effect more mischief in the way of traditional division than even the Bull *Ineffabilis*. What would the Latin Bishops say to a communion which made post-prandial reception of the Holy Sacrament almost its rule? The modern rite of Benediction

is no real parallel. Doubtless that rite is an expression of the anxiety to sanction by the holiest Presence those evening services which are seemingly so congenial to the modern world. But it concedes nothing that grossly violates the universal tradition of the Church of the Fathers. It is not a deliberate return to a main feature of the practice of the Church of Corinth, which was condemned by the experience of the apostolical age, and set aside by the apostles. How far it may itself be linked to a sacramental conception, which is a 'development' of the early faith of the Church, is a question upon which we are not now able to enter. It does not at any rate sanction Evening Communion, unless an awful and distant reverence be identical with intimate and actual reception of the Sacramental Species.

Here, then, we bring these remarks, for the present, to a close; premising that they do but touch upon a vast subject, of the importance and extent of which, when viewed in its real bearings, our readers might find it difficult to form an exaggerated estimate.

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ART. VIII.—*Philippo Strozzi: a History of the Last Days of the Old Italian Liberty.* By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, Author of 'Decades of Italian Women;' 'The Girlhood of Catherine dei Medici,' &c. &c. London: Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1860. 8vo. pp. 410.

THE reader need not fear that we are about to inflict a political dissertation on his patience. 'My kingdom is not of this world.' And it is that kingdom with which *The Christian Remembrancer* is principally concerned, rather than with earthly monarchies and their rulers.

Prone as every generation is to consider its own epoch as a crisis in the world's history, it is scarcely possible to doubt that, so far as the Latin Church is concerned, one of those periods is at hand, the close of an *aión*—one of the epochs to which the apostolic title of the Lord's coming may not unwarrantably be applied. And we neither can, nor ought to, shut ourselves up in our insularity, and try to persuade ourselves that the English Church is not concerned in the present agony of the Latin Communion. It may be that out of that agony the Roman Church will come forth purified as gold in the fire;—it may be that the Lord's words to Peter will be again fulfilled, according to mediæval belief, as regards the successor of Peter;—*When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren*: and that this *again* will be shortly. Or it may be, also according to strong mediæval belief, that a grievously mis-employed supremacy is about to pass away from the Eternal City;—that the Bull *Ineffabilis* filled up the measure of her crimes;—and that, from a dissolution of her present organization, she is to be remoulded into a new form, and endued with a new spirit.

The whole Italian struggle, deeply interesting as its consequences must of necessity make it, is without the chief source of interest which a contest can present—the affording grounds for sympathy with either party. While one laments the obstinacy, the blindness, the perverse tyranny of the Neapolitan government; while one mourns over the absolute demoralization of the Papal States, and knows not whether most to despise or to execrate those false flatterers of Ultramontane tenets who could call the Patrimony of S. Peter the best governed state in the world; one cannot the less regard Victor Emmanuel as one of the most grasping,—perhaps one of the least talented,—of the grasping house of Savoy: that house which never lost for the want of asking, never seems capable of embracing a generous policy, which unblush-

ingly carries selfishness to a pitch beyond which it cannot go ;—and Cavour, as the thoroughly unprincipled minister of a perfectly unscrupulous master ;—a man, worthy to have been one of the C, a, b, a, l of Charles the Second's times.

Indeed, the condition of Sardinia at this time—and it has fallen to the present writer to see a good deal of it—is, under a show of prosperity, one which must give rise to the gravest apprehensions. Six years ago, the bulk of the people were religious—if not so well educated as their Austrian neighbours, at least passably instructed—the secular clergy of a high order for Italy, and the monasteries, so far as a somewhat careful inquiry leads us to conclude, fairly, though not enthusiastically, doing their duty. In an evil hour they, as their Portuguese brothers had done before them, assumed an attitude of hostility to the Constitution ; and for this they were to be punished. The king has one quality of an Italian—he never forgives. Therefore the dissolution of the religious houses was resolved in the recesses of the royal residence at Turin, agreed on with Cavour, and one or two men of a similar stamp, and then mooted in the Chambers. The Chambers were not anxious for the spoil ; but the greater part, men thoroughly irreligious, saw that by voting for the dissolution they should obtain the favour of Victor Emmanuel, and had no scruples of conscience to deter them from it. It was in vain that the noble-minded Count Solar de la Margharita, a man without pre-eminent talents, and as a speaker certainly deficient, but one whose daily life is influenced by the precepts of the Church of which he is the chief political defender—it was in vain that he, and a few like him, offered every constitutional resistance in the Chambers—in vain that the country towns and villages exclaimed loudly against the contemplated sacrilege : Victor Emmanuel's resolution was known ; and

*Quo volunt reges  
Vadunt leges.*

The attitude then taken by the secular clergy is the saddest portion of the history. Probably a united effort on their part might have deferred, if it did not prevent. But so far from joining in such an effort, the greater part were well disposed to the suppression. Poor themselves, the country priests expected, and were promised, a share in the spoil ; and thus threw their influence on the side of the men who were at once bullying their brethren and cajoling them. It happened to the writer, some fortnight ago, to be walking up and down the magnificent *Contrada degli Angeli* at Turin, in company with a country priest of some eminence, arch-priest of an important district, and, we believe, canon of a collegiate church. 'I am sure,' he said, 'that in not more strenuously opposing, though they did

'oppose too, the dissolution, the clergy were actuated by a good motive. They wished to keep well with the government; they believed that, in good truth, it would be little more than a change of ecclesiastical property; that what conventual institutions had hitherto possessed, educational establishments would now inherit. But it was a mistake; a mistake from first to last. The seed was sown in that sacrilege;—yesterday's spectacle was one of the bitter fruits.' *Yesterday's spectacle* was the arrest of the Archbishop of Pisa: certainly as flagrant an instance of *stet pro ratione voluntas* as Napoleon III. could himself furnish. It had pleased the Sardinian government, some years back, to decree that the Second Sunday in May should be observed as the festival of the Sardinian Constitution; and that a *Te Deum* should be sung in every church in honour of that event. Though generally disliking the ceremony, the clergy submitted; and the new feast was a *fait accompli* so far as the Sardinian dominions were concerned. But when the annexation of the other Italian states had been brought to pass, they also were required to observe the same holiday, and the *Te Deum* was enjoined on their ecclesiastics. The Archbishop of Pisa, a man of high character, and known as one of the most active prelates of northern Italy, forbade his clergy to sing the *Te Deum*. Cavour instantly commanded the archbishop to attend him at Turin; by what shadow of law, the minister's warmest supporter may puzzle himself to decide. The archbishop refused. An officer was instantly despatched into Tuscany, with orders to arrest the prelate, and to bring him under guard to Turin; and this was accordingly done. Now let the reader remember that Sardinia professes to be as constitutional a country as England; and then conceive some state service enjoined on the English clergy, and the Archbishop of York forbidding its use in his own diocese. The telegraph wires immediately flash a command from Lord Palmerston for the prelate's attendance in Downing-street. He refuses. The next train carries an officer down to Bishopsthorpe, and on the following day His Grace is safe in the Tower. What would England say in such a case? And yet the correspondent of the *Times*—but then every one knows the general character of the Italian correspondents of the *Times*—lauded to the skies the energetic conduct of Cavour; and the minister was only exposed to the mildest of interpolations in the Chambers, and blustered through his reply on that subject in a manner which singularly contrasted with the hang-dog look with which he answered the bitter questioning he underwent on the subject of French aggression.

At the present moment, to an English churchman, the religious situation of Sardinia and its dependencies is singularly

disheartening. Three quarters of a century ago northern Italy seemed on the point of achieving for itself a really Catholic reformation. The name of Scipio Ricei will live as long as ecclesiastical history is read; but those of Pannilini, Bishop of Chiusa and Vicenza, Fabio de' Baffi, Grand Vicar of Florence, Buoninsegni, Provincial of the Dominicans in Tuscany, and Donati and Mannotto, Professors at Sienna, were not only some of the most learned ecclesiastics, but some of the most jealous defenders of episcopal rights in Europe; and the noble Council of Pistoia admirably carried on that which Constance and Basle had gloriously begun. But now, all earnest religious feeling is, almost necessarily, arraying itself on the side of Ultramontanism. In Turin itself, the clergy are all but in open schism. The government more than tolerates the attempt recently made at founding 'a Protestant Church' in that place; while, in the upper classes, infidelity, thinly veiled under the guise of liberalism, is rampant. Everybody, we think, regarded the Papal denunciation as a blunder; as either too much or too little. It was so manifest a declaration, 'You, Victor Emmanuel, deserve to be excommunicated, and most gladly would I excommunicate you but for one reason: I am not sure that my command would have been obeyed.' It was natural, in throwing for so tremendous a stake as the obedience of a kingdom, that the pontifical advisers should have been nervous; to hurl an anathema, and then see it disobeyed, would have been ruin. But the general belief is that had the King of Sardinia, Cavour, and one or two of the ministry been excommunicated by name, the feeling of the country, deadened no doubt as compared with mediæval times, would nevertheless have convinced the king that he must at all events seem to yield something. It was our lot to hear, on board an Italian steamer, a spirited discussion between a party of clergy and government employés on this very subject. One of the priests, a portly, comfortable-looking personage, who appeared to answer to the high and dry category of our own clergy, was the only individual out of seven who approved the policy of Rome. In these times a protest, he said, was all that was possible; had the King or Cavour been named, there were districts in the country where, likely enough, there might have been a rising. The second priest, a much younger man, and fiercely Ultramontane, urged that to pillory men anonymously, when every one really knew who was intended, looked like cowardice; and the officials agreed with him, while fully allowing that—such was 'the superstition' of the country even in this enlightened age—had the excommunication been nominal, the consequences might have been very serious. The third ecclesiastic,—we know not whether a priest or not,—a Franciscan of the



Third Illyrian Order, said that on his side the Adriatic the impression that Rome dares not speak out would do more harm than would have been the result of leaving the Sardinian aggression unnoticed.

In looking at this aggression as regards the Legations, and the consequent political *status* of Rome, we must keep two opposite things in mind. The first, that, let Ultramontanes be never so true in their denunciations of the injustice of the annexation, let them be never so just in regarding the King of Sardinia as a General Walker favoured by circumstances, and playing the hypocrite as well as the bully, the question of the loss of her present territories is one which really does not materially affect the power of Rome. In her palmiest days she possessed a temporal province of far inferior extent. In acquiring that which she now holds, she sadly injured her spiritual *prestige*. She squandered her spiritual powers in gaining earthly acres, and as she existed in the plenitude of those powers before she had made those gains, so she might after she had resigned them. But, secondly, a temporal independence, which involves a separate territory of *some* extent, is, if not essential, quasi-essential to the Latin Patriarchate. You may argue that, as it is, political motives enter so largely into the election of her Popes that a little more, or a little less, matters not. True it is, that the lot of the triple crown is decided as much by ambassadors as by cardinals. True it is, that political motives, and none other, excluded Baronius, that giant of learning, and the saintly Bona, from the chair of S. Peter. But let him once ascend that chair, and the Pope is irremovable by King or Cæsar; and though his actions may often be influenced, they never can be compelled. Nothing is more valuable as a historical study, than to compare, in this respect, the differing fortunes of Rome and Constantinople. From A.D. 1000 to A.D. 1700 a hundred successors of S. Peter wore the tiara. In that same period one hundred and fifty successors of S. Chrysostom succeeded each other in the second See. Of the former, one only, S. Celestine V, resigned; one only, Benedict IX., sat twice. None were deposed till the great schism, and then, properly speaking, only two—Gregory XII. and John XXII. In the East thirty or forty were deposed,—as freely under Christian as under Turkish princes,—several sat five or six times, several were murdered, several blinded. At a time when France was all-powerful, and when the reigning Pontiff owed everything to her monarch, she could not obtain that her hated enemy, Boniface VIII, should, after his decease, be proclaimed heretical. Further observe, that whenever a Pope has put himself in the way of the temporal power, he has always been worsted. So Vigilius with

Justinian at Constantinople, so John XXII. with Sigismund at Constance. And during the seventy years' Babylonish captivity, the Popes at Avignon were the mere slaves of France. So utterly ruinous to Papal autocracy was that residence, that those who most deeply deplored the great schism thought it a merciful change after the captivity. It was less ruinous that two (or three) rival Popes should be anathematising each other, than that one undoubted successor of S. Peter should be simply registering and endorsing the ecclesiastical decrees of the King of France. Indeed, Gerson somewhere expressly says, that so terrible a disease as seventy years' servitude could only be cured by a violent medicine such as the schism;—like those illnesses which are rather efforts of nature to throw off poison than diseases in themselves.

We so far, then, agree with Roman theologians, as to regard a certain portion of independent territory all but essential to the Papal See; we disagree with them in thinking that the Legations, or any other given part, are of very great importance to it, lost or saved. For, to a certain extent, an ecclesiastical sovereign is in a false position,—like, to compare great things with small, a priest who is a magistrate. The mercy of the Church and the sword of the State do not well fit into the same hand. The Bishop is defiled with blood, however righteously shed,—the secular power may be honoured by it. If the throne is a necessity for the spiritual potentate, the independent territory should be of as small extent as possible. And here we find ourselves on the same side with the famous pamphlet of Napoleon III, barring its trash about *le culte des ruines*. He might have pressed the consideration still further. At the time when Rome, in her spiritual character, was such that she hardly retained a vestige of her divine mission, the Pope, as a temporal monarch, ruled over a contented and happy people. Take the century which succeeded the Council of Florence. The best of its Pontiffs were men eaten up with worldliness; men who allowed without remonstrance eight, ten, twelve bishoprics,—one, two, three hundred livings, to one man; the worst were such beings as Alexander VI. And yet, with the one exception of the fearful storm that burst over Clement VII, the Patrimony of S. Peter was at the height of worldly prosperity. During the Pontificate of Leo X.—and, as a Bishop, was he not even worse than Alexander VI.?—the States of the Church rolled in wealth. How should it not be so, when gold and silver, scarcely to be reckoned, rolled in from that fearful sale of indulgences? when whole cities were absolved at once, with the express clause that the absolution held good, whether the inhabitants repented or not; when robber knights and soldiers of

fortune were absolved for future and as yet uncontrived sins; and when these transactions brought in items, the amount of which struck with surprise even the cofferers of the Papal treasure. But that state of things passed. The hoary adulterer and murderer, like Alexander VI. went to his own place; the fierce warrior, like Julius III. disappeared from the scene of his bloody triumph; the surly, false-hearted, treacherous politician, like Clement VII. stood before that tribunal where all hearts are open, all desires known, and from which no secrets are hid; the infidel *bon vivant*, who as a child had been Canon of Florence, Fiesole, Arezzo; Rector of Carmignano, Giogoli, S. Casciano, S. Giovanni in Valdarno, S. Piero at Casale, S. Marcellino at Cacchiano; Prior of Monte Varchi; Precentor of S. Antonio at Florence; Dean of Prato; Abbat of Monte Cassino, of S. Giovanni of Passignano, of S. Maria of Morimondo, of S. Martino, of Fontedolce, of S. Lorenzo of Coltibuono, of S. Salvador at Vajano, of S. Bartolomeo at Anghiari, of S. Maria at Monte Piano, of S. Julien at Tours, of S. Giusto and S. Clement at Volterra, of S. Stefano at Bologna, of S. Michele at Arezzo, of Chiaravalle in Milan; Bishop of Pina, Bishop of Chiaramonte; Archbishop of Amalfi; Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, afterwards Pope Leo X.—he, too, went to his account. Then, commencing with Paul IV. we have a series of earnest men in the Papal Chair,—all of them respectable, some holy; and then also the Roman state begins to suffer. The more free were the coffers of the Lateran from foreign collections, the heavier, of course, was domestic taxation.

At the same time we must allow that, at the very worst, the poverty, lawlessness, and misery of the Roman States have been much exaggerated. The proof of the heaviest accusations against the existing state of things, that the residence of Pius IX. at Rome depends on French bayonets, will soon be put to the test, and that under happy auspices for the Pope. It may be doubted whether the whole of Europe could offer a military man so well, both physically and intellectually, we may add too religiously, qualified for his task, as Lamoricière.

In looking back to the various steps by which the civil government of Rome has reached its present state of wretchedness, one cannot but be struck with the great difference between the warmest mediæval supporters of the Roman See, and its Ultramontane friends now. The latter seem to consider themselves bound to defend it, through thick and thin; eulogising its civil administration as the best and wisest, and considering the condition of its subjects as the happiest in Europe. We see the very reverse in those who may fairly be called the Ultramontanes of the Middle Ages. Imagine Dr. Newman, or

Dr. Manning, accused by their brethren here,—appealing to Rome, and honourably acquitted and dismissed,—and then, by way of expressing their gratitude to the Holy See, dedicating to Pope Pius IX. a work with these lines, as not only the motto, but also the subject:—

Romam vexat adhuc amor immoderatus habendi,  
Quem non extinguet, nisi Judicis ira tremendi.

Yet this was the gift which Gerhohus offered at the Papal throne, in return for the warm patronage he had experienced from it when he laid himself open to the charge of heresy by one or two indiscreet and untheological expressions. Or imagine Cardinal Wiseman, under the circumstances, composing and publishing a poem, which should thus speak of the cardinals:—

Sunt latrones non latores,  
Legis Dei destructores:  
Symon, sedens inter eos,  
Dat magistros esse reos.  
Symon malos præfert bonis,  
Symon totus est in donis;  
Symon regnat apud Austrum;  
Symon fregit omne claustrum.  
Cum non datur, Symon stridet,  
Sed si datur, Symon ridet.  
Symon aufert, Symon donat,  
Hunc expellit, hunc coronat:<sup>1</sup>  
Illi donat diadema  
Qui nunc erat anathema.  
Iste Symon confundatur,  
Cui tantum posse datur! <sup>2</sup>

But it was a bold Anglo-Saxon heart which dictated these lines; no other than S. Thomas of Canterbury; much as he had said in prose to Cardinal Albert, 'Nescio quo facto pars Domini semper mactatur in curiâ: condemnantur apud vos 'miseri exules innocentes, nec ob aliud nisi quia pauperes 'Christi sunt et imbecilles.'<sup>1</sup> And to Pope Alexander he speaks even more plainly.<sup>2</sup> Or take that bitter complaint of another Englishman:—

Romæ, si tu reus es, vis absolvi?—Prome;  
Æs, ut sumas veniam, in os ejus vome:  
Prece sancti nummuli exorante pro me  
Si blasphemus fuero, mox placebo Romæ.

Dudum terras domnit, domina terrarum:  
Colla premens plebum, urbium, linguarum:  
Nunc his colla subjicit spe pecuniarum,  
Et fit idolatria dux Christicolarum.

<sup>1</sup> Rer. Gallicar. Script, tom. xvi. p. 416.

<sup>2</sup> Id. Tom. xvii. p. 553.

' Si te Roma reputet parricidam, mœchum,  
Symonis Apostatæ cor habeto cæcum.  
Fer argenti lilia, rosas auri tecum :  
Ibi sacrant reprobos, scelus reddent æquum.

Or the witty complaint of Gautier de Chatillon :—

' Sed ausculte, Pontifex, cor habens tam cæcum,  
Ut thesauros congreges, æstimo non æquum :  
Quare dicit Dominus—ut jam loquar tecum—  
*Nunquid ex denario convenisti Mecum ?*

Or again, still of Rome :—

Veritas,  
Æquitas,  
Largitas,  
Corruit :  
Falsitas,  
Pravitas,  
Brutitas,  
Viguit :  
Urbanitas  
Evanuit.

Caritas,  
Castitas,  
Probitas,  
Viluit :  
Vanitas,  
Fœditas,  
Vilitas,  
Claruit :  
Ebrietas  
Prævaluit.

Now we want the reader fully to estimate these two facts: the enormous revenues and little outgoings of Rome in the fifteenth century and beginning of the sixteenth,—the entirely reversed case as regards the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth. The mountains of gold which found their way to the Vatican from every bishop,—from Reikiavik and Upsala in the north to Faro in the south ; the drain on every religious house ; the decimation of every cathedral and collegiate dignity ; the smaller, but more numerous, purses that the inferior clergy contributed. We wish that some master of European history would endeavour to gain some approximate idea of what was the revenue of Rome during the time of her greatest apparent grasp over Europe ; say, for example, towards the close of the fifteenth century. The mind is absolutely lost in the contemplation of the various sources of revenue ; from accessions to bishoprics and abbeys ; from selling dignities which fell vacant in the Papal month or months ; from dispensations (and remember the enormous number of dispensations then needed for pluralities) and absolutions, for grants to monarchs, such as those of India to Portugal, Mexico to Spain, and the like. And then remember that Rome was engaged in no ecclesiastical work which involved any great expense : no Propaganda with its missions and its presses ; no purchases of invaluable manuscripts ; nothing except the erection of S. Peter's (and that provided for in its own miserable way).

But turn the page of the next century, and what do we see ? Not only a third of her territories lost, but her sway frightfully weakened over the rest. Her supplies of money diminished

almost beyond computation; and yet, at the same time, that struggle—the Counter-Reformation—commencing, which never, we think, has received either from Romanists or others the tribute it deserves. Protestants seem generally to imagine that, from the blow struck at the Reformation, Rome has been weakening ever since. Whereas, let any one compare her state at her lowest—say at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and some time after—and at the close of that century. At the beginning: Belgium half Protestant, and apparently to be lost like the United Provinces; Bohemia a fiercely Protestant country, Lutherans and Calvinists persecuting each other; Austria more than half Protestant, Vienna the focus of the reformed doctrines,—the nearest possible escape of a Protestant dynasty,—the ‘never-conquered king’ apparently fated to be the Alaric of Christian Rome; France, with a majority of Protestants, and a Protestant king; Switzerland, overrun with the new doctrines, and many of the Catholic cantons held only by the sword; Poland bidding fair to be a Socinian land; the Rhine provinces tottering in their allegiance; Bavaria in such a condition that a Protestant dynasty would have carried the population with it.<sup>1</sup> Again, the Catholic Church forced to shelter itself in a few stray fortresses of Brazil, and depending for existence on the poor chance of an effete and exhausted people like the Portuguese rolling back the overwhelming force of the young and vigorous Dutch republic. Lastly, Italy herself threatened, as on the north by Gustavus Oxenstierna, so on the south by the Ottoman arms; the occupation of Sicily and Apulia at one period almost a question of time.

Now look at the end of that century. Belgium and Bohemia have become the most Catholic countries in Europe. Austria is perfectly secure, and her Protestants in Salzkammergut are dwindling daily. France has an enormous majority of professing Catholics, and a dynasty of the same faith. Sweden has sunk to a third-rate power, and the daughter of Rome’s great enemy has become Rome’s vassal. Bavaria has a majority of two to one, the Rhine provinces of three to two, for the Church. Poland is revindicated; the Duke of Lorraine has hurled the Turk from Europe, crushing him with the hammer-stroke of that one glorious campaign; the Swiss cantons, that remained faithful, are now secure; and the contest in Brazil has ended in a manner to which the world’s history affords no parallel. Fallen and exhausted Portugal has expelled the entire strength

<sup>1</sup> This is not said carelessly. There are many traits in Rader’s *Bavaria Sancta*, which show what was thought at that time by the best judges; and many more in Drexelius’s little works, especially those dedicated to his patrons, the Elector and Electress.



of Holland. Now, also, hundreds of missionaries are traversing the East and Ethiopia; Japan bids fair to become a flourishing church; the Manillas are evangelised; and, besides the heralds of religion, the envoys of learning go forth to Athos, to Mosul, to Nubia, to the Desert of Cells, to Etchmiadzine, paving their way with gold and silver, and sending back camel-loads of inestimable MSS. to the great Vatican Library. What, too, shall we say of the Propaganda, and its complex machinery of missionary effort, of unequalled topography, of unrivalled criticism? The Counter-Reformation, purchased by incalculable treasures of learning, labour, blood, money, yes, and holiness too, is complete. The Roman spirituality stands well and firm;—that of the States of the Church,—how has the change affected them?

How could it but affect them? How could taxes but increase? How could government officials, with diminished salaries, but seek to make up by connived-at extortion for honest pay? And thus, while externally the arms of Rome were everywhere successful, her internal constitution sank deeper and deeper into corruption. Consider again how the reforms of the Emperor Joseph cut off another large source of revenue; how the French Revolution, while it did not ruin, frightfully maimed and crippled; how the constitutions of Spain and Portugal, in confiscating the revenues of so many monasteries, closed so many sources of Rome's wealth; how not a concordat was signed, but it left Rome poorer than it found her. From the time the Papacy rose from its miserable corruption, from that time, and *pari passu*, the Papal kingdom began to fall into disorder.

It is very easy to say, and no doubt many honest well-wishers to Rome have said; Why should not the Pope revert to his primitive character,—divest himself of his dominions,—be the Bishop that S. Silvester, or S. Leo, or S. Gregory was? Simply because the thing is impossible. Notice the especial providence which prevented the residence, after peace was given to the Church, of any emperor at Rome. In that age the chair of S. Peter was always virtually independent, with the exception of one or two remarkable crises in the world's history. Such was the era of Charlemagne; and then, by a providence not less remarkable, kings were the nursing fathers, their queens the nursing mothers, of the Roman Church. See how for centuries, since the fall of Spain, France and Austria have balanced each other in the Vatican; and thus it has preserved itself unfettered by either. But were one powerful State—say Imperial France—ever to stand in the same relation to Rome that Regal France did to Papal Avignon, we cannot express how fearful, to us, would be the sign. And the more so, the more affectionate, the more confiding, the more flattering were the attitude of the

State. For it would be that terrible precursor of Antichrist, the World-power flattering the Church, the Beast submitting to be mounted by the Woman; and we all know in what that ends: how, not long after, it is said of the Woman, 'Come out of her, My People!'

It used to be the fashion, with a particular set of English Churchmen, to anticipate the brightest results from the attitude assumed by Napoleon III. to the French Church. It would be well if those who entertained this view would study some of the Mediæval Commentaries on the Revelation. We imagine that the not unnatural prejudices excited by modern writers on prophecy, have deterred even those students who have learnt to go for Scriptural Commentators to the Primitive and Middle Ages, from paying much attention to their treatises on the Apocalypse. We can only say that they have a grievous loss. Nowhere does the humility, the love, the insight into spiritual things of those writers shine so brightly. And, at the present time, a very curious treatise might be written, comparing what some of them thought would be, with what actually has been, and with what seems taking place now.

'Who are these commentators?' Hear, in the first place, what one of them says, in defence of his treatise:—

'Ut igitur terram istam'—the Apocalypse—'possideamus, fidelium exploratorum, qui mites fuerunt, exemplum sequamur. Dicendo contra immites hæreticos, huic terræ detrahentes, Terra quam circumimus valde bona est. Ipsi dicunt, Terra quam lus-travimus devorat habitatores suos, sed mentiuntur. Non enim terra ista, terra Dei, devorat habitatores suos; sed suæ ipsorum adinventiones devorant superbos, sicut murmuratorum illorum quosdam non illa repromissionis terra quam non attigerunt, sed ipsa quam calcabant terra devoravit et deglutivit, aperta sub pedibus eorum. Proinde expedit, ut (sicut dictum est) mites animo simus, quicumque hanc terram, id est, hanc Scripturam ingredimur, et ibi altiore divinorum sensuum majestatem latere arbitramur, ubi adhuc minus intelligimus. Si enim propitius fuerit Dominus, introducet nos in eam, et tradet humum lacte et melle manantem, ut inveniamus latentes in ea divitias salutis, thesauros sapientiæ et intellectus, consilii et fortitudinis, scientiæ et pietatis, et amoris Domini.' Few better commentators are there than he who thus writes,—as indeed the passage itself might lead one to imagine,—Rupert of Deutz, who has left us twelve books, in which he goes through the Revelation, word by word. But his quiet life led him to speculate from it less on the future of the Church as regards the political future of the world, than did others, more mixed up with that world. Pierre d'Ailly, 'the eagle of the Gallican Church,' has some most remarkable

observations on the temporal power of Rome in his treatise *De Necessitate Reformationis Ecclesiasticæ*; and especially where he considers the question, What will happen, if the Church refuses to reform herself? His remarks on the Apocalypse would be read with great profit by any one who is now especially interested in watching the great Italian struggle. And he seems to have felt this very strongly; that, of all things, it is necessary for that Church which is opposed to a torrent of scepticism and unbelief, to be very careful in her authentication of miracles and the like events. If part of her edifice falls, how shall not the other menace ruin? If a large portion of her doctrine must be abandoned as taught only by superstition, and for gain, whose hands will not be weakened in defending that which is really of faith?

Now, considering the frightful torrent of infidelity rolling over Italy, all but openly professed in Sardinia, secretly eating its way into the very core of Roman, and into the upper classes of Neapolitan, society, what can be so heart-sickening as to see miracles paraded, and boasted, and indulgenced, which we know cannot be believed by those who set them forth? Oh, what a millstone would be loosed from her neck, if Rome could but be persuaded quietly and calmly to drop the miracle of S. Januarius, and to discourage at first, till she could abolish, the pilgrimage to Loretto! It happened to the writer, some weeks since, to be looking over the Directorium of the Diocese of Zara with a priest belonging to it. In Dalmatia the *First translation of the Holy House of Loretto*, namely, from Nazareth into that province, is celebrated with considerable pomp. We had seen, in conversation, that our friend was an earnest and intelligent man, and therefore ventured to ask, after apologizing for the liberty, 'Do you really believe in that translation?' 'Not in the least,' was his instant reply. 'It is difficult to prove a negative; but as nearly as a negative can be proved, this in my opinion can.' 'Then do you not feel it painful to say an office for an event which you know never occurred?' 'Well; GOD accepts the faith of the people, and they do believe it. Besides, if we were to turn round and say—This tale, which we have taught you for so many centuries, is not true, would they not proceed to doubt everything?' It is the state of mind which can so clearly see this, which can go on adding and adding to a rotten foundation, that seems to us so very sad. Instead of accepting knowledge as the gift of God, such a priest must struggle against it, because, with education, scepticism must come in. The writer hopes he will not be blamed for adding, that, after that conversation, he could not but return thanks to GOD that though as a priest of the English Church he might wish some truths more plainly and

boldly stated, and some doubtful expressions explained in a Catholic shape, still he is not bound to teach his people that a miracle happened which he knows never to have happened—that he is not engaged in that hopeless, fruitless task, of endeavouring to shut out the light of education, lest it should destroy faith.

These remarks were suggested by the mention of Pierre d'Ailly's treatise: let us now go on. Again: one of those Commentaries which seem to bear most clearly on the present state of things is that of Ambrosius Anspertus. He, too, both in that part where he treats upon mystical Babylon, and where he speaks of the dragon on which the woman was seated, expresses himself in a way which would give great satisfaction at Exeter Hall, and in which there is much that any one who has the real well-doing of Rome at heart would advantageously lay to heart. To him, again, we would add that treatise which is usually ascribed to S. Thomas Aquinas; but his claim to which is at least very doubtful, the more probable author being a certain Thomas, called Wallensis. And so once again, the so-called Commentaries of S. Anselm, but which were in reality written by Hervæus of Dol, contain a frightful view of the way in which it is worldliness, acting within the Church in the first place, and then the subjection of the Church for the sake of temporal power to the secular arm, which will bring about the great apostasy, not from without her, but from within her. The Commentary of S. Albertus Magnus, full of quotations from, and references to, other parts of Scripture, and marvellously interesting, takes the same view.

But of all the writers who are brought to one's mind by the many painful spectacles presented by the Roman system in the south of Europe, Agobard, Bishop of Lyons,—S. Agobard he is, notwithstanding the vigour, and one might almost say coarseness, of his animadversions on the ecclesiastical abuses of his day,—stands first. For example: we know not that there is any sight more utterly revolting to common sense,—nay more, to common feelings of propriety,—than to see the preparations for some great procession in one of those glorious sacristies of mediæval cathedrals. Everything in the architecture so solemn, so stern, so breathing of the reality and earnestness of the days of S. Bernard or S. Anselm; the decoration of fresco and stained glass, no less chastened than beautiful: and what is the purpose to which it is now turned? A great ugly wooden doll, perhaps nearly the size of life, is erected on a hand-barrow in the middle; and five or six priests are engaged in dressing it, not merely with the silk and brocade which it is to wear on the morrow, but with the under-clothing

*The Roman See and Sardinia.*

which it is to wear, and the wire which is to pad all this out. S. Agobard, in his work on images, inveighs against some abuses connected with them in a manner which shows how, had he, or could he at his early period have seen anything like this, he would have given the reins to his indignation, and denounced a system which permitted decorations so half grotesque, half revolting. Yes; we repeat it: seeing the terrible struggle against infidelity which the Church in Italy will have to carry on, it is most depressing to see follies like these tacked on to the defence of the faith, and exposing that most unrighteously to all the ridicule which might justly be directed against themselves. Indeed, that work, intemperate as its zeal may fairly be considered, was written at a period when the present zeal for image- veneration was only in the cradle; and more especially that worst feature of it, the cultus paid, not to the saint in all his images, but to the image, the local image as distinguished from other images, of the saint. The writer heard a Protestant emissary at Turin dilating on this subject, and that with a coarse common-sense power that evidently told; and as any attack on Austria is welcome to a Sardinian, he was especially bitter on the Austrian pilgrimage to Maria Zell. We felt at the time curious to know how one of those rough-and-ready friars, who rolled back the creeping Manicheism of the thirteenth century to South France and to Bosnia, would have popularly answered him. Probably to so rude an auditory the assertion might have been hazarded that thus the Church had believed and acted from the beginning; and more than one story of some black image of Apostolic times would have been employed to clench the argument. But to an audience too well taught to be thus imposed on, while yet incapable of the subtle arguments by which a Jesuit would defend the system to cultivated minds, it does seem difficult to imagine what a Roman preacher would reply. Undoubtedly the celebrated pilgrimage-images, such as Maria Zell, Maria Hilf, Maria Täferl, Our Lady of Einsiedlen, S. Anne of Auray, are, at the present moment, towers of strength to Rome. But why? Because they lie in the midst of an enthusiastically Catholic population,—Catholic to the very backbone,—asking no questions and harassed by no doubts. But set Maria Zell down ten miles from Turin, and what would be the consequence then? What floods of ridicule, as open as the State allowed, would the 'liberal' papers pour on the whole affair! how every fresh miracle would be sifted and weighed, and with what an iron arm would the government prevent the publication of such! And what will Loretto be, when the Legations are Sardinian? Will not that become, instead of a gem in the diadem, a millstone about the neck, of

Rome? Notice that in France, which once abounded in miraculous images, they have, for the most part, been quietly got rid of, and that without lacerating popular faith. S. Anne d'Auray is one of the most famous, but then it is in Brittany. The image which gave rise to this devotion was discovered in March, 1625, and the history of the establishment of the pilgrimage is a very curious piece of ecclesiastical history. The rector and curate<sup>1</sup> of Keranna proclaimed the discovery either a cheat or the work of an enthusiast: popular feeling rose so high against them that they were forced to implore episcopal protection. The Bishops of Vannes and of Cornwall (so he of Quimper is called, from the tract of which it is the capital) disbelieved the prodigy, and would have put it down; *but* the Capuchins of Auray took up the matter, over-rode priest and prelate, and made the pilgrimage what it still remains. This is an example of the method in which these pilgrimages were, in the first place, set on foot; and when once established, they for a while become the support, then the most fearful hindrances, of the Church which sanctions them.

One of the most curious of these places is S. Hubert, in the Ardennes. In the green solitudes of that ancient forest, in the wildest part of Belgium, till lately far from, and still not touched by, any railway, is, as is well known, a celebrated pilgrimage for those bitten by mad dogs. The landlady of the inn where the writer slept had kept the house twelve years, and in that time received 197 patients. And there are many other inns in the place. The cure is performed by the operation of the *taulle*. That is, the almoner of S. Hubert makes an incision in the forehead of the patient, and then with a little pair of pincers a few threads from the stole of the saint are there inserted. He wears a black bandage round his head for nine days, and goes through a *novena* in honour of S. Hubert; and is then out of danger. More than this: he can give the *répût*, as it is called, to any persons bitten, which secures them forty days, in which time they may hope to reach the shrine themselves. This mode of treatment is known to have been in use since 878. And it is fair to say, that the cases of cure here are very much more convincing than those of any other pilgrimage place with which we are acquainted; and that we were told by a celebrated physician of Brussels, who called himself a *free-thinker*, and is, we fear, an infidel, that though he cared neither for S. Hubert nor his stole, he believed that some hereditary mode of treatment was handed down among the

<sup>1</sup> In Bretagne he whom we call the *curate* is the *curé*, instead of, as in other parts of France, the *vicaire*. Only the *premier vicaire*, however, if there be more than one, is so called.



almoners, and that he had never known it to fail. Monseigneur Delesselle, the present Bishop of Namur, has followed his predecessors in authenticating the good effects of the *novena* of S. Hubert. But the celebrated Thiers, so well known, among other works, for his treatise on Superstitions, had a parishioner at Champronds who was bitten by a mad dog. Thiers, not much believing in the *novena*, yet advised his parishioner to go to S. Hubert. He went, received the *taille*, performed the *novena*, came back, and died miserably of hydrophobia. Thiers then investigated the subject at length, and the result, of course, was a book, which he afterwards incorporated into his treatise on Superstitions; and it is a terrible thorn in the side for the worthy priests of S. Hubert, who do firmly believe in their own power. Their adversary makes bitter mockery of some of their rules; and certainly the following rules, during the *novena*, are of abject superstition:—

‘2. The person who has received the *taille* must sleep alone ‘in clean and white sheets; or must not undress, if the sheets ‘are not white.

‘5. He may eat white or brown bread—the flesh of a male ‘pig above one year old—capons or pullets also more than a ‘year—fish, if scaled—hard eggs; but all must be eaten cold.’

We have been led away by these pilgrimages from our immediate subject; and shall return only to conclude. We have simply laid before the reader a few remarks suggested to us during a recent passage through continental Sardinia. Politics we have left to the newspapers: partisanship we have utterly laid aside: we have merely set down on paper what, had our reader been our companion, we should have said to him. Of Naples we have said nothing: the subject is utterly too painful, either on the monarchical side—which every one will allow; or on the liberal, which is simply the infidel—a fact which has yet fully to be acknowledged. But let the reader imagine himself to have been listening to an English companion in the same carriage, while the train dawdled along over the fields of Magenta,—oh, how rank and green here and there the young wheat is!—from Rho to Novara, an hour’s ride, and we shall have accomplished what we intended.

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## NOTICES.

'CORRODA ABBEY,' &c. &c. (Saunders, Otley, and Co.), is a religious tale, written in a reverent, affectionate tone, with a lively interest, which is maintained to the end. An Oxford undergraduate, the heir of an ancient estate, part of which consists in confiscated church lands, an ardent, imaginative youth, is drawn away to Italy, and becomes a convert. A deeper insight into the Roman system, and convictions of his sin in disobeying his father—tidings of whose death reach him while still abroad—lead to his reconversion. His father suffers from the consciousness of having alienated his son's affections, and lost influence with him, through want of sympathy and reserve of manner. There is a Jesuit plot, but the circumstances of the tale alone are left to tell what is thought of the system; and touching natural traits, as well as a high order of mind, are exhibited in the chief Jesuit. The author's opinions are expressed in the person of an elderly clergyman, who acts as mentor to the curate of a neighbouring parish, who gets into trouble by his efforts at Church revival: a good deal of drollery coming out in the descriptions of parochial manifestations of high Protestant zeal. The opinions of the mentor are thoughtful, large, and kindly-hearted, with a decided preference for the Catholic (we are glad to see the term employed in its right sense, p. 297) principles of the Church of England, and yet great consideration for those who cannot appreciate them. The contrast to the young Roman convert is shown in a friend and schoolfellow, whose simplicity, affectionateness, and practical straightforward dutifulness—the fruits of a religious mother's training—exhibit the author's view of the true tone of mind to foster in children. The tale seems mainly intended for the instruction of the young; but children can hardly fail to derive benefit from the feelings and sentiments expressed. Many valuable and edifying passages will be found scattered here and there. The following one, though rather long, we venture to quote in full, as it seems to us to contain a specially useful line of thought, happily expressed:—

'How many minds, and those of a high caste, are like this father and son! Professing deep feelings and high aspirations; capable of understanding each other if they were not severed by a reserve, the tendency of which is to close up all the affections and finer feelings; dwelling in spheres of their own, and deprived of the light and warmth obtained by a contact with others, their sympathies lose the power of growth, if not of life. Whence arises this reserve, so blighting in its effects? Is it not from mistaking pride for delicacy? or, at best, is not that delicacy morbid that shrinks from any touch that fails to respond in perfect unison with itself? Mr. Tresilian and his son would each have rejoiced if the other had opened his heart; but neither could summon up courage to break the ice. Many painful feelings conspired to distress Mr. Tresilian's mind: there was not only the tenacity of an old person to his own con-

'vicious, but there was also the natural and right feeling that his opinion simply as that of the father, ought to have weight with the son. Besides, there was a feeling, or rather, a set of feelings, at work in his mind, equally trying and common to many in these days, arising from a certain kind of apprehensiveness of the younger generation being in advance of themselves. Such persons, forgetful, perhaps, that they were equally in advance of their predecessors, and having a just sense of the wild or visionary extravagance with which the young are frequently carried away, are too apt to look suspiciously, or at least coldly, upon their zeal, instead of admitting it as the continuation of a progress which has in it elements of real good—good which, if judiciously cherished, might grow up and choke the evil. The young are, on the other hand, sure to over-estimate this element of good which they are conscious exists within them; they are commonly little disposed to yield their opinions to the wisdom and experience of age; and this indisposition is certain to retard their advance, if it does not precipitate them into error. Humility, that first and, perhaps, rarest of all Christian graces, is probably the one most needed on both sides, &c.' (Pp. 134, 135.)

With a good deal of talent, the author is evidently inexperienced in writing. Several faults will readily be discerned; *e.g.*, there is something forced and far-fetched in the influence of the old disciple of Felix Neff on the return home of the heir of Corroda, though the incident is perfectly described, and gives occasion for the expression of the real moral of the tale; viz., 'upon our taking or resisting the appointments of God depends the upward or downward of life.'

We think the author is right in not entering into the feelings of either the returned convert or his friend, who at last meet happily with more than the realization of his early dreams in the restoration of the Abbey lands to the Church.

To those wishing to possess in the French language a brief and at the same time a substantial and comprehensive account of the great revolution of 1789, we can cordially recommend Barrau's '*Histoire de la Révolution Française, 1789-1799*,' a duodecimo of some 540 pages, and published by Hachette of Paris. The style of the narrative is clear, vigorous, and flowing, the facts are correctly and impartially given and admirably arranged, and the author's principles excellent. Generally speaking, M. Barrau contents himself with recording the salient facts connected with that important epoch; but when he does indulge in reflections, they always seem to us remarkably judicious and to the point.

Our readers are acquainted with the summary manner in which the Imperial Government put a stop, some months ago, to the French services established by Mr. Archer Gurney in his chapel in the Rue Madeleine. Mr. Gurney has collected into one volume four sermons preached in that chapel, and published them under the title of '*Sermons Anglicans prononcés en chaire*' (Paris: Dentu). What we have said of M. Barrau's political principles, we may also safely predicate of Mr. Gurney's theological ones, as exhibited in the volume before us: we only regret we cannot accord to Mr. Gurney the same meed of praise as regards his style.

We are far from wishing to depreciate Mr. Gurney's labours among our fellow-countrymen in Paris, or to underrate the importance of the object he had in view in the celebration of French services and the delivery of French sermons, but we very much doubt the expediency of giving to the world the 'Sermons Anglicans' in their present shape. It can hardly be expected that Mr. Gurney should write French like M. Barrau; indeed, Mr. Gurney himself acknowledges that he is but imperfectly acquainted with that language; an appreciation in which, judging from the specimens before us, we feel disposed to concur. 'But why then publish?' We have not, it is true, noticed many actual grammatical blunders in the 'Sermons Anglicans;' but then, *en ravanche*, they abound in many loose, disjointed, badly-contrasted phrases, awkward *turns*, grotesque locutions, strange solecisms, incongruous images, ill-arranged sentences, and trivial or obscure forms of expression, defects of which the French are peculiarly intolerant. Neither does Mr. Gurney always pay much heed to the important principle laid down by Malherbe, and for which he is eulogized by Boileau, who says that he first

' D'un mot mis à sa place enseigna le pouvoir.'

In illustration of our criticisms, we had marked such instances of incorrect or inelegant composition as we had stumbled upon in the two or three first pages of the work, for the purpose of laying them before our readers; but the specimens are so numerous, and would occupy so much space, that we must refrain from giving them. It has been stated that these sermons were admired, viewed as mere compositions, by some of those that heard them, and who were qualified to judge. It may be so; but all we can say is, that they do not *read* well, and that though, if literally translated into our language, they would make excellent English, they are very exceptionable French. Some of our author's thoughts are very good, and his orthodoxy is unimpeachable, but he lacks one important requisite—

' Sans la langue, en un mot, l'auteur le plus divin,  
Est toujours, quoiqu'il fasse, un méchant écrivain.'

On the whole, we cannot but regard the present publication as a somewhat adventurous proceeding on the part of our author; and should the 'Sermons Anglicans' fall into the hands of an Ultramontanist critic, we fear they would not receive better treatment than Mr. Gurney's French services themselves have experienced at the hands of the Imperial Government.

We announce with pleasure another French publication of the Anglo-Continental Society, 'Des Principes de la Réformation en Angleterre' (J. H. and J. Parker), which appears to us an important addition to the already very valuable series. The present work, compiled and edited by Dr. Godfray, consists of a translation of the Bishop of Oxford's sermon on the 'Principles of the English Reformation,' and of extracts from the writings of some twenty-eight theologians of the present time—including the Bishops of S. Andrew's, Lincoln, Tasmania, Fredericton, and Montreal, Dean Hook, Mr. Gladstone, Drs. Wordsworth, Moberley, J. A. Hessey, Symons, and Pusey, the late Professor Blunt, Chancellor Harrington,

the Revs. F. Meyrick, W. Palmer, P. Freeman, W. E. Scudamore, H. Soames, W. Gresley, &c.: bearing upon, and illustrating, and enforcing the same principles. Besides showing what the true principles of the English Reformation are, the extracts range over a variety of important collateral topics, directly or indirectly connected with the Reformation; such as the independence of the ancient British Church, the office of Catholic tradition in the interpretation of Scripture, the Papal supremacy, the true cause of the separation between the Churches of England and Rome, the doctrine of the Sacraments and the Catholic faith generally, and the true position of our Church as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations. The extracts appear well chosen, and are systematically arranged; they have been made, as will have been observed, from the writings of contemporaneous theologians, without reference to any particular school or party; and it seems to us there is scarcely an argument or accusation brought forward against the English Reformation and the position assumed by our Church, which is not directly met and successfully refuted in these pages. The different translations seem to combine great fidelity and elegance—a by no means easy achievement, as our readers know; and, in fact, the whole reads more like an original French work than a translation from the English. We perceive, from Dr. Godfray's preface, that it is intended, at some future period, to publish a companion volume to the present one, consisting of passages on the same subject from the writings of the principal Anglican theologians from the Reformation to the present period. There is scarcely a subject upon which more misunderstanding, ignorance, and misrepresentation prevail throughout the Continent than that of the English Reformation, and such works as the present one are well calculated to remove the prepossessions of foreigners, and give them truer and more enlarged views than they possess upon that important event.

'Eighteen Sermons on Easter Subjects' (Masters), by the Rev. W. P. S. Bingham, reflect in an easy style, and with many touches of poetic feeling, the teaching which has in so many ways been driven forth for us of late years, especially by Mr. Isaac Williamson, from the patristic fount of theology. We have not read, for a long time, more readable sermons.

The Rev. Edgar N. Dumbleton, of Chiselhurst, has proved himself competent to a task which very few have succeeded in hitherto: that of writing to the purpose, in the shape of 'Sermons on the Daily Services' (J. H. Parker). This little volume, while it bespeaks him an apt disciple of our latest ritual writers, abounds also in vigorous thought, and original as well as thoroughly devotional handling of his subject. We can commend it very highly.

The most important book of the quarter seems to be the 'Dictionary of the Bible,' edited by Dr. W. Smith (Murray). Although nine-tenths of the contributors to this new Calmet are English Clergymen, it is some reproach to us that they march under the flag of a captain who is, we believe, a Dissenting preacher. The publication, as must be the case with a literary picnic, exhibits dishes of various, and occasionally doubtful, ingredients, and of cookery not always the most successful. But on the whole we can

say that, given the plan—and such a work can only be executed on the principle of separate contributors—it is a high success. Undoubtedly the principle of excluding points of doubtful interpretation and matters involving theological controversy is a correct one; only it labours under the lesser difficulty of being altogether unattainable. It is not attained in the present volume, because it is impossible to carry it out: but we are glad to observe that there is so little which is really objectionable, and so much which is positively commendable. In the geographical and topographical department, information is brought down to the latest authorities: and as the book cannot but be a standard, we can congratulate both the publisher and contributors on the first instalment of a work highly creditable, on the whole, to all parties concerned in its production.

Mr. J. H. Parker has just published two volumes completing the work of Mr. Hewitt's classical publication on 'Ancient Armour.' It is one of the most completely illustrated works which we have received from a press prolific in such publications: and Mr. Hewitt has filled up a gap in English Archæological literature. The wood-cuts exhibit not only great research, and of course entire accuracy, but great mechanical perfection.

The indefatigable Edinburgh publishers, Messrs. Clark, who have really done great service by publishing the best of specimens of what is perhaps unfortunately often classed contemptuously together as German theology, have completed the diffuse but useful work of Stier's, 'Words of our Lord Jesus,' and an edition of Bengel's 'Gnomon.'

It is somewhat late to acknowledge it, but Sir Emerson Tennent's 'Ceylon' (Longman) is, in our judgment, as admirable a monograph as our literature possesses. Its well-deserved popularity is the least among its recommendations.

We can only reiterate a recommendation which we have often urged to the clergy to assist the Marriage Law Defence Association. We may as well say distinctly, that when our opponents have funds at will, the defenders of the truth are literally bankrupt. That the assault on the existing law has been averted is, we believe, mainly due to the existence of the Association: but in this, as in too many other matters, a few individuals are left to bear all the expense and trouble of opposition; and when at last that opposition to innovation is broken down, they have also to incur the charge of inactivity from those who during the struggle never helped either by their assistance in money or sympathy.

The 'Declaration by the Ten Thousand Clergy against Lord Ebury's Motion,' which was so ignominiously defeated, has been published by Bell and Daldy, and ought to be preserved by all who are interested in a question which is sure to be renewed.

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*P. S.*

*An accident has at the last moment postponed an article on the Oxford 'Essays and Reviews' (J. W. Parker), which is already in type.*